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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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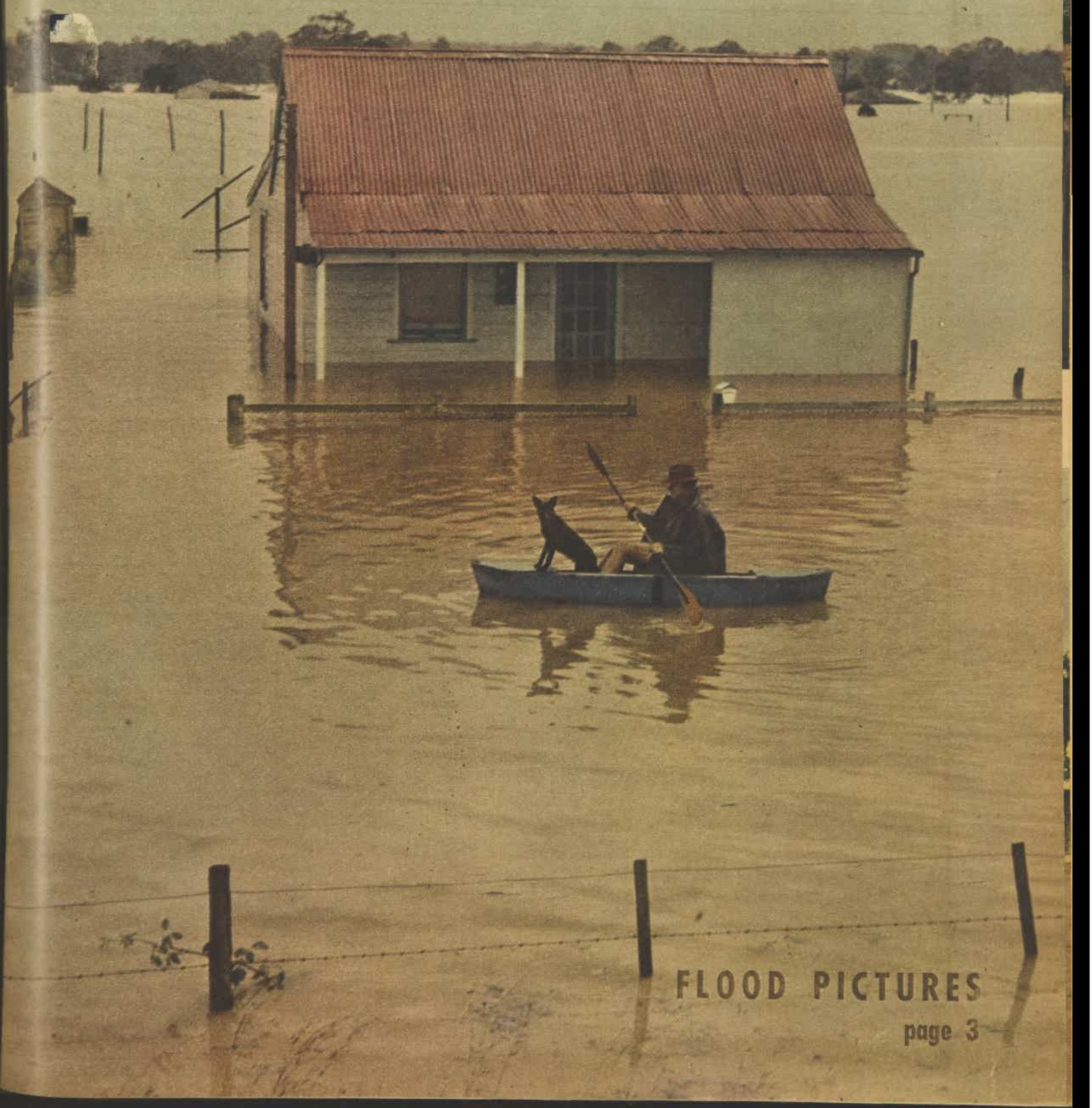

FLOOD PICTURES
page 3

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Beginning in this issue we present a special new weekly service — Social Roundabout in color.

THIS is the first time any Australian paper has presented social news as a weekly feature in color — another first for The Australian Women's Weekly.

With the color pictures will be Mary Coles' popular gossip column.

Another special feature this week is a free pattern for a smart Italian-designed swimsuit and matching hat printed on the pages of the paper (see page 11).

No tracing is necessary. Cut the pattern pieces from the pages and place them straight on to your material. The easy-to-follow, detailed instructions for cutting and making ensure success.

And if you've always wanted the pick of the world's cake recipes in one cook book, turn to pages 39 to 50.

This 12-page pullout cook book has 36 recipes for cakes, from sponge to chocolate, from teacake to patty-cake.

★ ★ ★

TALKING of our color features, staff photographer Keith Barlow is very grateful to young Dennis Rosa, of Riverstone, who rowed him for a mile through the floodwaters near devastated Windsor to take the pictures on the cover and opposite page.

Keith described Dennis as the "Good Samaritan of the rowboat."

In Dennis' case the rowboat wasn't very large — 6ft. But through the lapping floodwaters he had been busy rowing a courier service — taking people to their flooded homes to see if they could rescue any of their goods, then back to Riverstone.

★ ★ ★

JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL, who tells "How To Move Like a Model" (page 5), also has some good advice for keeping feet, tired by shopping, out of a partner's way when dancing at Christmas parties.

She writes:

For graceful footwork, keep your feet close together, lifting them slightly off the floor in floating steps along a single line. Stretch from the ankles and let your toes lead.

When you're dancing backward, this keeps your feet out of your partner's way. Dancing forward, it makes you light to lead.

★ ★ ★

THE 1927 Sydney tram (pictured below)—still displaying our advertisement—now runs in a tramway museum operated by the New England Railway Historical Society in Maine, U.S.A.

The picture was sent to us by Mr. N. L. Chinn, general manager of the South Pacific Electric Railway Co-operative Society Ltd., an organisation working to preserve the historic electric transport vehicles of New South Wales.

Mr. Chinn told us that the tramcar — No. 1700 — was operating within an hour of its arrival in the United States earlier this year.

The New England society has about 60 cars running on one and a half miles of line at its museum.

Before being sent to the museum, car 1700 operated in Sydney for 33 years.

Our cover

● A small episode in the flood drama west of Sydney last week — Mr. Walter Bliss, a local resident, paddles a canoe down Railway Parade, Riverstone, with a dog he rescued from the roof of one of the submerged houses visible in the distance. Cover picture and those on opposite page by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

● *Former Sydney tramcar No. 1700.*

NEXT WEEK: Beginning "The Pale Horse," by world-famous mystery writer Agatha Christie . . . Children's Parties — Four-page color-illustrated section to help you plan a party that children from three to 13 will remember (details, page 9).

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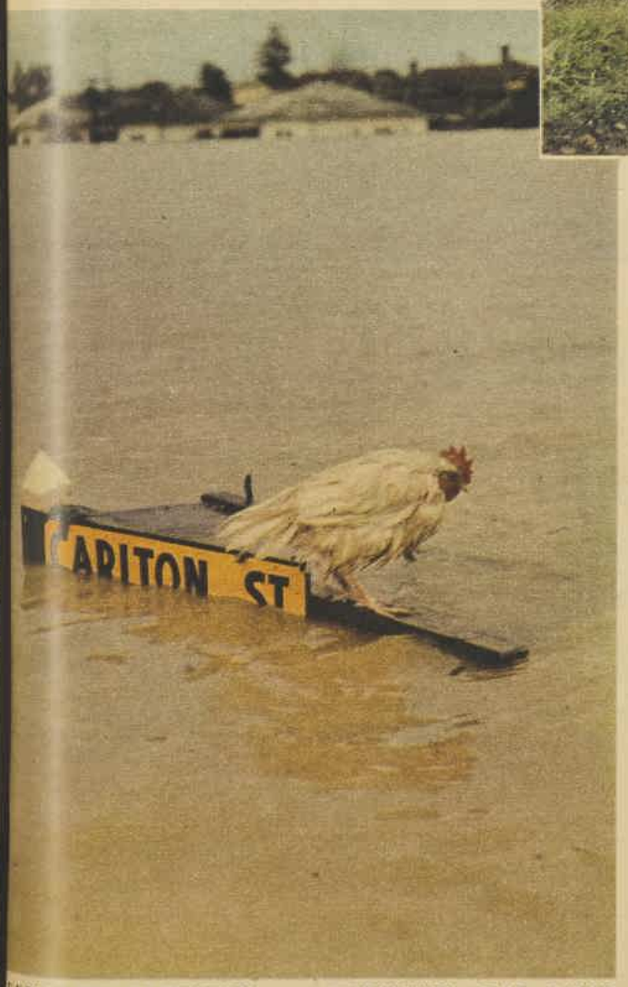
WHEN THE RAINS CAME

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF NEW SOUTH WALES
30 NOV 1961

THESE pictures were taken in the Nepean River and Georges River flood zones west and south-west of Sydney during last week's record rains.

Lives were in danger and thousands of people faced disaster and heartbreak as the waters rose in and around their homes. Everywhere their more fortunate neighbors and rescue squads came to their aid in boats and canoes. Wading waist-deep, they helped to empty threatened houses of furniture, bedclothes, television sets, and other belongings until the emergency passed. Estimates of the damage done by the floods in N.S.W. run into millions of pounds.

COCKY WASN'T FORGOTTEN when belongings were hurriedly moved from Mr. George Knight's home (in background) at Lansvale, near Warwick Farm. Relatives H. Knight, Mrs. D. Knight, and Les Knight complete the unloading of the boat near high ground.



UNHAPPY ORPINGTON, above, sought safety on a floating board at Riverstone when the hen-house flooded. Then it drifted till stopped by the street sign in ten feet of water. Photographer brought the shivering refugee ashore.

FURNITURE WAS SAVED from the muddy floodwaters in Railway Parade, Riverstone. The level was rising fast when this picture was taken. Four hundred Riverstone people left their homes for several days until the flood subsided.

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WRDIO-4

CHAMPION FAMILY

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Turner, up in the umpire seat (but they're still both first-rate players).

RIGHT: Cleaning sandshoes is a real chore in the Turner household, and this time the job falls to Patricia. Noelene, Josie, and Lesley watch. They have two brothers, both A-grade players.

By PATRICIA KENT, staff reporter

The tennis-playing Turners

● Anyone for tennis? In most homes you might have trouble rounding up enough people for a quick game of singles, but in Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Turner's home in Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., there are enough keen—and accomplished — tennis players to make up two doubles matches.

MOST famous of the tennis-playing Turners is Lesley, who at 19 recently became the first Australian to win the United States National Women's Doubles Championships.

Her partner was top American player Darlene Hard.

Encouragement

This was one of the final matches of a tour that took an Australian team around the world.

Lesley and her three sisters, Patricia, 13, Josie, 20, and Noelene, 22, and their two brothers, Maxwell, 16, and George, 24, have been playing tennis ever since they can remember.

"We've always had a court," said Lesley, "and Mum and Dad always encouraged us to play."

Before her marriage, Mum was Agnes Tosh, who won the N.S.W. Hardcourt Championships in 1934.

Dad, an engineer with the Sydney County Council, is an A-grader and still plays "a good game."

Youngest of the Turners is Patricia, who at 13 is considered one of Australia's most promising players.

In January she won the Under-13 N.S.W. Hardcourt Championships, and last August won the Metropolitan Under-14 Girls' Singles and Doubles.

Josephine — Josie to her friends — who works as a typist-clerk, is an A-grade player in district competitions.

She plays a lot with Noelene, and this year they were members of the women's team that won the Angus and Coote Cup.

(Teams of four, representing districts in the Sydney area, compete annually for this cup.)

"Noelene and I are not interested in tennis as a career," said Josie, "but it's a wonderful sport, and, of course, we're very interested to see how Lesley and Patricia get on."

Sister's aim

Patricia wants to make tennis her career if she can.

"I'd like to be as good as Lesley," she said, "and go overseas to play.

"I go to school at Holy Cross, Edgecliff, and it's a bit difficult, because I'd love to play for my school. The trouble is, adult competitions clash with the inter-school tournaments and I have to play in the comps. It's much better practice."

Mrs. Turner sees that tennis doesn't interfere with school work, though, and last year Patricia came second in her year.

Maxwell and George don't play as much as the girls.

"Maxwell's been busy at school with his Leaving Certificate, and George goes to work, but they both play competition tennis at the weekends," said Mrs. Turner.

Though the girls are busy with their jobs and tennis — even Lesley works with a sporting equipment firm—the hardest-working member of the family is Mrs. Turner.

"Weekends are pretty hectic," she said.

"Everyone gets up early, rushes through breakfast, and then they all dash off in different directions to play tennis.

"All we have time for are scratch meals, and we eat when we feel like it. I have to organise things carefully to see they all eat the right food."

When the district and N.S.W. competitions are on, Mrs. Turner travels all over Sydney to see her children play. "Don't know what I'd do without our car," she said.

As well as doing all the ordinary household chores — and the Turners have a big house — Mrs. Turner designs and makes the girls' clothes.

"All except Lesley's, anyway," she said. "Teddy Tinling does hers now."

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How to move like a model

The right bearing flatters your figure, whittles pounds off its appearance, and is the least tiring way to stand and move. Here are tips to help you achieve the graceful carriage and movement that is so lovely to look at in professional models.

By

JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

STANDING. Don't stand with a thrust-out chest or a droopy slouch.

● For proper balance, your head, chest area, and pelvis should be squarely over each other as symmetrically as a straight tower of blocks. Pulling up from behind the ears, hold head high, neck in a straight line with spine, and chin parallel to the floor. Lift your rib cage, relax and drop your shoulders. Let arms fall loosely at your sides, with elbows close and palms in. Pull your abdomen in and tuck your bottom under. Flex knees slightly for an easy, relaxed balance. Feet should be parallel, with the weight distributed evenly through the centre of the ankle bones and slightly on the outer edges of the feet.

WALKING. Don't charge along head-first. Don't waddle or stride clutching your coat.

● The graceful, gliding gait of a model begins with the same body balance that standing does. The most important point to remember is that legs should move from the hips in a rhythmic, swinging stride. Push off with the big toe of the back foot, shifting weight smoothly and quickly to heel, ball, then toe of forward foot.

IN AND OUT OF A CAR. Don't curve your body when driving. Don't spill out head-first.

● For maximum comfort and minimum driving strain, sit well back, with your whole back touching the seat. If you're short, move the seat forward or keep a cushion behind you. For well-poised entrances and exits, the secret is side movement. To get in, stand sideways to the car.

CARRYING. Don't prop a large load on hip or tummy. Don't carry lopsided loads.

● Whatever the load, lessen the strain by distributing weight evenly in two small, balanced bundles. With your back and shoulders straight, hold one bundle in each arm close to your body, at waist level or slightly higher.

SITTING. Don't sit on the edge of your spine. Don't back into a chair, leading with your bottom. Don't pull yourself out by its arms.

● A straight chair with a firm seat is best. Pivot around on the balls of your feet until your back is to it and you can feel the edge of the chair with the calf of your rear leg. Slide rear foot slightly under the chair and, with back straight, slowly curtsy into it, lowering yourself through knees and thighs. To rise, reverse the process: with feet close under your body, one in front of the other, push up with the rear foot through the thigh muscles and quickly straighten your legs. Sit squarely on the two bones in the centre of each buttock. Hips should touch chair-back with torso erect and feet flat on the floor.

UP AND DOWN STAIRS. Don't go with bent, unbalanced body.

● To ascend stairs with grace, ease, and co-ordination, stand erect, with your body slanted forward slightly, tummy in, knees flexed. Let thigh and leg muscles do most of the work. With weight on your back foot, place front foot flat and firm on the first step and lift yourself up and off. Transfer weight smoothly through the thigh muscles to front foot as your body rises over it. Let your rib cage pull the top part of your body up as your thighs do your legs. In shifting weight, keep knees flexed and hips from swinging. For sure-footed safety as well as poise in descending, hold body erect and at a slight sideways slant. You'll be able to see the stairs better at this angle.

PICKUPS. Don't lean from the waist and reach with your arms.

● You'll pick things up with a minimum of effort if you use hip and leg power, since these muscles are stronger than those in your back. With weight on the balls of your feet and one foot slightly in front of the other, sink down slowly into a squat, putting weight joints, pelvic muscles, and knees to work. To rise, reverse these motions.

PUTTING ON YOUR COAT. Don't go through corkscrew contortions.

● Limit the action to your arms and shoulders. First, relax your shoulders, then slip an arm into the sleeve as deep as possible. Keep the other shoulder level, the arm only slightly backward. This will give you enough room to slide the second arm in smoothly and easily.

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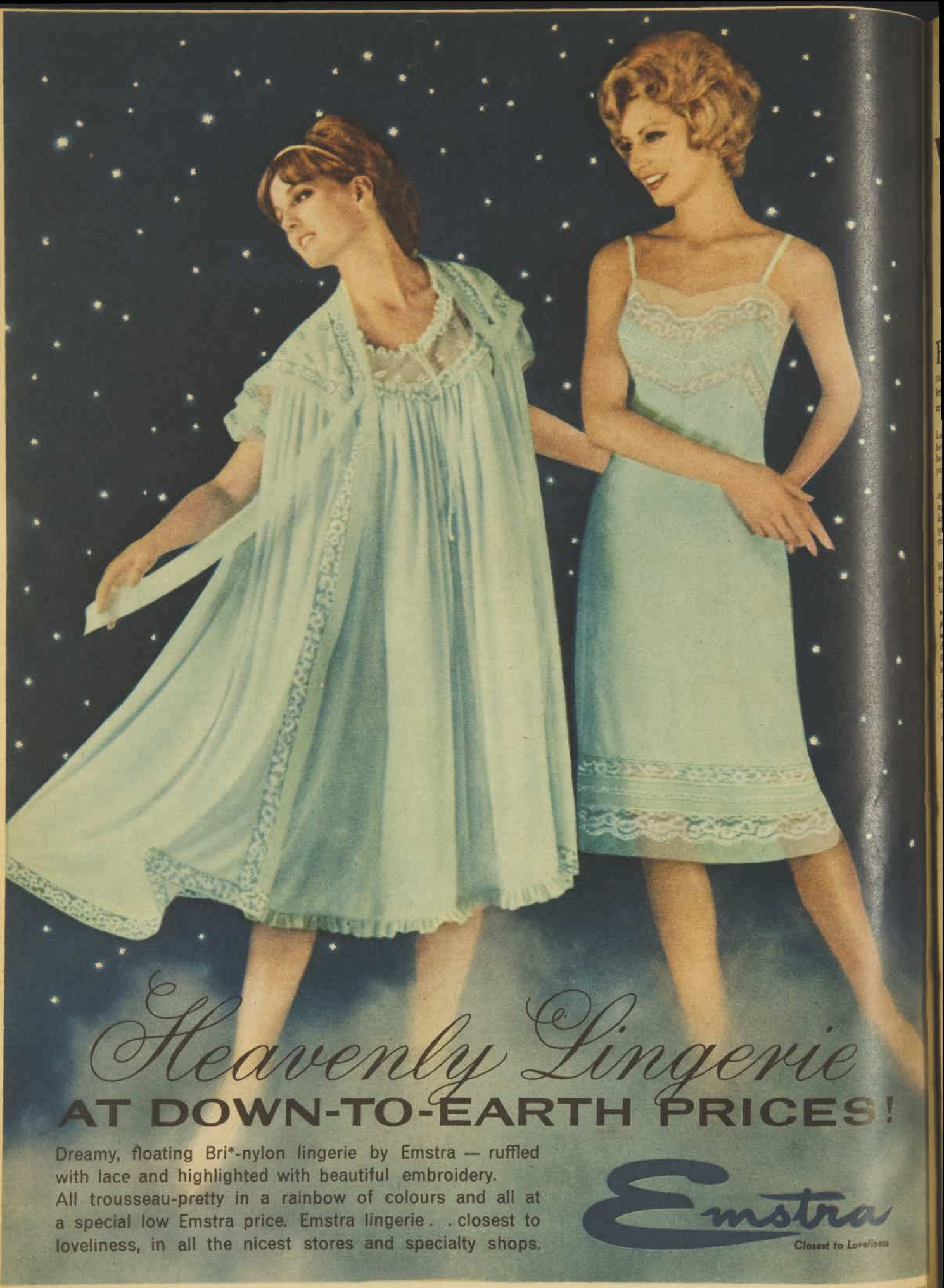

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Now it's Gary who loves Lucy

● Somewhat shakily, comedian Gary Morton carried the world's favorite redhead over the threshold of their apartment after their wedding in New York last week.

THE GROOM carries the bride over the threshold of her flat for the wedding reception. Lucy — Lucille Ball, of the TV series "I Love Lucy" — had the doormat changed from B for Ball to M for Morton. Ex-husband Desi sent them a good-wishes telegram.

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

BUT, despite the entreaties of photographers, his bride wouldn't let her puffing husband repeat the manoeuvre.

"Come away, Gary dear," Lucille Ball one-upped him in best TV manner. "Everybody knows I didn't marry you for your muscles."

Morton suavely delivered his answer: "I didn't mind carrying you one teeny bit, darling, but you didn't weigh that much when we were engaged."

Then he led the glowering Morton to the dining-room for the wedding cake.

The cake-cutting started well, Lucy hamming for the photographers, but suddenly one of them stepped out of character, going into a clinch and went on and on unendingly.

It was obvious this wasn't going to end in slapstick. We went out of the room to sip champagne elsewhere.

Earlier, at a fashionable church on Fifth Avenue, in a private ten-minute ceremony conducted by author-preacher the Rev. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Lucille Desiree Ball Arnaz, 50, and Morton Garfinckle (his real name), 44, exchanged vows before 40 relatives and intimate friends.

Outside, a sea of fans filled 29th Street, pressing against photographers and reporters on the church steps, who pressed against a line of policemen, who in turn pressed against the people leaving the church.

There wasn't room to swing a box camera.

Happy fans

When the newlyweds came out the crowd surged forward, overturning police barricades. A path was cleared to the kerb, and as the couple struggled to their car, the crowd chanted: "I love Lucy! I love Lucy!"

Also present at the ceremony were Lucy's two children from her marriage to Desi Arnaz, Lucie, 10, and Desi, jun., 8; Lucy's mother, Mrs. Desiree Ball; and Jack Carter and Paula Stewart, a comedian-dancing team who brought Lucy and Gary together on a blind date a year ago after her break-up with Desi.

The reception, held at Lucy's 23rd-floor penthouse apartment in the swank East Sixties, was limited to the same small group that attended the wedding.

The eight-room suite, furnished in modern style with pink walls, has been the home of Lucille, her mother, and her children for the past 18 months.

As she left for the church on her wedding day, Lucy watched her door swing shut, looked down, and noticed that the mat in front of the door still had a large "B" for Ball embossed on it.

She stepped quickly back inside and rang the building manager. Two hours later, when Mr. Morton bore her over that threshold, the mat had been replaced with one marked "M."

That sort of thoughtfulness augurs well for her new marriage.

Desi Arnaz, too, had carried Lucille Ball across a threshold. It was in 1940. They were ecstatically happy, but it turned into a stormy marriage.

In 1944 Lucy got up early one morning in their flat in Santa Monica, California. She kissed the sleeping Desi good-bye, went down to the courthouse and picked up her preliminary divorce decree from him.

Then she returned home to cook his breakfast as usual.

In the ensuing years the same thing happened twice more.

Their TV series was a hit, and she had two children (Desi, jun., being delivered virtually before a national TV audience).

But Desi, sen., wasn't always, in private life, the gay caballero he appeared on the TV screen.

His Latin temper got worse, and, as Lucy said later, "He began to play harder than he worked."

Finally the stored-up bitterness came rushing out. And yet, she confessed, she had gone through years of torture, "Thinking Desi's unhappiness was my fault . . . I guess some of it was."

Last May, in anguish, Lucy allowed the "mental cruelty" divorce suit she had filed to become final.

Under a court settlement, Desi agreed to pay 900 dollars (about £A410) a month for the support of the two children, and Lucy retained a 25 per cent. interest in Desilu Productions, reputedly valued at 12 million dollars (about £A5,400,000).

Since their separation and divorce, Desi and Lucy have remained not only business associates but good friends, talking by phone at least once a day.

They will stay that way. Desi backed Lucy's play, "Wildcat." He bantered with her by telegram after she had an accident on the set of the film she made with Bob Hope, "The Facts of Life."

Lucy collapsed on stage one night last year during the second act of "Wildcat"—a faint that threw the audience into hysterics, until they discovered it was genuine.

A blind date

It was while she was recovering in hospital that Paula Stewart, a friend of Lucy's in the cast, decided to try to bring her out of her depression by arranging the blind date with Gary Morton.

After a riotous first meeting, love blossomed between the two, and they ran off like young "bit" players to meet between shows.

Their favorite rendezvous was a pizza joint between Lucy's theatre and the Copacabana nightclub, where Morton was performing.

Gary was previously married in 1957, but the marriage was annulled.

The Lucy-lover who ran away with the prize was born a lorry-driver's son in the Bronx, a blighted borough of New York City. Like many other comedians, he got into show business via the U.S. Army.

Also on TV

After the war he played clubs and theatres, first as an impressionist and later as a comedian.

He appeared on a weekly comedy hour on TV, then got a part supporting Sammy Davis Jnr. in the Broadway musical "Mr. Wonderful."

(Last year he visited Australia briefly for TV appearances.)

The shock that Lucy's fans got over the Arnaz divorce shows signs of abating now that she has re-entered the connubial state.

A warm glow suffused the small coterie of wedding celebrants behind Mrs. M.'s doormat. Hedda Hopper, the Hollywood columnist, went about misty-eyed, polishing glasses in the kitchen and filling them with champagne.

Lucy's Press agent greeted the visiting reporters heartily, then said out of the blue: "The other guy (Desi) would never have let you fellows up here."

Even the children were having fun.

As I left, I heard a shout and looked back. Eight-year-old Desi and 10-year-old Lucie were being dragged by their mother and new "Pa" toward the big, still-uncut cake in the dining-room.

"Are we gonna cut it now, Ma?" Desi shouted with glee. "Are we really, Ma?"

Has Lucy at last found happiness? It seemed so last time I looked.

. . . but once it was Desi

LUCY AND DESI. In happier days during her first marriage, Lucille Ball celebrates her fifth wedding anniversary with Desi Arnaz (above). They were still smiling at the outside world a couple of years ago when they were pictured (right) with their children, Lucie, now 10, and Desi, now 8.

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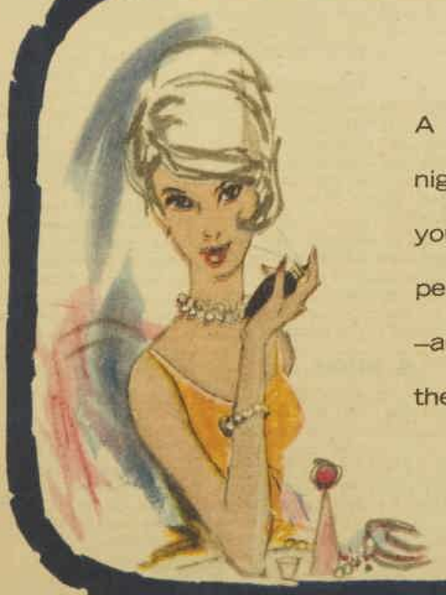

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● *When these well-turned-out girls were window-shopping in London on a wet Sunday afternoon a cameraman got both sides of the picture.*

THE *CHIC* WORKING GIRLS OF LONDON

By an English girl who returned to London after three years in Australia.

● It has taken 15 years for London to rise out of the ruins of World War II and make itself a well-dressed city — but at last it has been done.

London has a "new look"—a new look of fashion which is shining its way through even the wettest days from every working girl you catch sight of.

THERE'S been a tremendous improvement in general fashion sense.

Even three years ago most teenagers and young-twenties in London's bleak winters consistently wore drab "bad-weather" overcoats (ankle-length and ill-fitting), ugly thick-heeled shoes, or, worse, clumpy fur-lined boots.

What's the explanation of the change? *Time? Prosperity? Fashion education?*

Well, it's all three, brought to the public eye through a staggering boom in the ready-made-clothes market.

Fashion designers, promoters, and retailers have achieved a remarkable combination of style and low cost.

Everyone from 15 to 50, from Mayfair to the fringes, is bubbling with enthusiasm about it.

It's no longer infra-dig in mob circles to buy ready-mades — and the girl-about-town can make the most of her pay packet and her looks.

She can buy a chic well-tailored coat (on a par with any of the budget-priced coats — say, £A16 — from leading Australian stores) for as little as £7stg. (equivalent to £A8/15/-) in any of the shops in Oxford Street.

"And why," she asks, "buy a dowdy unfashionable dress from the outer suburbs (and there are still plenty of hideous clothes about in Greater London) when for the same price anywhere from Tottenham Court Road to Marble Arch you can find an infinitely better and smarter range?"

Elegant shoes

She knows the same goes for shoes.

At one of London's biggest shoe stores she can buy very reasonably priced shoes (from £3stg.), both elegant and well made.

If she wants boots (and with London's winter mud and slush she undoubtedly does) there is an enormous range of attractive and serviceable boots to be found all over the city — high-heeled, pointed-toed, anything in length from ankle to knee, plain in style, or delicately side-buttoned.

They are in a variety of shades, including, believe it or not, white and pastel.

And, of course, she wants her stockings to be a credit to her well-shod feet.

London women are better groomed now, too, as though to keep up with the pressures of dress.

Hair care is much improved and universal. Short hair is a fashion "must" the world over now and just about every working girl here is following the dictates — even though it means weekly or more visits to her local salon.

Another thing she has discovered (and I never thought she would) is that an umbrella is **much** more useful and **much** more becoming than a headscarf.

A well-known English fashion writer recently cautioned her readers: "Economise on everything except suits, handbags, foundation garments, and costume jewellery."

That's just what Londoners are doing — they're economising *fashionably*.

Next week:

NEW SERIAL BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

● Next week we begin a new exciting serial, "The Pale Horse," by Agatha Christie, the woman who has made crime pay to the tune of a million pounds.

HER detective stories have made her one of the richest women writers in the world.

"The Pale Horse" blends murder in Chelsea with a quiet little English village and an inn where, it is whispered, black magic is practised.

Miss Christie is at her impeccable best in this brilliant mystery, her first novel for two years.

"The Pale Horse" is the last of our serials for 1961 and is a triumphant finishing touch to a year in which we have given readers the topline fiction of the world.

Each of the serials has been available to readers either before the actual book publication in Australia or simultaneously with the book being on sale or in lending libraries.

Here are some of them:

"MRS. HARRIS GOES TO NEW YORK," latest novel by the famous Paul Gallico. Mrs. Harris, the cheerful cockney char, was one of fiction's best-loved characters of the year.

Incidentally, Arthur Boothroyd's painting for the opening instalment gained the 1961 Walkley National Award for Journalism as the year's best color illustration.

"BLINDFOLD," Lucille Fletcher's first novel since her widely known "Sorry, Wrong Number."

"GIRL WITH A SECRET," the spies-and-smuggled-narcotics story by that brilliant suspense writer Charlotte Armstrong. (It was also recently presented as a TV drama.)

"WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?" the chilling, macabre story by Henry Farrell, an American author new to Australian readers. This was a literary scoop for us, and after the serial had finished we had many letters from readers, some saying it was the most frightening story they'd ever read, but they couldn't stop reading it!

Henry Farrell's latest novel, "Death on the Sixth Day," will appear in the paper very early in the coming year.

"SAMANTHA," by that most popular mystery writer New Zealander (now London resident) Dorothy Eden. It was a Victorian-era mystery, its atmosphere heavy with fog, gas lighting, and windy Kentish shores — and a missing heir to an enormous fortune.

"THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY," another literary scoop for us, written by an unknown, Canadian Sheila Burnford, who told the story of a journey undertaken by three domestic pets — a labrador, a bull terrier, and a Siamese cat — across the vastness of Canada in search of their master.

We bought this serial, realising its appeal, before it was published as "a literary masterpiece" in the top-ranking American magazine "McCall's." For months later it topped the best-seller lists in Britain and America.

"DOCTOR ON TOAST," one of the funniest of the famous Gordon books. This was the eighth of the "Doctor" series and was on the best-seller lists immediately.

"HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES," by Erich Maria Remarque. This novel is soon to be made into a film.

"SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS," the Australian author Barbara Jefferis' extraordinary suspense story of a girl trapped in a plane in the outback.

(In the same issues we published a wonderful non-fiction serial, **"LIVING FREE,"** by Joy Adamson, the story of the lioness Elsa and her cubs. This book has had sales which are phenomenal even among best-sellers.)

"THE JUDAS TREE," the first novel for four years by A. J. Cronin (he wrote "Hatter's Castle," "The Stars Look Down," "The Keys of the Kingdom"), is the current serial. Its last two instalments will be published simultaneously with the first two instalments of the new Agatha Christie serial.

Our 1962 programme will be as exciting.

One of the big novels for the year will be "Castle Dor," by "Q" and Daphne du Maurier. The "Q" stands for Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, former professor of literature, Cambridge University. He had never finished the novel, and after he died his daughter asked Daphne du Maurier to complete it.

In it she is able to turn again to her old loved setting, the Cornish coast.

Also in our next issue:

● Children's parties

All you need to know to plan a highly successful party for children from the pre-school-age group to 13-year-olds. Food (with menus, recipes, shopping list), games, and decorations are suggested for each group.

● Harborside home with seagull roof

In color: Home at Rose Bay, N.S.W., with a roof shaped like a soaring bird to suit a rocky site overlooking Sydney Harbor. A floor plan shows the layout of the house, which is built on three levels.

● Gifts for a garden

Suggestions for Christmas gifts for the gardener.

● Jacaranda time

Superb color pictures of Grafton's Jacaranda Festival, a nine-day carnival held in the city on the north coast of New South Wales when the tall, flower-covered trees are in bloom.

● When school marks are a worry

When a child fails to pass an examination, the issue is bigger than a lost term. Experts give the "do's" and "don'ts" for parents if their child's report card shows failures.

● Social Roundabout — IN COLOR

Social Roundabout will again be in color in our next—and every—issue.

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This is the promise of Ipana Fluoride:

"The dentist was so pleased with me, Mum ... he didn't have to use the drill once."

The promise of Ipana Fluoride is simply this: new freedom from tooth decay for all the family. Because Ipana Fluoride toothpaste hardens tooth enamel, locks out tooth decay.

Now, after ten years' dental research, you can give your family this extra protection of Ipana Fluoride, the toothpaste that contains the same active fluoride that dentists paint on teeth—the same fluoride that authorities recommend for addition to public water supplies. Brushing with Ipana Fluoride means that, every time you clean your teeth, you will also harden tooth enamel, lock out tooth decay. Even "soft spots" will be strengthened and protected.

Ask your family chemist. He knows all about Ipana Fluoride.

Australia's first fluoride toothpaste.
Hardens tooth enamel, locks out tooth decay!

(Sorry! Ipana Fluoride is not yet available in certain areas of Australia.)

BM273/61

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OUR FULL-SIZE PATTERN

Two-piece swimsuit and hat

● **Actual-size patterns to make the Italian-designed swimsuit and hat pictured here are on this page and pages 15, 28, 29, 31, and 36.**

● ***To get your pattern pieces, you simply cut them out from this issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, to which they are exclusive.***

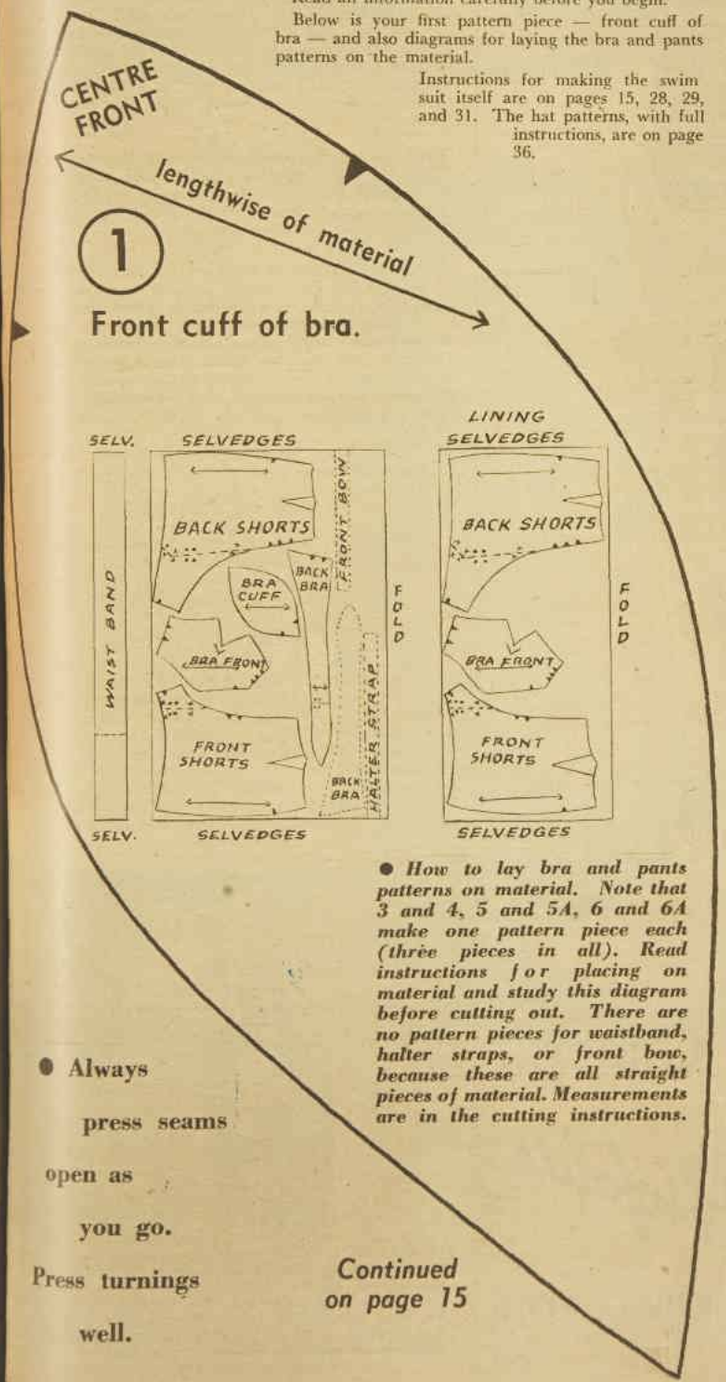
● **There are no drafting or tracing problems. Read the instructions as to your size, and the pattern pieces can be pinned straight on to the material for cutting out.**

FULL step-by-step instructions for how to make, illustrated by sketches, are also given, many on the patterns themselves.

Read all information carefully before you begin.

Below is your first pattern piece — front cuff of bra — and also diagrams for laying the bra and pants patterns on the material.

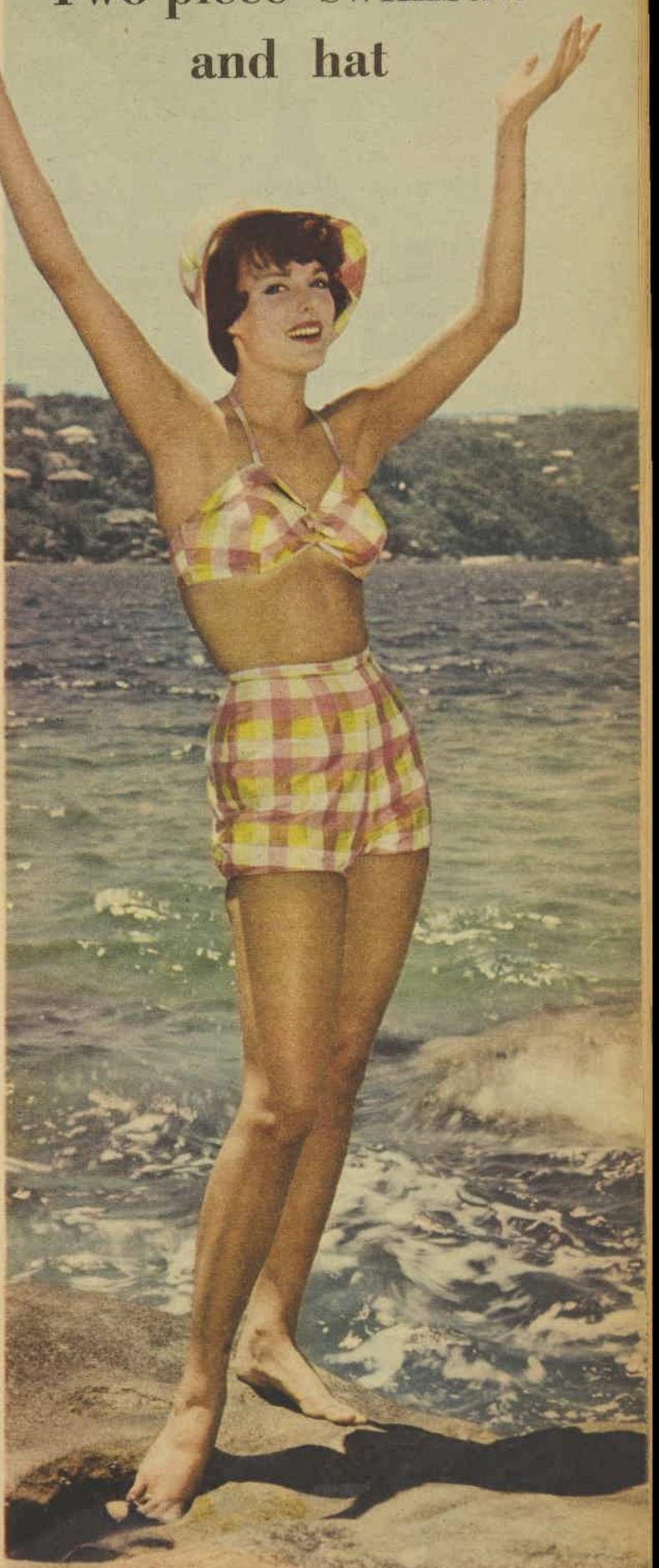
Instructions for making the swim suit itself are on pages 15, 28, 29, and 31. The hat patterns, with full instructions, are on page 36.



● ***How to lay bra and pants patterns on material. Note that 3 and 4, 5 and 5A, 6 and 6A make one pattern piece each (three pieces in all). Read instructions for placing on material and study this diagram before cutting out. There are no pattern pieces for waistband, halter straps, or front bow, because these are all straight pieces of material. Measurements are in the cutting instructions.***

● **Always press seams open as you go. Press turnings well.**

Continued on page 15



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It's a case of Christmas Cheer...

Penfolds Mantilla Cream Sherry
Light, sweet and deliciously smooth.

Penfolds Mantillo Flor Sherry
Full, soft wine with medium-dry flavour.

Penfolds Royal Reserve Sherry
Outstanding quality either sweet or dry.

Penfolds Pale Dry Fino Sherry
Pale gold, very dry. Spanish Solera type.

Penfolds Royal Reserve Port
An excellent, full-bodied tawny port.

Penfolds Club Port
Specially matured and mellow. Vintage 1945.

Dalwood Hermitage
Really fine claret. Australia's classic red table wine.

Eden Valley Moselle
Delightfully refreshing white wine of subtle flavour.

Minchinbury Champagne
Famous for its superb quality.

Penfolds

FOR PERFECT WINES

4511

SOCIAL

THEIR host of friends are delighted to [illegible] Mr. Geoffrey Prockter and his wife (for[illegible] Miss Heather Field), who have returned to [illegible] Sydney after nine years in Singapore.

With their eight-year-old daughter Belinda, they are [illegible] a flat at Macleay Regis their headquarters while wai[illegible] alterations to be completed at the home they have bo[illegible] Wahroonga.

It's a lovely old two-storeyed house with spacious [illegible] in Burns Rd., and large enough for the complete h[illegible] of furniture they shipped down from their former [illegible] in Singapore.

Incidentally, they sold their beautiful home [illegible] Malaya's number one potentate—the Sultan of Johore.

He is going to use it as his town house when he [illegible] Singapore from his palace in Johore.

★ ★ ★

AN entourage of three small page-boys will escort [illegible] Horn and her bridesmaid, Julia McFarlane, up the [illegible] St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, when Penny weds Mi[illegible] Lane Brown on December 9. The young gentlemen are [illegible] Griffin, the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith G[illegible] of Wollongong; Nigel White, aged four, the son of Mr. [illegible] Mrs. Denis White, of Mudgee; and Simon Crane, the si[illegible] old son of Mr. and Mrs. David Crane, of Bellevue Hill. [illegible] the ceremony, Penny's parents, Commander and Mrs. [illegible] Horn, will entertain at their home in Rosemont Av[illegible] Woollahra, before the young couple set off to spend a [illegible] honeymooning in Tahiti. Penny is a granddaughter [illegible] former Premier of New South Wales, the late Sir Th[illegible] Bavin.

★ ★ ★

THE accolade for conservatism goes to famous com[illegible] conductor Igor Stravinsky and his wife. Madame Stra[illegible] sky admitted to me that although they've lived on Sunset S[illegible] in Hollywood for twenty years, they still have no idea o[illegible] identity of their next-door neighbors!

★ ★ ★

BROTHER officers in the Fleet Air Arm's crack aerob[illegible] team, "The Checkmates," of 805 Squadron, Lieut[illegible] Barry Orr, R.A.N., and Lieutenant Barry Roberts, R.A[illegible] will become brothers-in-law when Lieutenant Orr ma[illegible] Sandra Benner at All Saints' Church, Nowra, on Decemb[illegible] The bride and her sister Dawn, who is the wife of Lieu[illegible] ant Roberts, are the daughters of Commander and Mrs. [illegible] A. Benner, who will entertain after the wedding at a recep[illegible] in the wardroom of H.M.A.S. Albatross, at Nowra.

★ ★ ★

EVERYONE was fascinated by the off-beat chic of dec[illegible] tive Mrs. Sydney Griff, wearing a shaggy-dog wig of p[illegible] ing Tibetan llama wool, at the Parade of Jewels luncheon [illegible] Caprice for the Black and White Committee of the R[illegible] Blind Society. It was an Otto Lucas model she bought [illegible] London to wear skiing. But in last week's deluge it m[illegible] protected her sleek, fair hair from the wind and rain. T[illegible] hat is as soft as silk to touch—but it has the appearance o[illegible] "wiry perm." drying out after being under the shower!

★ ★ ★

THE homestead at "Jeir," Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Magra[illegible] property near Yass, will be the setting for a marathon p[illegible] after the wedding of their daughter Merran to Peter Walk[illegible] ley, of Binalong, on December 9. The ceremony will be at [illegible] Francis Xavier's Church, Hall, A.C.T., and afterwards [illegible] hundred friends will drive nine miles to "Jeir," where lunch[illegible] will be served in a marquee on the tennis court. Merran w[illegible] be attended by her sister Jill, Gail Garry, of Binalong, a[illegible] Diana McAlary, of Pymble. John Shannon, of Young, w[illegible] be best man and James Shannon and Peter Walker groom[illegible] men. After honeymooning Merran and Peter will live o[illegible] property Peter has bought at Harden.

***IN LONDON.** Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Sutton and [illegible] bride, formerly Miss Wendy Labrom, of Cremorne, lea[illegible] the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, w[illegible] their attendants. From left, Miss Carolyn Meneer, youth[illegible] Veronica Sutton and Jamie Hay, the bridal couple, M[illegible] Nan Cooling, and Miss Miranda Riley. The bridegroom [illegible] military secretary to Viscount Slim during his term [illegible] Governor-General of Australia.*

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ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

FAMOUS composer-conductor Igor Stravinsky and his wife chatting with Mr. A. W. T. Smith (on the left), who was host at a reception in their honor at Chevron Hilton Hotel. Mr. Smith presented Mr. Stravinsky with a set of opal cuff links at the party.

LITTLE NIECES of the bride, from left, Emma Shmith, Edwina Blanshard, and Catrina Shmith, attended Mr. Michael Osborne and his bride, formerly Miss Cassie Blanshard, at their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Mrs. Bill Shmith, of Melbourne (pictured at right), was matron of honor, and bridesmaids were Virginia Osborne and Joanna Gundry. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. B. Osborne, of "Currandooley," Bungendore, and his bride is the daughter of Mrs. V. A. Blanshard, of Brisbane, and the late Mr. Blanshard.

CONGRATULATIONS for Mr. David Rikard-Bell, of "Ravenswood," Coonabarabran, and a kiss for his bride, formerly Miss Janelle Lowe, from her cousin, Mr. David Lowe, at the reception at Princes after the wedding of the young couple at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Lowe, of Bellevue Hill. The bridegroom's parents are Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Rikard-Bell, of St. Ives.

NATIONAL dress was worn by Datin Suleiman, chatting with Mrs. George Colvin at reception at the Royal Commonwealth Society. Dato Suleiman, the High Commissioner for Malaya, and his wife were guests of honor at the party during their visit to Sydney from Canberra.

OPALS worth nearly £5000, modelled by Miss Carol Kelly (at left), were admired by Mrs. Robert Berwick (centre) and Mrs. Paddy Russell, who were among guests at the "Parade of Jewels" luncheon at Caprice, Rose Bay, for the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society.

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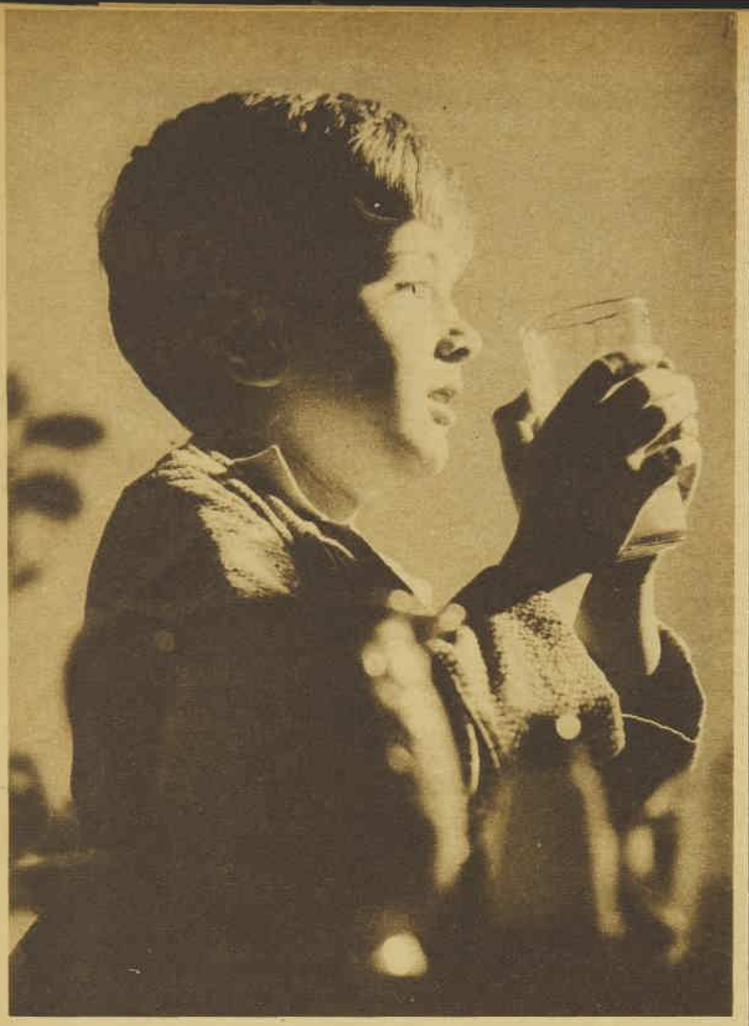


"Fortagen tastes beaut Mum—how can it be so good for me too?"

Certainly children love Fortagen's pure chocolate flavour. Certainly they know Fortagen gives them more energy, because they can feel it. But you're the one who knows why Fortagen is good for them in so many other ways. You could tell them Fortagen is made from malt, milk and eggs, with EIGHT ADDITIONAL VITAMINS . . . that it is a rich source of protein and carbohydrate . . . that it builds resistance to infection. But as long as you know all this . . . and as long as they love Fortagen so much, that's really all that matters!

FORTAGEN

The energy food for modern families

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST — HE KNOWS.

AWF17.61

She's 92 and out for fun

● About the only thing Mrs. Jessica Dudley, of Kensington, N.S.W., considers irrelevant to the enjoyment of life is age. She had her 92nd birthday on November 27.

SPRIGHTLY Mrs. Dudley plays bowls regularly, is crazy about hats, never misses a big race meeting, doesn't go to bed before 11 p.m., rises early.

WHEN we rang her daughter - in - law, Mrs. Arthur Dudley, to arrange an interview with Mrs. Dudley a clear, firm voice answered:

"I'm so sorry; she's down the street. Could I take a message? It's Mrs. Jessica Dudley here and I'm packing to fly to Brisbane and—

"Ohhh! it's me you really want—why didn't you say so, dear?

"Go ahead, I love a good gossip. I'm sick of thumping down on these stubborn suitcases—but just one thing, dear, please don't ask me: 'To what do you attribute your longevity, Mrs. Dudley?'

"Every second crusty and musty person interviewed insists they've led 'a good, quiet life with no vices.'

So boring!

"Nonsense. They might be alive, but they've probably bored a lot of people to death ages ago.

"I don't drink or smoke—but I love a bit of a gamble. Been going to Randwick races for years, never miss a big meeting, wear my smartest new dress, snappiest hat—crazy about hats.

"As for an active, healthy, ripe old age—choose your parents, dear. It's usually tied up with heredity and family constitution.

"Still, I have worked out three tips for safeguarding that health gift: (a) Look for the laughs in life and tolerate the current sorrows; (b) No one can worry you unless you let them; (c) Don't chew over a grudge—it gives the ulcers and blood pressure to you, not to the enemies you're wishing them on."

Mrs. Dudley has been a widow for 34 years.

Footnote from Mrs. Arthur Dudley: "Nan, as she is known to the family, is a marvellous person to live with.

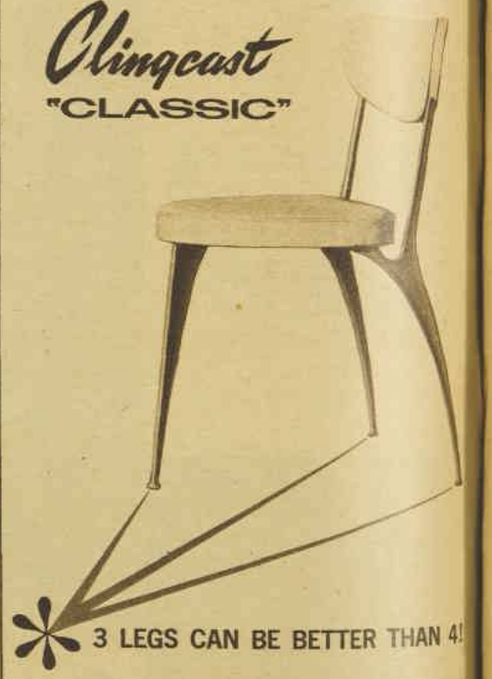
"She loves life—plays bowls with the Vaucluse Ladies' Bowling Club each week, has her hair permed and set regularly, and is a member of the Legacy card group, who are giving her a party for her birthday.

"She reads four newspapers a day, plus her library books on current affairs or novels, loves the theatre (she's mad about the Phillip Theatre gang), and is pretty choosy about TV programmes.

"She's up first in the morning, is never in bed before 11 p.m. We'll miss her during her holiday in Brisbane. She's a joy to have around."

A GRACEFUL NEW LOOK

Clingcast "CLASSIC"



3 LEGS CAN BE BETTER THAN 4!

Smart new modern styling, and so practical, means more leg room, less weight and easier cleaning. Like all Clingcast chairs, the "CLASSIC" conceals amazing strength. Cast in solid aluminium alloy, upholstered in hard-wearing fabric, practically indestructible!

SEE CLINGCAST FURNITURE AT ALL GOOD FURNITURE STORES.

CLINGAN BROS. PTY. LTD.
BANKSTOWN, N.S.W.

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Full-size patterns for swimsuit and hat

Continued from page 11

MATERIAL REQUIRED FOR SWIMSUIT

BUST, 34in.: 1¾yds. 36in. material; 1yd. 36in. lining; 8in. slide fastener; two 7½in. bones; 1yd. elastic.

Allow extra material on the above if matching checks or stripes.

N.B. PATTERN IS MADE TO FIT BUST 34, WAIST 26, HIPS 37-38.

To make PATTERN BUST 36, WAIST 28, HIPS 39-40, add ½in. to side seams of pants and bra and 2in. to length of waistband. Add ⅜in. to length of pants and ¼in. to bodice length of bra (or adjust as required).

To make PATTERN BUST 32, WAIST 24, HIPS 35-36, take off ½in. AT side seam of pants and bra and 2in. off length of waistband. Take ⅜in. off length of pants (or adjust as required). Adjust length of bra if necessary.

N.B. Unless otherwise stated, ½in. turnings are allowed on all seams.

PATTERN PIECES

BRA:	PANTS:	HAT:
1. Front Cuff	5 and 5A. Back	7. Brim
2. Front Bra	6 and 6A. Front	8. Crown Piece
3. Back Bra Join		
4. Back Bra		

CUTTING INSTRUCTIONS

To Make the Patterns: All pattern pieces must be carefully cut out from the pages on which they appear.

Flush edges of pattern pieces 3 and 4 where indicated by crosses and dots, and join flatly with sticky tape. This will cut out as one complete pattern for the back of the bra.

Similarly, flush edges of pattern pieces 5 and 5A where indicated and join with sticky tape. Cut as one complete pattern.

Flush edges of pattern pieces 6 and 6A and treat as stated above.

(N.B. The crosses on the dotted pattern edges indicate which edges are to be pasted flush with each other. The dots indicate the pattern parts which are to be opposite each other when the pattern is joined.)

To Cut the Material: Open out material to single width. Cut waistband 28in. x 3in. wide (or as adjusted). Fold remaining material back double with selvedges together. Cut pattern pieces 1, 2, 5 (and 5A), 6 (and 6A) once each from double material. Cut 3 (and 4) twice each from double material.

On straight of material cut two halter straps 1in. x 19in. (adjust if required) and one front bow 1in. x 13in.

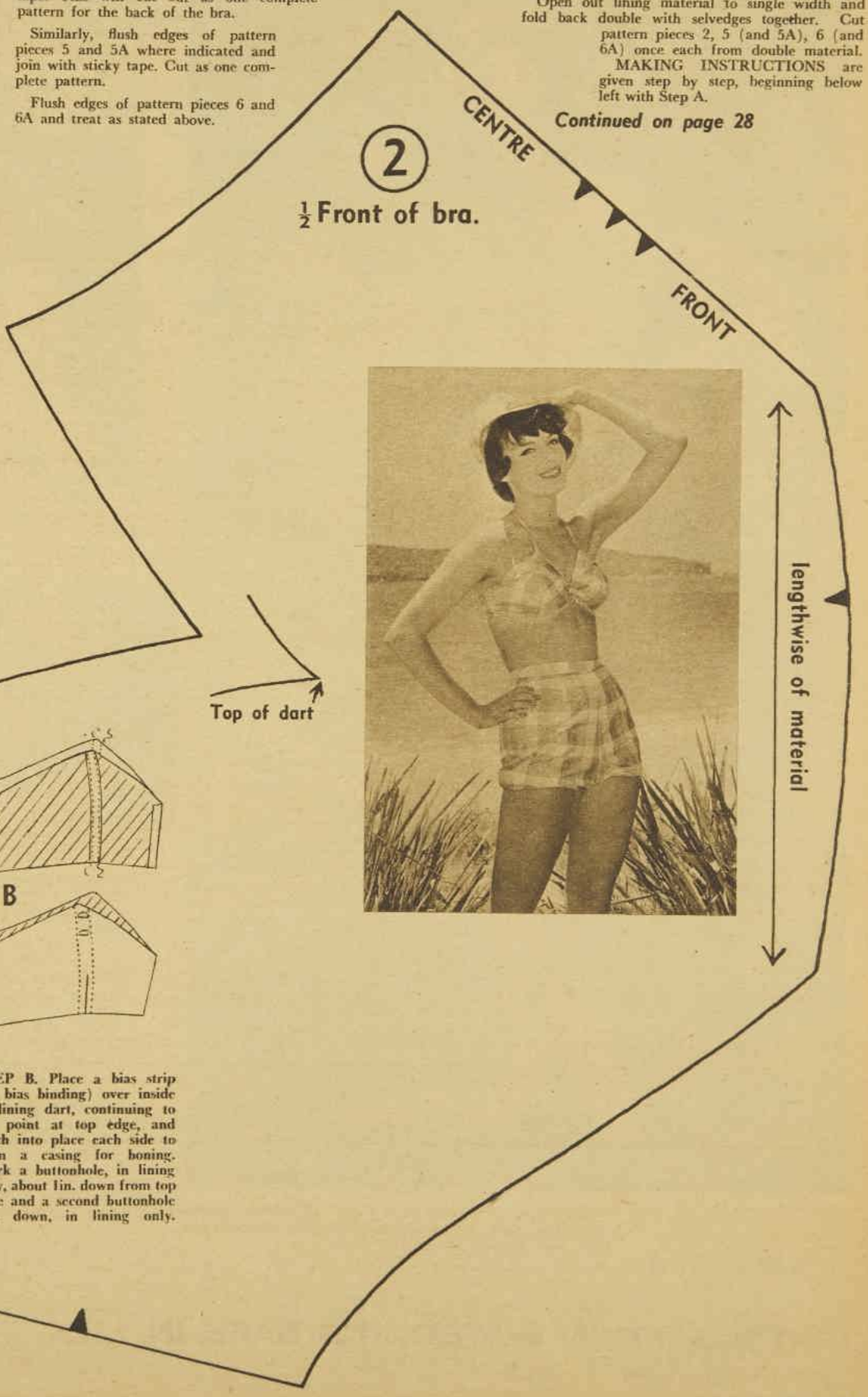
LINING

Open out lining material to single width and fold back double with selvedges together. Cut pattern pieces 2, 5 (and 5A), 6 (and 6A) once each from double material.

MAKING INSTRUCTIONS are given step by step, beginning below left with Step A.

Continued on page 28

STEP A. Stitch out bra dart in fronts and front linings, stitching to top of dart as marked in pattern piece 2, at right. Join fronts and front linings at centre seams.



STEP B. Place a bias strip (or bias binding) over inside of lining dart, continuing to the point at top edge, and stitch into place each side to form a casing for boning. Work a buttonhole, in lining only, about 1in. down from top edge and a second buttonhole 2in. down, in lining only.

● *Match nicks carefully when making seams.*

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Whether you wash by hand or machine . . .

THESE GARMENTS NEED SPECIAL WASHING CARE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE MINNETT

DACRONS AND ORLONS and *all* modern fabrics need Lux because Lux contains no harsh chemicals to fade their delicate colours.

Modern fabrics such as nylons, Terylene and drip-dry cottons, as well as precious wools and silks, need the special care of Lux. If you wash by machine, so much the better. Lux will keep all fabrics soft, unfaded, and new looking. Pure, gentle Lux gives garments greater protection, longer life.

FABRICS **with special finishes** come up like new with gentle, pure-soap Lux. Use for hand washing and in your washing machine.

HUSBANDS APPRECIATE the good looks of Lux-white shirts, the comfort of Lux-soft nylon socks.

TO KEEP BABY CLOTHES silky soft, always use gentle Lux — particularly for machine washing.

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER, IT'S SAFE IN LUX *....and so are your hands*

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FATHER

MOTHER

"I COULD have nicely behaved children, but I can't yell loud enough."

t seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

HAT old joke about TV sets full of dead boys should get a rest the next few weeks. cowboys are almost numbered by the poli-—some alive, some

* * *

THUNDER," the little girls used to say at ool, "is caused by two bumping together." was a nice, simple theory. emembered it picking my across Elizabeth Street during Sydney's st November last week.

izabeth Street was a long, safe distance the centres of the drama where flood teams were working to save people and erty.

the potholes and washaways in this main oughfare bore a strong resemblance to those bush road.

emptive as mankind can be, and aided as by newer and worse weapons of destruction, still gets pretty fair competition from the ents.

* * *

ACTRESS Lucille Ball's remark at her recent wedding to nightclub enter- Gary Morton supplied a piece of ence for the theory that she has been business brain of her partnership with first husband, Desi Arnaz.

h, it's gone up," she said when she was that the marriage licence cost three dol-

hen a woman remembers the comparative of her various marriage licences it shows she has a sound financial brain.

* * *

AILURE of boxer Jimmy Carruthers in his second attempt at a comeback have proved that he was foolish, at to try it. It also proved, regrettably, an Australian crowd can sometimes ve as unattractively as any other d in the world.

e boos and catcalls at the one-time cham- were quite horrifying in their cruelty. lack of feeling is proof that there is a of humanity which has progressed any distance from the jungle.

* * *

OW that the Queen's trip to Ghana is safely over, her advisers in Britain, ially Mr. Duncan Sandys, who gave green light for it, must be mopping brows with relief.

ancellation of the tour would have caused at home and abroad. But, had any come to the Queen, Mr. Macmillan's rnment could never have survived.

FASHION, especially in the teenage field, is mystifying at times. When the sack dress was launched nearly four years ago, the teenagers refused to wear it.

They clung for another three seasons to their tight waists and lampshade skirts. The mature ladies dickered for a while with sacks, chemises and trapezes, and Empire line, and are now showing every sign of welcoming back the waists which Paris featured at the last showing.

Meanwhile the teenagers (possibly a new crop—the first lot may be old married women by now) tried out the muu-muu, just another name for a sack, last season. This summer there's hardly a waistline to be seen on anyone under 19. The Kookie dress, a sack with a low-slung row of pleats, is the hit of the year.

At lunchtime Sydney streets look like one big Charleston party, and the effect is charming. But then, most of the youthful wearers would look nice in cement bags tied with string.

* * *

IN the staff restaurant of one of the big New York banks the calorie content of each dish is stated on the menu.

Here the bank has followed the lead of some American public restaurants.

It's an idea that I hope doesn't spread. Figure-watching is something best done in partial secrecy.

The serious dieter soon learns to carry a calorie count in her head and doesn't want to draw continual attention to her low-calorie choice.

After years of practice you can manage quite well. I say "No, I don't like cake" so glibly that I deceive myself.

It is only when I examine my conscience that I realise I am lying in my teeth.

* * *

THE Australian Army now has a piece of equipment for freezing and drying food, which, it is promised, will revolutionise field rations. Among the things it can do: Compress 80lb. of cabbage to fit into a 2½lb. container.

If all the cabbages on earth
Should disappear tomorrow, I'd not care,
Although to speak so lightly of their worth
May, to a dietitian, seem unfair.
They look so nice when growing on a farm,
Symmetrical, like large green roses, yet—
Of all the veg. extant, few have less charm
When boiled a bit too long and left too wet.
Oh, so much cabbage in so little space
Is one war horror we must learn to face.

The Things a Woman Likes

There are things that turn an ordinary day into something special.
It may be a new hat, it may be the admiration in her man's eyes,
or a child's voice that says, "Mummy, I love you best of all."
It may be the little thrill of signing her name to a cheque—
little things, but important to a woman.
You get more than a feeling of importance when you own
a **"Commonwealth"** cheque book. There's prestige.
There's the convenience, and the saving of a lot of time and bother.
There's the record of all amounts you have received and paid.
Every woman should have a **"Commonwealth"** cheque account.

Enquire now at any branch of the ***Commonwealth Trading Bank***

COMMONWEALTH TRADING BANK

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Women "sports" on TV quizzes

By NAN MUSGROVE

● **Australian women are most unselfish quiz-winners, according to Terry Dear, well known all over Australia as compere of the popular TV memory test game "Concentration."**

THEY are most unselfish," Mr. Dear said. "If they have a chance to select their prize, almost invariably they ask for something for Dad first, then something for the kids—and, last of all, something for themselves."

The prizes for "Concentration" are most carefully selected to give pleasure and enjoyment to the winner.

They are not big prizes as TV quizzes go. They range from goods worth about £10 up to a washing-machine, with lots of medium-value prizes in between.

"We always try to choose prizes that the housewife wouldn't buy for herself," Mr. Dear said.

"Some luxury undies, some jewellery, a night out, a great deal of special make-up, some special food, some bit of luxury home equipment that would help her in the home . . . always we try to choose prizes that she's too unselfish to buy for herself, but would get a great kick out of having."

COMPERE Terry Dear, left, and producer Reg Grundy, of the popular quiz "Concentration."

Great game

Mischiously I said I'd rather have money prizes or car, but Mr. Dear, after years in radio and TV giveaway shows, doesn't agree.

He believes that big prizes can don't bring unalloyed pleasure to their winners. With the pleasure come problems, maintenance bills, and similar things.

And he says that money prizes, unless they run into thousands of pounds, generally get absorbed into the household funds.

"Renovations to the guttering, paint for a room is paid for," he said, "or the children get new shoes or Dad his new business suit.

"Prizes should bring a woman some luxury for herself as well as the pleasure of winning."

Watch "Concentration," and you'll never doubt that women get a lot of pleasure from the game.

It is interesting to watch on TV—and I always find it pleasant to watch Mr. Dear at work.

He's a nice-looking big man who looks much chubbier on TV than he really is. He has a richly sympathetic voice that is known all over Australia both from his TV work and his work for years and years pre-TV with the big radio show "Australia's Amateur Hour."

As compere of "Concentration" he is, as ever, unfailingly courteous, soothing to the nervous, and helpful to contestants whose confidence ebbs at the sight of the TV camera.

"Concentration" needs a clear head. It is a simple memory test combined with the ability to solve a picture puzzle.

The puzzle illustrates the title of a song, a book, a film, or a popular saying. It is a very popular part of the show.

Some five months ago viewers were asked to send in their ideas of a good picture puzzle. Two prizes worth about £50 altogether were offered.

After a few days Sydney's Channel 9 cried for mercy. Picture puzzles were creating traffic jams, space and staff problems.

Mr. Reg Grundy, who produces "Concentration," tells me that the competition tapped such a wealth of talent that they now have picture puzzles in hand for about the next five years.

The winning entry was a clothesline of well-darned garments and socks—"One darned thing after another."

"Concentration" is noted for the response it draws — so much so that all concerned think twice or even three times before they start anything.

For instance, "Concentration" recently had its premiere in Melbourne, and to mark the occasion a small local competition for televiewers was launched.

Within a few days the station was swamped with more than 14,000 entries.

"Concentration's" audience is made up mostly of women, young, old, and middle-aged, with an occasional man — a shift worker or a husband on holidays brought along to try his skill.

The game is played for half an hour a day on Sydney's Channel 9 from 2.30 p.m. to 3 p.m., Mondays to Fridays. It uses up contestants quickly, for it doesn't have reigning champions that can go on for weeks.

All contestants must retire when they have won four games running. Generally three games are played during a half-hour show.

Simple test

Despite the quick turnover in contestants, there are always plenty available.

There's always a long, long waiting-list of women anxious to try their luck—so long in fact that some time ago Channel 9 appealed to women not to apply for a while. Before women are invited to be contestants on the game, they are auditioned and tested for their ability at the memory test.

It's a short, simple test that takes only a few minutes, and it means a quicker-moving, more interesting show.

"The success story of 'Concentration'," Mr. Dear told me, "is the show itself. It is a real TV show, not a hangover from radio or other sources—in fact, it could not be played on radio; it is completely visual.

"It has a simple formula, easy to grasp, but hard enough to be enjoyable.

"It's a wonderful thing, I've never struck a bad sport on 'Concentration.' The losers don't grizzle or criticise the game or their opponent.

"In most cases the contestants shake hands and say something like 'I'm glad you won it.'

"We once had the awful case of a winning contestant trying to help her opponent because the opponent wasn't winning!"

One way and another you'll notice I'm sold on "Concentration." Have a look at it one day.

WOMEN love "Concentration," as this picture of a packed audience shows. Prizes are picked to give the winning women little luxuries.

Film Reviews

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★ GIDGET GOES HAWAIIAN

Made for the 12-to-20 market, this bright Hawaiian holiday film bristles with fun. Expert board-rider, dancer, funmaker Deborah Walley (Gidget) is the life of the island "teens.' Her wide-eyed vitality and appeal rile a snaky glamor girl. The claws are out when James Darren strolls along. Family laughs (in hackneyed mix-ups), a dance routine, and a swinging Darren song complete a lively teenager special.—**State, Sydney.**

In a word . . . GAY.

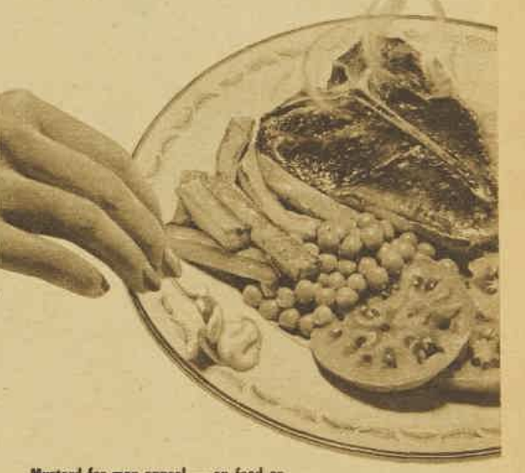
★★ ADA

This hard-hitting expose of dirty politics comes from Wirt Williams' best-seller. A strong cast—led by Dean Martin (an amiable country boy, whisked into office of State Governor), Wilfrid Hyde White (his shrewd backer), and Susan Hayward (his dubious wife) —keeps pace with the sharp script and plot. Rasputin-like White holds undisputed control of the government —until his unwitting "front," Martin, and alert first lady, Susan, move against graft. Action bristles with corrupt tricks.—**Liberty, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SHARP.

Flavour in a flash!

SERVE mustard WITH EVERY MEAL



Mustard for man appeal — on food or in food, Keen's Mustard adds that tangy taste men really go for. It gives a fresher, more appetising flavour to sauces, dressings, savouries, relishes, pickles, hot or cold meats, fish and all seafoods. Be a clever cook — use mustard in all your cooking, and serve mustard with every meal. But —

Be sure it's ...

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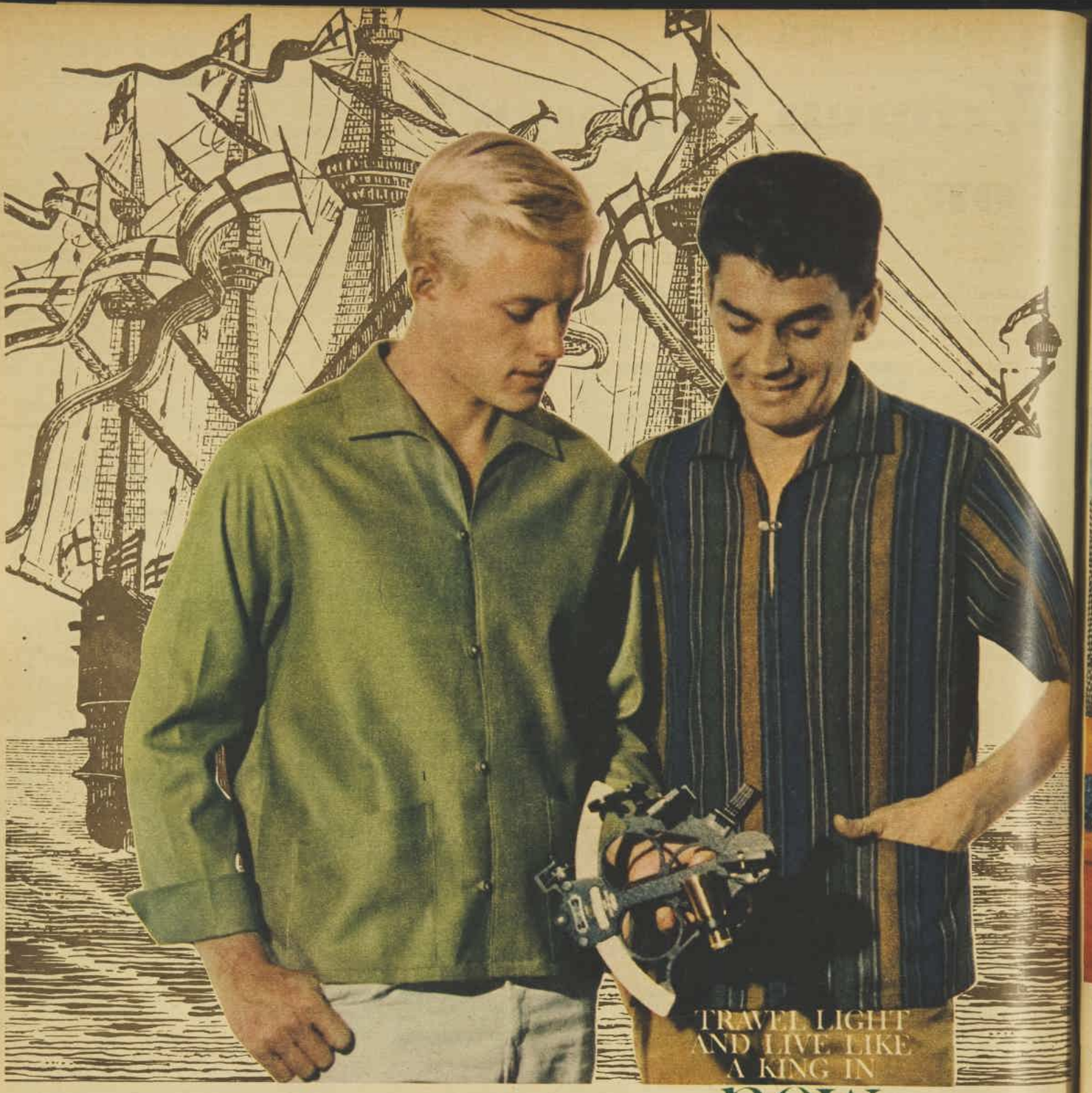

new country club resort styles!

DESIGNED FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN!

Just try on one of these resort shirts and relax! Colourful as a fiesta for a cheerful holiday mood . . . and what comfort! Casually elegant, utterly relaxed – the Swiss cotton resort shirt is button-up or slip-over style, with choice of short sleeves or the new three-quarter length with fold-back cuffs. Three-quarter length sleeves 65/-. Short sleeves from 59/9.

Country Club
TAILORED BY BUCKWALTER

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● *Det.-Sgt. Harry Baxter (Eric Lander), left, confers with Chief Detective-Superintendent Lockhart (Raymond Francis).*

The men from Scotland Yard

● Understatements and stiff upper lips figure largely in "No Hiding Place," A.B.C.-TV's mystery series in which two terribly British Scotland Yard types always get their man.

THE Britishers are Chief Detective-Superintendent Lockhart (Raymond Francis) and his right-hand man, Detective-Sergeant Harry Baxter (Eric Lander).

Week after week they give one of those competent performances that mean that the standard of "No Hiding Place" as TV entertainment can be depended upon consistently.

Francis, who is 50, says he is 35 per cent. Irish, 25 per cent. Scot, and 40 per cent. Jewish. He is married, has three children. He started his show-business life as a conjurer and went on to become a successful ballet dancer under the name of Edourd Voinov, retiring to films and TV only when he became too weighty for this light-footed art.

Ever since I heard this, it has added piquancy to watching Inspector Lockhart track down the criminal. Will he, I wonder, ever be able to coax Sergeant Baxter into a closing divertissement?

But no such thing is necessary. "No Hiding Place" provides a good hour of television entertainment as it is.

— *NAN MUSGROVE*

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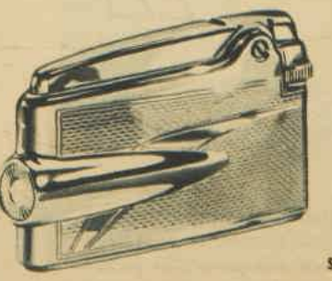
fuels in seconds · lights for months

Only Ronson has a windproof lighter that works on butane gas. And he can dial the flame-size that suits him best. Ronson Windlite comes in a variety of finishes. Priced from 89/-.



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Always in good taste . . .

EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD

baked oven-crisp *by*

BROCKHOFF

Buy them from your grocer . . . loose from the tin or in stay-fresh cellophane ¼ lb. packets.

Only the finest ingredients go into Brockhoff Edinburgh Shortbread. High-quality eggs and sugar and pure dairy-fresh butter, because that's the Scottish tradition in the making of shortbread. Serve wholesome Edinburgh Shortbread for that special occasion and enjoy the finest. Brockhoff Edinburgh Shortbread . . . always in good taste.

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Birds that live near water

BLACK SWANS (Cygnus atratus) are native to southern parts of Australia and are unique birds—the rest of the world's swans are white. They form closely knit families, the cygnets remaining close to the parent birds. The first white men to note the Black Swans were Dutch explorers in 1697.

A baby TROPIC BIRD, or BOSUN BIRD (Scaeophaethon rubricauda novae-hollandiae). Pictured on Lord Howe Is.

AUSTRALIAN

NATURE

● All the birds pictured here make their homes and live their lives on or near the water. Some may be found on swamps or dams, lakes or rivers; others around the seashores or on islands not far away.

EASTERN SWAMP HEN (Porphyrio melanotis) is a long-legged bird common in swamps and reedy lake edges.

Picture of Black Swans taken by our staff: the baby Bosun Bird, by Mr. K. Gillett, Sydney; Eastern Swamp Hen and Little Grebe, by Mr. R. P. Cooper, Surrey Hills, Vic; Sooty Tern, by Mr. V. Serventy, of Perth.

THE LITTLE GREBE (Podiceps ruficollis), left, has wide distribution on the still waters of lakes, dams, swampy lagoons, estuaries. It builds a big floating nest of herbage, often in reeds.

SOOTY TERN (Sterna fuscata) is found in tropical waters, where its shrill call of "wideawake, wideawake" is heard on coral islands, some of which may house thousands upon thousands of nesting birds. They disappear till the next breeding season; then return in huge, wheeling flocks, making a wonderful spectacle.

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LOURNAY

c'est magnifique...

Lournay is certainly magnificent this Christmas. Elegant designs in exquisite taste, bright with gold and sophisticated black. Gift packs make the most of the new pink-gold packaging that gives an intriguing look to her favourite cosmetics. Your Lournay gift wishes her *'Joyeux Noel'* in the nicest way

1. Fleur-de-lis gleams over delicately perfumed soap and talc. **12/8**
2. Transparent pack shows three cakes of Lournay beauty soap. **9/6**
3. Lournay talc sits prettily in transparent pack. **9/-**
4. The Paris look with two Lournay beauty soaps, talc and hand lotion. **24/9**
5. Lournay talc and beauty soap make a charming 'petite' gift. **11/6**
6. Satin-nested in a lovely gift box—talc and two cakes of beauty soap. **17/6**
7. Elegant accessories box holds Lournay talc, two soaps and hand lotion (or Lournay cosmetics of your choice). **26/9**

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LUNCH WITH A STRANGER

Every moment they spent together was precious . . . a story by N. J. CRISP

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT PAUL BARNETT checked the time. It would soon be daylight. The dusty heat of the island in the Mediterranean lay far behind. The plane rode in darkness. The instruments glowed dimly, their readings the only sign of space and movement. Above hung the stars, immobile points of light. Below and ahead the nose pointed at a vastness of black nothing, apparently unmoving.

Speed 500 knots. Height 30,000 feet. Course 335 degrees.

The Air-Commodore, sitting beside Paul, stirred and said, "How long now?"

"Fifteen minutes, sir."

The Air-Commodore nodded. France unrolled behind them. Over the wide moat of the English Channel Paul began to descend. The coast of England sped below as he obtained clearance to Stanton Macey aerodrome. He entered the circuit, made his final turn, the broad stretch of runway suddenly racing toward the plane.

Touch down, brakes, the tarmac of the runway unwinding with startling speed behind them, then gradually slowing, stopping. Aware now of the howl of the jet engines, he taxied along the perimeter track to the control tower.

How close England was after all. Yet how far away it had seemed during these past few days in the glaring heat of the island in the Mediterranean, the days since he had received Christine's letter. An eternity away, light years away, another world away. And it was only a few hours after all.

The Air-Commodore's staff car was waiting. He turned to Paul and said, "You'd better check with me tonight. Where's your home?"

"I really want to get to Maidenhead, sir," Paul said obliquely. He lived in Yorkshire. He couldn't have got home, anyway.

"That's on the way to London," the Air-Commodore said. "You'd better come with me."

"Thank you, sir," Paul said gratefully.

The Air-Commodore's tiny nod gestured Paul to sit in the back with him. But he opened his document case, took out some papers, and began to read steadily, making frequent notes.

Paul was half glad, half sorry. The gulf between the two ranks was immense, rendering conversation difficult. On the other hand, the Air-Commodore had a reputation as a fair-minded man. There was a question that Paul would have liked to put to him.

He was not over-curious about the reason for the Air-Commodore's hurried journey to London. A journey that had meant the preparation of a two-seat jet, the choice of a pilot to fly the Air-Commodore to England, the midnight briefing on route and weather.

He supposed that the Air-Commodore was being called in to give background information to chiefs of staff or perhaps Cabinet Ministers on the problems associated with the island in the Mediterranean.

The staff car swayed and the tyres squealed as the driver drove hard into a bend without reducing speed. Paul lurched off-balance into the Air-Commodore and murmured, "Sorry, sir." The Air-Commodore grunted.

It must be something important, Paul thought. Still, it couldn't be fast enough for him. Let the Air-Commodore sort out the island. Paul Barnett had his own troubles.

They all derived, though, he thought, from being in the Air Force. If it wasn't for the Air Force he wouldn't have been separated from Christine in the first place. He might have been married to her by now.

He had met her during the last few days of his embarkation leave. He had arranged to stay for two or three nights with Andy Williams, who was on the same squadron, and who would be flying south with him.

There was a whole crowd of young people there when he was introduced to Christine. He remembered accepting a cigarette, laughing at something, turning up his raincoat collar when they all decided to go out for a drink, and found that fog was wreathing across the Thames Valley.

And yet—and yet, Paul's principal recollection was of an experience rather like walking unexpectedly into the slipstream of a propeller at full throttle. He knew that something was happening which he had only read about and never quite believed in.

Christine was quite small. Her hair was the color of golden autumn leaves. She had large blue eyes and dark,

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LOOK GOOD... Feel good

PLAN TO SLIM with Slim-plan

You'll look good and feel good when you plan to slim with Slim-plan. This new, completely balanced diet, gives everything a normal person needs for active healthy life — all the protein, vitamins and minerals, **minus the excessive calories that form excess weight!** You'll discover a wonderful poise, a fascinating charm, a vital confidence, when you find your figure the Slim-plan way.

Costs so little ... is so convenient!

Each Slim-plan meal is individually wrapped, ready measured, for your convenience, contains 250 calories, yet costs only 2/6 a meal. Slim-plan is available in a pack containing four meals — costs just 10/-! It's so simple to use anywhere, for each individually wrapped Slim-plan meal fits snugly into purse or pocket.

Easy to make and take ...

To make your Slim-plan meal, simply pour one packet into a large cup, add a little water and mix into a smooth paste. Then add enough water to make a large cupful of drink. Available in two delicious flavours . . . Chocolate and Vanilla, you'll really enjoy slimming **and** saving with Slim-plan! Incidentally, **chilled** Slim-plan is a delightful drink in hot weather.

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In cases of **extreme** overweight it is always advisable to obtain medical advice. If this is necessary, your family doctor will be pleased to tell you the most judicious way to use Slim-plan.

Decide to find an enchanting figure NOW! Slim and Save with Slim-plan. Just 10/- for four 250 calorie meals.
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Husband on the Shelf

A short short story

By NORAH SMARIDGE

Janie was completely engrossed in her first baby and her husband Ted felt really neglected.

TED WILSON packed his weekend case grimly. He didn't close the door or anything. It wasn't necessary. Janie wouldn't even notice. Since the baby came, her husband had almost ceased to exist for her.

She hadn't only lost interest in him. She'd lost interest in herself. Gosh, Janie was barely 19, to his 21 — yet all she thought about nowadays was bottles and airings and the baby's temperature. She didn't care how she looked, she didn't even bother to use make-up or get her hair fixed.

He never got a chance to talk to her properly. She was always tired; she fell asleep the minute her head touched the pillow. None of their old talking and kidding.

No wonder he was grouchy in the office. The fellows kidded him, saying the first baby was the hardest. Only Willa Benson was sympathetic, in her flippant way. "What you're suffering from is first-baby blues," she told him some weeks ago. "Why don't we lunch together? Maybe I could make you smile."

He could hardly refuse. He'd gone, and enjoyed it. Willa made no secret of the fact that she liked him. Maybe she even ran after him; anyway, they dropped into the habit of lunching together often.

Innocent enough. Yet Ted felt guilty. So he tried to make up by giving Janie things. His overtime money to buy dresses. Once he bought her a handbag, a gay one.

But Janie didn't buy the dresses, and she took the handbag back. "We've more important uses for the money," she told him. He guessed she spent it on the baby, though heaven knew it had a wardrobe full of stuff!

The week before his vacation was due, he gave Janie ten dollars and said, "Buy a dress or a sweater or something. I'm sick of those made-over flour bags you're still wearing. I want my cute Janie back!"

Janie flushed. "I've been here all along, darling!"

"You've had no time for me for months," Ted said reproachfully. "And you know it! All you think of is the baby. Nobody matters but Phil."

"Why, Ted!" Janie was shocked. "You sound as if you didn't love him yourself!"

"Well, I do," Ted said. "But he's made a big difference. I feel like I've lost you." Suddenly he took her in his arms and murmured against her hair. "Buy that dress and tomorrow we'll step out. We'll get Mrs. Brady to sit with Phil."

Janie hugged him and stayed warm and soft in his arms. But she didn't buy the dress, and the next day she made no reference to stepping out . . .

That decided him. That was why, this morning, he was packing his weekend case and taking it with him to the office. He had decided to accept Willa's invitation; maybe it would teach Janie a lesson.

A week ago Willa had said: "I wish I could take my vacation when you take yours—we could snatch a day at the beach or something." She had looked at him with sudden boldness. "Why not come for the weekend at my friends' place at the beach? Joe and Edna. They're married. I'm welcome to bring a friend to the bungalow any time!"

Ted had hesitated. But now he meant to go. He would telephone Janie from the office in the late afternoon, let her think that one of his fishing pals had given him a last-minute invitation.

That day it seemed as if he was forever catching Willa's eye. He was glad when the boss put his head round the door at four o'clock. "Take a break," he said. "We've got a visitor —Gwen Bates!"

Willa and the others hurried out at once. They all knew Gwen. She had been the boss' secretary up to two years ago, and he had thought the world of her. But Ted scarcely knew her. She had left to be married shortly after he joined the firm.

Gwen was surrounded when Ted reached the outer office. He gave her a quick look of appreciation. Marriage suited her. Gwen looked beautiful. Well groomed and slender and shiny-haired, the way Janie used to look.

"Gwen, you remember Ted?" Willa cried. "He's our new daddy. You two can talk babies!"

Gwen laughed, shaking hands with Ted. "I'm past that stage. I don't even let myself carry more than three pictures of Billy." She smiled reminiscently. "But I was terrible the first six months. I lived and breathed baby! If he so much as sneezed, I yelled for George to get the doctor!"

"And what did George do?" Ted asked.

Gwen sobered. "Oh, George was wonderful, bless him. He just put up with me. Bided his time. I guess he knew I'd get over it. But then, George is mature."

The boss broke up the reunion then, and the office settled down to work. All except Ted. He stared at the ledger in front of him, hearing Gwen's proud, loving voice. "Oh, George was wonderful . . . But then, George is mature."

Maturity. That's what it takes, Ted thought. I've been acting like a kid. I should have had more understanding, more sympathy. I was thinking of myself, not Janie. It's natural for a girl to be absorbed in her first baby, especially when she's young herself...

Leaving the office he forgot about Willa, forgot about the weekend until Willa ran after him. "What's the idea, Ted?" she said, a little sharply. "You forgetting our date?"

Ted stood stock-still. For a moment he thought of kidding her, pretending he'd been kidding all along. But he pushed the thought away. If he was going to be mature, he'd better start right now.

"Sorry, Willa," he said. "It's been fun lunching with you. You certainly cheered me up, and I'm grateful. But there isn't going to be any weekend. It wouldn't be fair to Janie — or you."

As Willa gasped he made his escape. Hurrying home, he thought of Janie and the baby. Maybe he could show more interest, help Janie more. He could learn to do things for the baby — bath him, maybe . . .

Turning his key in the lock, he saw a suitcase in the hall. Janie flew out of the kitchen into his arms. "Surprise! Surprise!" she called. "Your mother's here!"

"Ted, honey!" His mother followed Janie and hugged him. "Janie sent me the fare or I could not have managed it. She knew I was longing to see the baby."

"I sent her the money you gave me for dresses," Janie said. "I asked her if she'd look after the baby for a few days." She was flushed with excitement. "Mrs. Brady's lending us her cottage at the lake for a few days—so you and I can have part of your vacation together. Just us."

"Janie feels she's been neglected since the baby came," his mother said, looking fond but amused. "I told her she was only running true to type. Most young wives worry far too much about the first baby — and husbands get lost in the shuffle." She smiled from one to the other.

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How to Catch a Helpless Hero

An amusing short story by NATHAN KAPLAN

LAURA HARDIN said, "The trouble with you is you frighten men." Startled, Sheila Dean plunged into her bag, came up with a mirror, and began looking in it. The ageing process couldn't have set in, not already.

"That's not what I meant, silly, and you know it."

Sheila put away the mirror and draped a smoothly toreadored leg over the arm of Laura's best chair.

"Explain," she invited.

"All right. Here you are—young, lovely, eligible, and yearning. You ought to have more suitors than Penelope. But at this moment there's not a single, solitary index finger caressing your doorbell. Why?"

"You're telling me why."

"I certainly am. Be quiet and listen. You remember Johnny? He was a gone guy until you beat him straight sets in tennis and gave him a stroke a hole in golf. As you doubtless recall, he never showed up for that swimming date. In fact, he never showed up again."

"Poor Johnny, he was so unathletic. But he was cute."

"Yes, he was cute, but no man wants to be prince consort to the queen of the Amazons. And then there was George. By the time you got through correcting him on various subjects from Herodotus to Hegel his shattered male ego was ready for surgery."

"But he was so wrong about Hegel."

"Hegel, shmegel! As far as you were concerned, Hegel could have been a catcher for the Toronto Maple Leafs. When a man expounds philosophy, play dumb."

"What makes you such an authority on men?"

"I've got one, haven't I? Besides, you asked what your trouble was, and don't think you can turn me off before I finish. I've waited too long for this chance. Now, let's see? Oh, yes, Albert. He was the one in the grey Dacron suit, and you told him how he should have laid out the Ocean Breeze cigarette campaign, the one with the liquid cartridge filter, based on the Turkish waterpipe principle. 'Nothing cleans smoke like water,' wasn't that it? Oh, and I believe you suggested that he run it up the flagpole and see which way the wind blew it. Has Albert called recently?"

"Not since that night."

"You see?" Laura had made her point and was ready to nail down her argument. "You frighten men. You overpower them, athletically, intellectually, and business-wise. You even," as Sheila rose in a delectably feminine stretch that took every wrinkle out of her trousers, "you even wear pants better than they do."

Sheila burst out laughing. "Oh, Laura, be serious."

"I am being serious. Men like their women intelligent and accomplished, but not quite as intelligent and accomplished as they are. You've got to learn to play it down a little. What is it with you, anyway? Did your father want a boy and refuse to admit he was double-crossed?"

"No, you can't make a psycho case out of this. My father already had two boys when I came along. My brother Jack played tennis, so I learned tennis. My

To page 83

"Can I help you mend that tyre?" Sheila asked Greg.

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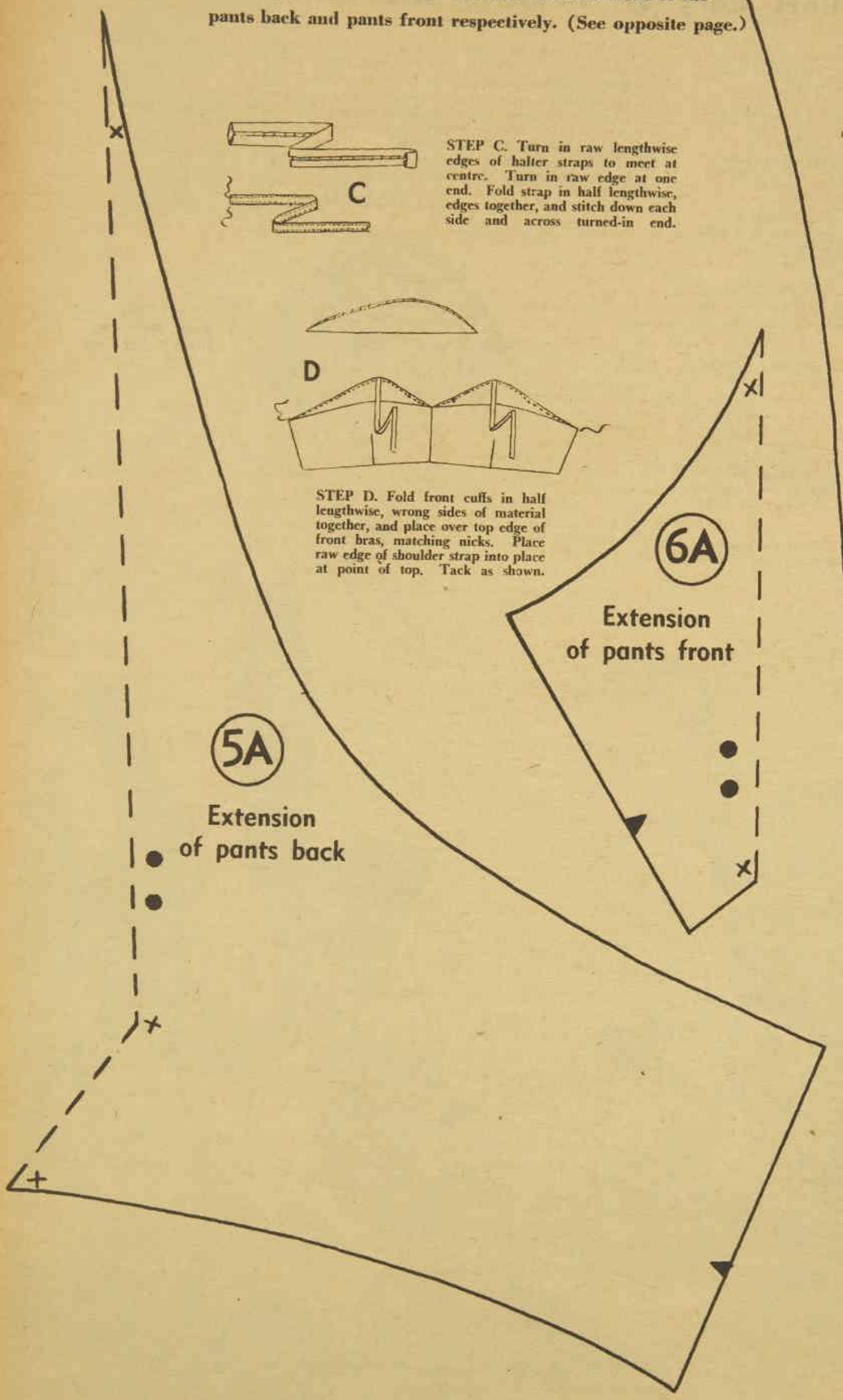
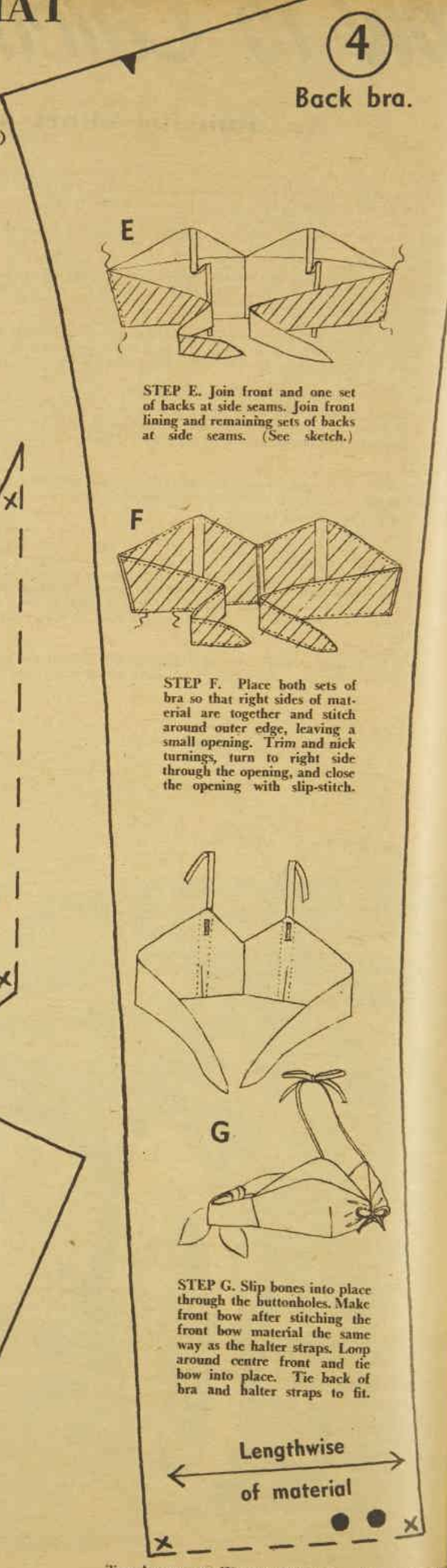
TWO-PIECE SWIMSUIT AND HAT

● Making the bra is continued and finished on this page in Steps C, D, E, F, and G. Note here also pattern piece 4; and pattern pieces 5A and 6A, which are the extensions to the pants back and pants front respectively. (See opposite page.)

STEP C. Turn in raw lengthwise edges of halter straps to meet at centre. Turn in raw edge at one end. Fold strap in half lengthwise, edges together, and stitch down each side and across turned-in end.

STEP D. Fold front cuffs in half lengthwise, wrong sides of material together, and place over top edge of front bras, matching nicks. Place raw edge of shoulder strap into place at point of top. Tack as shown.





STEP E. Join front and one set of backs at side seams. Join front lining and remaining sets of backs at side seams. (See sketch.)

STEP F. Place both sets of bra so that right sides of material are together and stitch around outer edge, leaving a small opening. Trim and nick turnings, turn to right side through the opening, and close the opening with slip-stitch.

STEP G. Slip bones into place through the buttonholes. Make front bow after stitching the front bow material the same way as the halter straps. Loop around centre front and tie bow into place. Tie back of bra and halter straps to fit.

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How to make the pants

- *To keep the fit snug and becoming, the pants have elastic across the back of the legs. This gives a pretty effect and prevents the pants from riding up.*
- *Apart from the waistband, the pattern pieces involved for the pants are 5 and 5A and 6 and 6A. Following the cutting-out instructions on page 15, pieces 5 and 5A (on this page and the page opposite) join flush and flat along the dotted edges with sticky tape to make one pattern piece, the back of the pants. Pieces 6 (on page 31) and 6A (opposite on page 28) join similarly to make one pattern piece, the front of the pants.*
- *A reminder: Be sure to cut the pants to your right size. Refer to page 15 again for how to adjust the pattern to your size.*
- *After cutting out according to instructions on page 15, follow steps H, I, J on this page and then turn to page 31.*

H

STEP H. Place each of the pants fronts over a pants lining front, wrong sides of material together, and tack around outer edges. Treat these each as one piece from now on. Similarly tack pants backs and pants lining backs together, tack around edges, and treat each as one piece.

I

STEP I: Stitch out dart in fronts and backs as marked. Join fronts at centre seam and backs at centre seam. (Remember, all stitching includes both the pants and the linings.)

J

STEP J. Join front and back at underlegs and side seams, leaving left side seam open 8½in. below waist edge for placket opening. Set your slide fastener into this placket opening.

Continued on page 31

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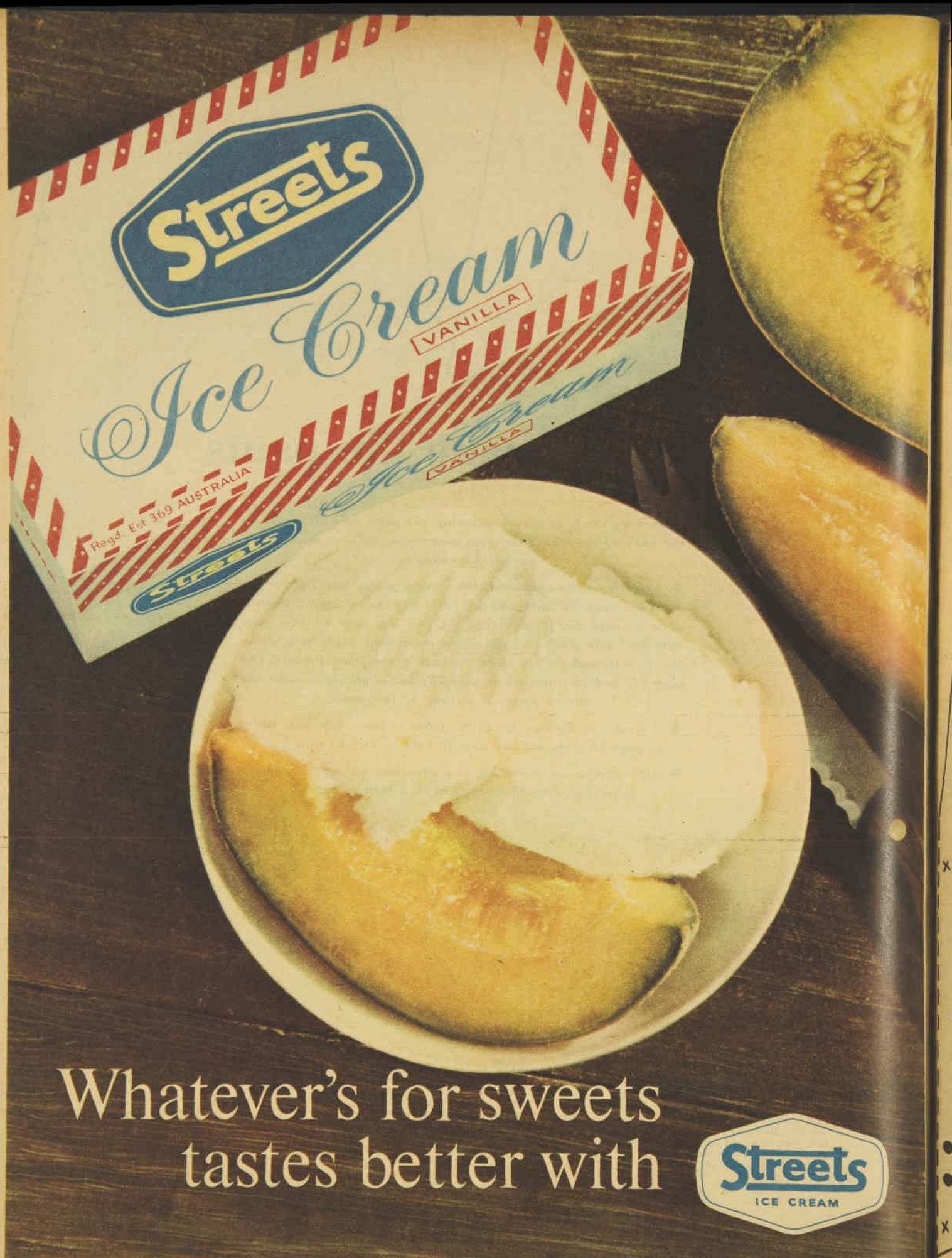

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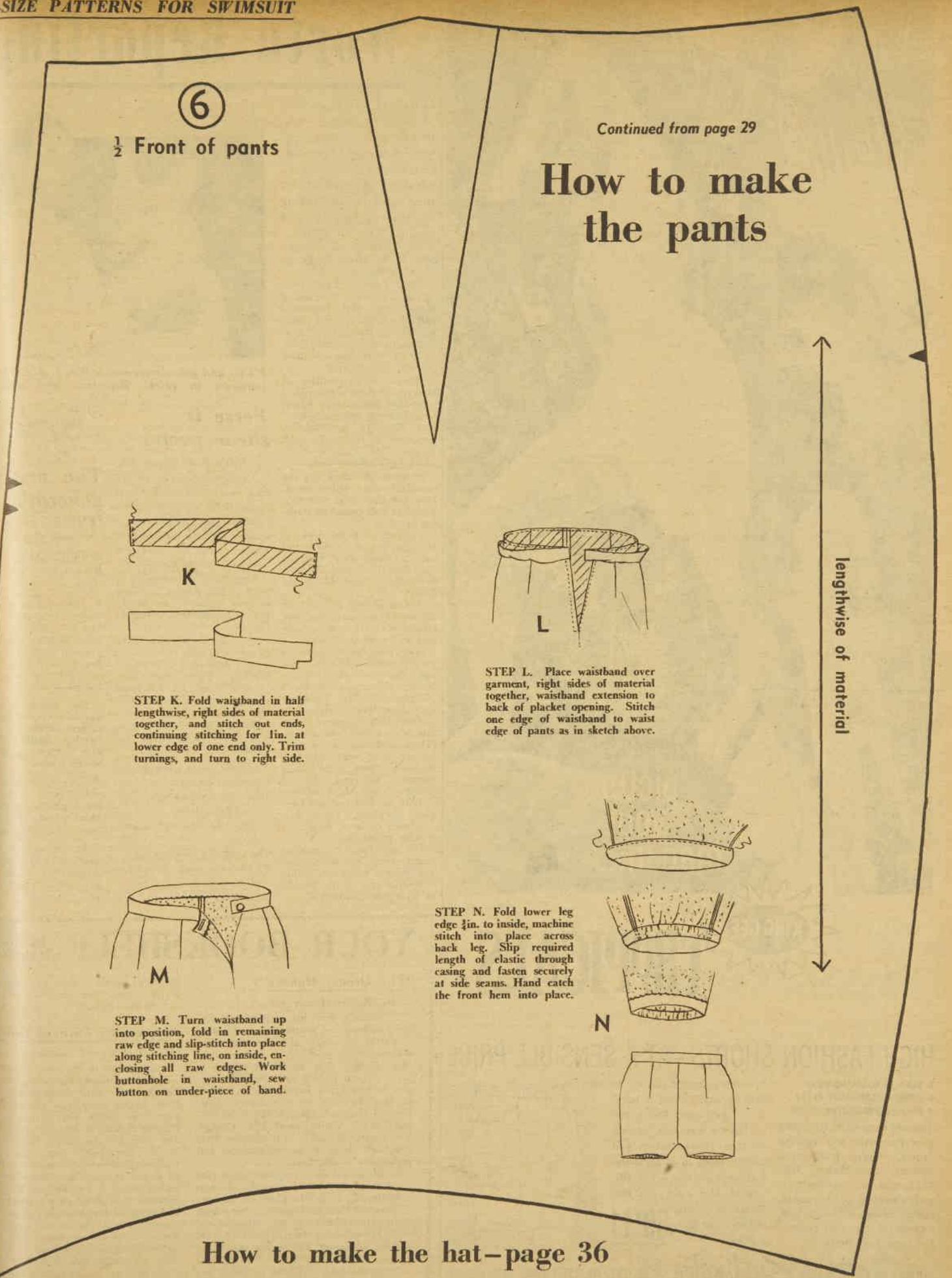

Continued from page 29

How to make the pants

K

STEP K. Fold waistband in half lengthwise, right sides of material together, and stitch out ends, continuing stitching for 1in. at lower edge of one end only. Trim turnings, and turn to right side.

L

STEP L. Place waistband over garment, right sides of material together, waistband extension to back of placket opening. Stitch one edge of waistband to waist edge of pants as in sketch above.

M

STEP M. Turn waistband up into position, fold in remaining raw edge and slip-stitch into place along stitching line, on inside, enclosing all raw edges. Work buttonhole in waistband, sew button on under-piece of band.

STEP N. Fold lower leg edge ¾in. to inside, machine stitch into place across back leg. Slip required length of elastic through casing and fasten securely at side seams. Hand catch the front hem into place.

N

How to make the hat—page 36

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KING GEE TROPICALS

HIGH FASHION SHORTS - AT A SENSIBLE PRICE

- GENUINE WASH-AND-WEAR
- GENUINE PERMANENT PLEAT
- GENUINE BURLINGTON FABRIC

Tailored from BURLINGTON'S new Polyester and Viscose fabric, they're guaranteed drip-dry, unshrinkable. Trim Californian top, tapered legs, unbreakable gold buckle. French bearer, washable, self-locking zip. Summery colours: Ash Grey, Teal, Beige.

Sun-loving fashion Shorts to look his best in, feel at home in . . . suds-loving Shorts, too, so quickly washable, coming off the line pleated and smooth, ready to go anywhere. And nowhere else — just NOWHERE else — will you find Shorts so smartly in fashion at such a price. 59/11

TAILORED BY KING GEE FROM Burlington FABRIC (65% POLYESTER FIBRE, 35% VISCOSE)
KG.142

Worth Reporting

THROUGHOUT Australia, people who don't "get on too well" with their dogs or dog-lovers who want expert, advanced education for their pets are taking themselves and their pooches back to school.

The schools are usually held in suburban parks on Sunday mornings.

They take in hand both owners and dogs — teaching them to play their respective parts in obedience tests (heeling, sitting, standing, etc.), as well as more advanced tricks, such as retrieving, jumping hurdles, and tracking.

"People who complain of their 'dumb dogs' are surprised when they find out at a school who the dumb ones really are," says Mr. J. A. Goldstien, president of the Sydney All Breeds' Dog Training Club, which has 1000 members.

At dawn the other day the president, three fellow members, and their dogs were at a suburban golf course on tracking exercises.

The men (with the dogs out of sight) walked a course of half a mile; they changed directions three times, dropped two articles and hid behind trees.

A find of two articles and an owner for each dog was classed as excellent, one article and an owner was a pass.

How long does it take an average person with an average dog to reach simple Novice Companion Standard (Grade 3)? Mr. Goldstien says about three months.

Even bark therapy comes into the school curriculum. "Dogs producing only a half-hearted 'woof' are taught how to 'woof, woof, woof'—in a manner deterrent to a stranger," says Mr. Goldstien.

With his four-year-old German Shepherd, Fang, Mr. Goldstien works at night as a security patrolman.

He and Fang contract to guard factories, warehouses, and private residences within a 60-mile area in the suburbs of Ryde and Gladesville.

FANG and patrolman owner Mr. J. A. Goldstien, partners in crime detection and schoolm

Verse is shear poetry

A GROUP of ringers (the fastest shearers in the district) walked into the Court House Hotel, Charters Towers (Qld.), and publicly proclaimed, "This is the first time anyone in this town has ever paid us a compliment."

They were referring to a poem, "The Ringer," written in their honor by the hotel's popular proprietress, Mrs. Ada Bezanson.

The boys begged Mrs. Bezanson to send the poem to The Australian Women's Weekly, because, they said, "it would give a lot of pleasure to all the ringers' mothers who read the paper."

So here's to the ringers, with an extract from the poem:

I like the ringer when he first comes to town,
With his bearded face, looking like a clown.
I like the ringer's carefree style,
His wild and woolly head.
I like the way he throws down his swag
And kicks it under the bed.

SIGN on a chemist's undergoing repairs: "muth as Usual."

★ ★ ★

The modern generation

THESE anecdotes suggest that children acquire a veneer of adulthood more quickly days . . .

● Dropping in at an smart suburban espresso for a coffee at 8.45 other Monday morning, pression - era - reared found every table and occupied by primary children.

The delighted proprietor was dancing attendance on **affluent** clientele as they **fortably fortified** themselves **with sundaes** and soft drinks **before school.**

● The mother of a five-year-old, anxious about the gathering 3 p.m. storm clouds, cided to take the child's coat to school by taxi.

As she opened the gate a taxi arrived. stepped the beaming ster with: "The fare is please, Mum."

YOUR BOOKSHELF

By JOYCE HALSTEAD

"*The Dream Makers*"

Mrs. Robert Henrey (Dent), 26/-.

Charmingly diverting is this potpourri of experiences — people met and places visited in the course of discovering what makes people working in fashion tick. Mrs. Henrey first introduces us to a petite French fashion artist visiting London to record her impression of English fashions. In Paris we meet Herve Mille, head of famous magazines "Paris Match" and "Marie Claire," and Mlle Chanel. Every intriguing detail of the famous dress designer's dress, studio furnishings, and personality is described.

In Milan we are taken over the empire of Mondadori, publishing tycoon who was d'Annunzio's friend. In Florence we meet 19-year-old Fiamma Ferragamo, now head of her late father's vast shoe business, and visit her mother's lovely home. Always seeking adventure, the author uses every chance to talk to people — in a Paris cafe, in a church in Rome, in trains, and buses. She has a feeling for history which she uses to good account in describing the lovely houses and buildings visited in France and Italy.

"*Secrets of Chinese Cooking*"

Lin Tsuifeng (Heinemann), 20/-.

It is possible to have real Chinese food without traditional Chinese ingredients, as Lin Yutang's wife demonstrates in this book. Living away from China for many years, the family has learned to apply Chinese cooking to almost any ingredients, and these are the recipes they have collected. She points out that cooking Chinese food is not a matter of putting in exotic things like edible fungus, but rather that it is a technique. There is the Chinese trick of keeping vegetables green and crisp; of keeping rice dry and whole-grained, and of the heavenly marriage of flavors. It is the simplicity of the recipes in this book which appeals — few have long off-putting lists of unusual ingredients; most are clever combinations of ones most cooks keep in stock.

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THE JUDAS TREE

Fourth instalment of our serial

By

A. J. CRONIN

RETIRED and living in a villa in Switzerland, widower DAVID MORAY has at last found for himself the luxurious existence, which, from his days as an impoverished medical student in Scotland, he had been determined to reach. He is considering marrying FRIDA VON ALTISHOFER, an aristocratic widow, but when Ardfillan, a small Scottish village, is mentioned casually in his hearing one day he is immediately tormented by memories of his youth.

It was there he had met his first love, MARY DOUGLAS, who lived with her father, aunt, and brother WILLIE. She had been engaged to WALTER STODDART, but had broken with him when she found she loved Moray. But it was not long before he betrayed Mary by marrying DORIS HOLBROOK, the spoiled, unstable daughter of a prosperous pharmaceutical manufacturer, gaining with the marriage a good position in the family firm.

On a sudden impulse, Moray decides to return to Scotland with a sense of repentance, and hoping to lay the ghost of his past. At Ardfillan he learns that Mary had married after her father's bankruptcy and death. Her husband, a minister, had died a year later, leaving her in needy circumstances with a baby daughter, and they had moved to the village of Martinch.

Moray, deeply concerned, drives on to Martinch, only to learn to his shame and sorrow that Mary is also dead. However, he meets her daughter, KATHY URQUHART, a shy, gentle girl, even more beautiful than her mother. She works as a district nurse, and, seeing her austere, comfortless way of life, Moray feels sure he will be able to help her, thus making peace with Mary and with himself. NOW READ ON:

THAT evening after dinner Moray arranged with the manageress of the hotel to have a sitting-room — fortunately there was one adjoining his bedroom, a large comfortable apartment with a good fireplace which Miss Carmichael confidently assured him "drew well." This settled, he put through a trunk call to his villa in Switzerland.

When Arturo answered, almost comically delighted to hear his voice, Moray instructed him to dispatch golf clubs and additional clothing by air freight from Zurich. As to mail, he should use his discretion and forward those letters which seemed important. Was there any news?

Everything was going well, Arturo replied, the weather kept fine, they had picked the damsons and the plums, Elena had made ten kilos of jam, one of the piermaster's children had been sick but was well again, and Madame von Altishofer had telephoned twice asking for his address — should he give it? Although gratified by her solicitude, Moray, after considering for a moment, indicated that he would be writing to Madame himself. He hung up the receiver, absurdly pleased by this budget of home news.

But later, as he prepared for bed, his mood changed unexpectedly. Reviewing this eventful day, he was struck, suddenly, by a chilly wave of self-condemnation. How quick he had been to find consolation in the prospect of exercising his charity on Kathy. How wrong to forget his own dear Mary, to accept the daughter and forget the mother, with no more than momentary sorrow. An ageing woman who might have received him with rancor — had he actually thought of her in such terms a bare hour after viewing her lonely grave? Never, never would she have met him with anything but forgiveness and love.

"A great success, Kathy," Moray said, not daring to say more under the covert glance of the saleswoman.

Standing in his long silk monogrammed sleeping jacket, one of the individual coats specially tailored for him by Gruenmann in Vienna, he raised his eyes to the ceiling and swore he would make reparation, openly, tomorrow. The thought comforted him.

Next day, true to his vow of the previous evening, he obtained from Miss Carmichael the name of Edinburgh's premier florist and telephoned his order. Presently there arrived by special delivery a great gorgeous wreath of arum lilies. This he took personally to the cemetery and placed reverently beneath the Celtic cross.

Resisting all inclination, he did not go near Martinch, wisely reflecting that whatever Kathy might be to him he was to her still more or less a stranger. However, on the day after, which was Sunday, he dressed in a dark suit and sombre tie, ascertained the time of morning service from the invaluable Miss Carmichael, and set out for the village kirk.

He had not been to church for more years than he could readily remember. On Sundays in America he had played golf with Bert Holbrook, gone through the routine of the usual exubria weekend at the local country club.

It must, he estimated, be a matter of fifteen years since, on that Friday when Doris was finally certified and taken away to Wilenski's clinic, he had sneaked into the back seat of St. Thomas' on Fifth Avenue. On his way to the University Club almost next door his eye had fallen on the sign: Open all day for prayer and meditation. He was feeling so abject, almost psycho himself, that he had thought it might help him to go in.

But it hadn't; although he had crouched in a back seat gazing furtively toward the dim altar and had even shed a few miserable tears — for he could weep on appropriate occasions — he emerged without the faintest sense of benefit or improvement, obliged to fall back on his original intention: a Turkish bath at the club.

Here, however, his state of mind was altogether more propitious, he approached the little country church, to which a sparse congregation was being summoned by the discordant pealing of a cracked bell, in a mood of keen anticipation. And immediately, as he entered, he had the satisfaction of Kathy's swiftly lowered glance of recognition. When the service began with a hymn, sung rather uncertainly, and later, during Fotheringay's sermon, which was long and dull, a truly labored effort, he had the privilege of observing her, though always discreetly, as she sat with the village children.

His reward came afterwards when, outside the church doors, he waited for her. She came out with Mrs. Fotheringay. The minister's wife was a short, stout woman with a downright manner and a broad, plain, honest face. Moray was introduced and presently, after a few moments' conversation, they were joined by Fotheringay. Immediately, Moray congratulated the minister on his sermon.

"Most edifying," he said. "Listening to you, sir, I was reminded of a spiritual experience I had in the church of St. Thomas' in New York."

At the implied comparison with the great city, Fotheringay reddened with pleasure.

"It was good of you to come to our country service. We are a small congregation and our poor old bell does not attract many people from the outside world."

To page 34

make this delicious new junket dessert

CARAMEL SMOOTHIE.
- Melt 1/3 cup sugar over moderate heat, stirring constantly.
- Add 1/3 cup boiling water and cook until syrup is golden brown and reduced to about 1/3 cup. Cool to luke warm.
- Heat 2 cups milk to luke warm and add slowly to syrup with 1 teaspoon vanilla.
- Dissolve 1 Hansen's Plain Junket Tablet in a little water and add to mixture.
- Pour into individual glasses, allow to set, then chill.
- Before serving, top with sweetened whipped cream and add chopped walnuts. Serves 4.

Full of the good, substantial nourishment of pure milk in junket form . . . plus that 'something exciting and special' everybody will look forward to at dessert time. Simple to make—made in minutes.

SMOOTH, GOLDEN CARAMEL CREAMY HANSEN'S JUNKET

- plain
- pineapple
- strawberry
- raspberry
- cherry
- almond

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

G-82.9

INDIGESTION?

1 or 2 DeWitt's tablets bring you SWIFT RELIEF

When away from home be certain of on-the-spot relief from the distressing discomfort of digestive upsets. Play safe and always keep a packet of De Witt's Antacid Tablets in your purse, pocket, or desk drawer. At the first sign of pain, pop a tablet in your mouth and get swift, sure relief.

You can always rely on De Witt's Antacid Tablets for Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Dyspepsia, and Gastric Acidity. **Large Economy size 3/9 — Regular 2/-.**

At home always keep DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER handy—the family standby for all digestive upsets . . so quick . . so safe . . so reliable. **Large Economy size 8/- — Regular 4/-.** From chemists and stores.

AA89

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Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 33

"I did notice," Moray raised his brows deprecatingly, "that the tone was not particularly clear."

"Nor loud," the other said, glancing upwards toward the church tower with sudden irritation. "The bell fell last year from a rotted cross-beam. It will take near to eighty pounds to recast it. And where is a poor parish to find that money?"

"At least there is nothing wrong with your voice," Moray said diplomatically. "I found you most eloquent. And now," he went on agreeably, "I'm going to take the liberty of inviting all three of you to Sunday dinner. I've made arrangements at the hotel. I hope you are free to come."

"You're very kind, sir." He glanced almost jocularly at his wife. "What do you say, my dear? Our little roast will do tomorrow and you won't have to wash up today."

"It'll be a treat for me. If Matthew gets his appetite in the pulpit, I lose mine by the kitchen stove."

Kathy looked pleased, less perhaps at the prospect of her own visit to the Marine than at this hospitable treatment of her old friends. After Moray had settled them in the car, the minister and Kathy behind, Mrs. Fotheringay beside him in front, he drove off.

At the hotel they were welcomed by Miss Carmichael. As the season was virtually over, half of the main restaurant was closed and she had given them a table by the fire in the cosy breakfast-room, a privacy especially pleasing. The food, simple and unpretentious, was of the first quality—a Scotch broth, saddle of lamb with roast potatoes and garden beans, home-made trifle laced with sherry and topped with double country cream, then cheese and hot oatcakes. Moray had hoped the parson and his spouse would enjoy this repast, and they did.

But what gave him most satisfaction was the fine blood that the nourishing meal—so different from the meagre fare which he was convinced awaited her at home—gradually brought to Kathy's cheeks, making her eyes brighter, her smile warmer. Thank heaven, he thought, she isn't all spirit, and, pressing her to another helping of trifle, he set out to ensure that the flesh was not neglected.

Indeed, with that flexibility which enabled him to attune himself to any society, he was the perfect host—kindly and serious rather than gay, he charmed them all. Keeping the conversation moving with discretion, he spoke briefly of his business in America, of his early retirement and return to Europe, finally of the home he had made for himself above the Schwansee and, since Kathy was listening with attentive interest, he took pains and, with feeling, described the lake, the village, the surrounding landscape.

"It sounds a braw spot," Mrs. Fotheringay said. Assured that her first doubts had been unjustified, she had long since thawed toward him, revealing an unsuspected archness. "You're lucky to live among such beauty."

"Lucky, yes." He smiled. "But lonely, too."

"Then you're not married?"

"I have been a widower for some years."

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed, concerned. "But you have children?"

"None." He raised his eyes, looked at her gravely. "My marriage . . . was not a particularly joyful one."

The painful words, so obviously the understatement of a perfect gentleman, produced a sudden silence. But before this became prolonged he rallied them.

"That's all past. And now I'm happy to be back in my own country and in this present company." He smiled. "Shall we go into the lounge for coffee?"

Regretfully the minister looked at his watch.

"I'm afraid we must decline. Kathy has her Sunday School class at three. And it's after half-past two."

"Good gracious," said Mrs. Fotheringay. "How time has flown. And so very agreeably, too. We're most indebted to our new friend. Come, dear; we'll leave the men for a wee minute." She rose and took Kathy's arm, adding with her usual directness, "Miss Carmichael will show us where to tidy up."

Left alone with the parson, who had also risen and was standing by the window viewing the sea, Moray seized the opportunity to take his cheque-book from his inside pocket. A few strokes of his ballpoint pen and he got to his feet.

"As a token of friendship and goodwill . . . permit me to offer you this . . . so that your congregation may be summoned fittingly."

Fotheringay turned sharply, overcome. Staring at the cheque, he stammered: "My dear sir . . . this is more than generous . . . it's . . . munificent."

"Not at all. It's a pleasure. One I can well afford," Moray placed a finger on his lips, "and, please, not a word to the others."

As he spoke the two ladies returned and Mrs. Fotheringay, struck by her huband's attitude, cried out: "Matthew! What on earth's the matter?"

He took a deep breath, swallowed the dry lump in his throat.

"I cannot help it, I must speak. Mr. Moray has just given me the eighty pounds to recast our bell!"

There was a sharp silence. A deeper color had rushed into his wife's cheeks, already flushed by the substantial meal.

"Well, I never," she said in a low voice. "That is most extraordinar' handsome." She came slowly toward Moray and took his hand tightly in both of hers. "That wretched bell has had my poor old man worried near out of his wits. I just cannot thank you enough. But there . . . I hadn't been five minutes in your company before I kenned ye were one of the best."

He was not often at a loss, but now the genuine feeling in her voice unexpectedly embarrassed him.

"Nothing . . . nothing," he said awkwardly. "If I'm to get you back in time we ought to be on our way."

Ignoring their protests, he insisted on taking them back in the little car — this time the Fotheringays were in the rear seat, Kathy beside him. During the short run she did not speak, but as he said goodbye outside the manse she remained behind the others to thank him — quickly, shyly, but with unmistakable sincerity.

. . . .

On Monday afternoon his golf clubs and two valises arrived by special-delivery van from Prestwick Airport, and, although it was late in the day, he went to the clubhouse, introduced himself to the secretary, and arranged for a temporary membership. Then he got hold of the professional and had just time to play twelve holes with him. The open, rolling course suited him; he was in excellent form, but the fading light forced them to stop.

"Ye hit a verra sweet ball, sir," the professional conceded as they walked back to the clubhouse for a drink. "Would ye care for a return tomorrow?"

Moray accepted.

Firmly, he was controlling his persistent wish to go to Markinch. Not only was discretion imperative lest his motives be misconstrued, he well knew the wisdom of delay, the advantage of an interlude in which expectation could develop and recollection could have its way.

He took no action until noon on Wednesday, when he wrote a note,

To page 63

PECK'S 60th ANNIVERSARY

LOOK FOR PECK'S PARTY SPECIALS AT YOUR STORE

PECK'S makes a party . . .

clever hostess ideas begin with PECK'S

An "invitation" affair or strictly impromptu . . . it's always a success when you serve PECK's savouries! For a new flavour thrill, try these quick 'n' easy Peck's ideas . . .

PARTY BOATS: Fill baked pastry cases with Peck's Prawns or Tuna (mashed) mixed with thick white sauce. Season well and serve hot. **ANCHOVY EGGS:** Halve hard-boiled eggs. Remove yolks and cream with a teaspoon Peck's Anchovy Paste to each yolk. Refill whites. Garnish with paprika or parsley. **PRAWN NIBBLES:** Spear toothpick with a pickled onion, pineapple chunk, slice of gherkin and a Peck's Prawn. **ANCHOVETTE CREAMS:** Blend until creamy 2 oz. cottage or cream cheese, adding 1 tablespoon Peck's Anchovette. Spread on savoury biscuits or crisp croutons. Garnish to taste.

A LITTLE PECK'S GOES SUCH A L-O-N-G WAY

FREE!

Stacked with party recipes and other new, original ideas for creative cookery, this Peck's Recipe Leaflet is an inspiration for entertaining or family meals. Mailed FREE to you by Peck's . . . simply write to—

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In Shape with Fashion

● Sponsored by Paris, a body-conscious silhouette has entered current fashion. There are still plenty of smart semi-fit and unfitted suits, but "shape" is more a la mode.

THIS new line brings a gentle fit to the top of the silhouette. The bosom is high and shapelier, the midriff smooth.

More straws (and shape) in the fashion wind are the side-tilted hats. We show one (left) in white. Later in the season the "side-tilt" will reappear in fur or fabric.

Note, too, the new look of a long glove. Ultra-long and fitted gloves were worn by mannequins in the Maison Dior autumn collection.

Designer Marc Bohan described the gloves as "graceful pipe-stems." One autumn glove prediction: a pale dove-grey glove will replace classic white.

Future fashion can't be mentioned without a word on color. Red wines will flow freely, lobster-pink will replace lighter pastels, and a bright blue plum is full of color vitality.

We don't suggest you discard what is already in your wardrobe—but don't buy more clothes in the same character. Fashion has always been a changeable commodity, so anticipate the incoming line. Think "shape" now; by autumn numbers of the new clothes will fit the figure.

— BETTY KEEP

PIERRE BALMAIN, noted for his feminine designs, puts gentle shape in the white crepe dress (left). Note the new higher bosom.

THE REAPPEARING waist emerges in the dress (right). The graceful self-material side - drape is caught beneath the belt.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4923917

Continued from page 31

How to make the hat

● The hat is made of the same material as the swimsuit. It is pretty and casual. The model wears it placed straight on the head to make the most of the trim tailoring; and back, rather than forward, for a holiday look.

CENTRE FRONT

MATERIAL REQUIRED

Hat with 22in. head: Two-third yard 36in. material (the same as the swimsuit); one-third yard 36in. lining; two-third yard 36in. stiffening. A button covered in the hat material for top of crown.

N.B. Allow extra material to match checks or stripes.

The two pattern pieces (7, brim; 8, crown piece) are on this page.

CUTTING INSTRUCTIONS

N.B. Half-inch turnings are allowed on all seams unless otherwise stated.

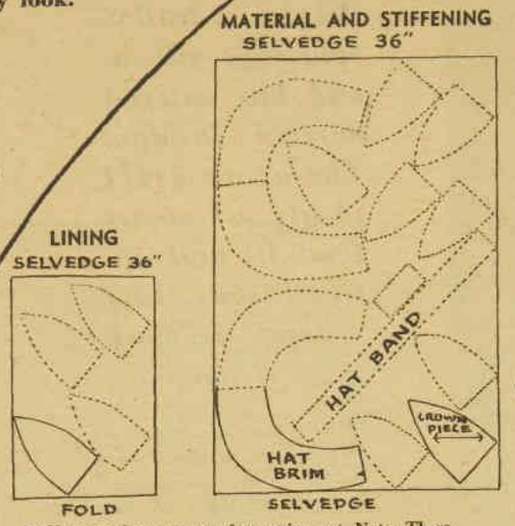
To cut material and stiffening: Open out material to single width. Cut brim twice, reversing pattern as shown in diagram. Cut crown piece eight times as shown in diagram. (Placing of crown piece on material may alter according to design of material and effect required when joined together, but it MUST be cut on the true bias.)

Cut a bias strip for hatband **in material only,** 2in. wide and 23in. long, and a second bias strip 2in. x 2in. **in material only.**

The stiffening for brim and crown pieces is cut out in the same way as the material. If a very lightweight stiffening is chosen and the hat itself is, say, a soft silk or light cotton, cut two brims in stiffening, as described above, and use the two. Otherwise one brim of stiffening would do.

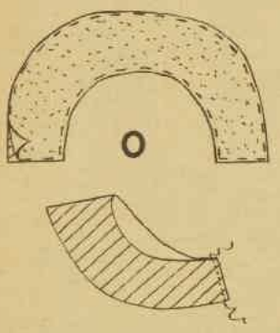
To cut lining: Fold material in half with selvedges together. Cut crown piece four times from double material.

Making instructions begin with Step O, below.

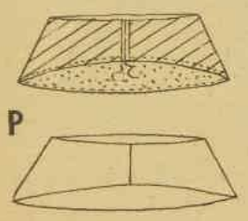


● How to place patterns for cutting out. Note: There are no pattern pieces for the hatband or the 2in. strip placed beside it, for these are both bias strips only, measurements of which are given in the cutting instructions. Stiffening is not required for these strips. Four crown pieces are obliquely up grain, and four down.

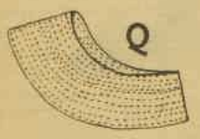
7 Hat brim



STEP O. Place brim stiffening (two layers if stiffening is very lightweight, otherwise one only) over wrong side of one brim and tack together. Join brim at centre back seam, press seam open. Join remaining brim and press seam open. (See sketch.)

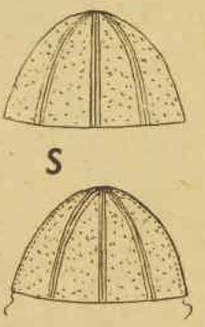


STEP P. Place brims right sides of material together, and stitch around outer edge. Trim turnings and turn to right side.

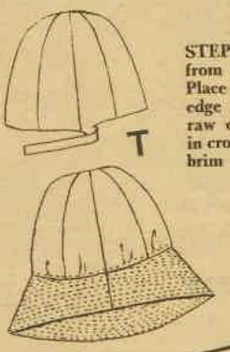


STEP Q. Machine rows of stitching around whole width of brim.

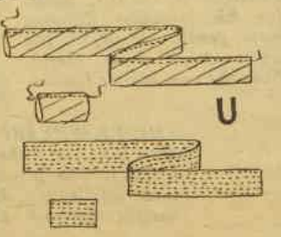
STEP R. Place each crown piece over a stiffening with same grain and tack together.



STEP S. Seam four crown pieces together, right sides together, stitching to point at top and using alternately pieces which are cut on opposite grain to each other. This forms diagonal up and down pattern in stripe. Join remaining four pieces together in the same manner, arranging the grain so that, when these four pieces are joined to the first four, each piece has the grain running in the opposite direction from the adjacent piece. Join the two crown sections thus made together, right sides of material facing each other.

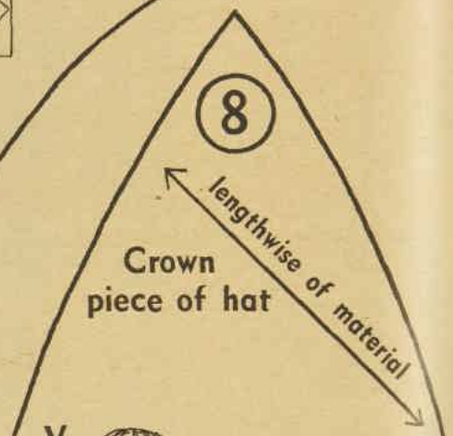


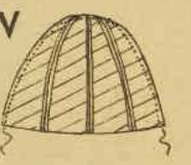
STEP T. Trim ⅛in. away from lower edge of crown. Place crown over inner edge of brim, overlapping raw edges ½in. and easing in crown to fit brim. Stitch brim and crown together.



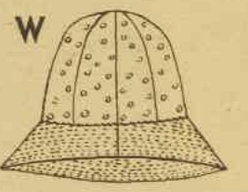
STEP U. Fold bias hatband strip in half lengthwise, right sides of material together, and stitch raw edges together, taking ¼in. turning. Turn to right side and press flat. Machine stitch down strip lengthwise, covering the whole width. Treat the 2in. bias strip the same way.

8 Crown piece of hat

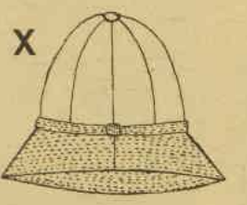




STEP V. Join lining crown pieces together as stated for the hat.



STEP W. Place lining crown over crown of hat, wrong sides of material together. Fold in raw lower lining edges and hem them neatly to hat.



STEP X. Place stitched hatband around join of hat and overlap at back. Loop the 2in. bias stitched piece over join, stitching band to hat. Sew the covered button neatly to top of crown.

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Flower pilfering

MANY otherwise honest people seem to have no compunction about removing plants and shrubs from private gardens. By eliminating a front fence I had hoped to "share" my small, pretty garden with passers-by, but not to the extent where they remove my best shrubs — a cedar (deodar), camellias, and a magnolia. Not only do people steal from the edge of the garden, they walk right in and remove plants from alongside the house. Neighbors have had their fruit trees stripped and vegetables removed, and a friend—who cherishes her native boronias and flannel flowers—has had her garden ravaged regularly. All this in a "respectable" suburb!

£1/1/- to "Garden Lover" (name supplied), Avalon Beach, N.S.W.

Still believes in Santa

OUR eldest child — a boy — is nearly nine years old and still believes in Santa Claus. While I think it's all right for young children to believe, I'm not sure at what age they should stop believing. Our lad has almost finished three years at school. I'm worried that the other boys will think him a baby if they realise he still believes. He also believes in fairies (when he loses a tooth) and the Easter Bunny.

£1/1/- to "Cherry" (name supplied), Guluguba, Qld.

Trick in every trade

WHILE shopping for some cotton material, an acquaintance detected a ruse to trick shoppers. One roll she looked at had — on first glance — "Made in England" stamped on the selvedge. But on closer inspection, she noticed also a miscroscopic "as." The material was "Made as in England," and obviously stamped in this way to deceive casual observers. Eventually it turned out to be made in Japan. As it's compulsory for all imported goods to be clearly marked with the country of manufacture, how do foreign manufacturers get away with this sort of thing?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Highvale, Qld.

Review adoption laws

MANY parents are forced by circumstances to place their children in institutions. But should they have the power to keep them there indefinitely on the pretence of soon being in a position to retrieve them? This situation is tragic when you consider that people are prepared to wait at least two years to adopt a child not their own. Foster-parents can obtain a child immediately, but they run the risk of losing him at the whim of the natural parents. Surely it is the birthright of all children to live the formative years of their lives in an atmosphere of love and security.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Bryan, Canberra, A.C.T.

Big circulation

WHEN living in Australia, a next-door neighbor used to lend me her copy of The Australian Women's Weekly. But she has now moved to England and I am living here in Papua. A mutual friend in Australia sends her copy of the magazine to England and, when my friend has read it, she posts it to me, via Australia. When the magazine reaches me it has travelled approximately 27,000 miles. Does anyone else receive such a well-travelled copy?

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Sexton, Samarai, Papua.

Tiny troubles

I PARTLY agree with "Had It" (W.A.), who — after walls smeared with dirty fingers, furniture scratched, conversations interrupted, and choice savories eaten quickly by her guests' children — has decided all future visitors will be childless. Self-indulgent mothers who've spoil their children to the discomfort of others do not make ideal companions. I've weeded out such mothers from my list of visitors and now enjoy only visits from well-behaved children.

£1/1/- to "Mother Of Five" (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

★ ★ ★

FROM the tone of "Had It's" letter, many images are conjured up. She must be a childless woman, a frustrated one, a selfish one, or just a plain house-proud young bride. But one thing is for certain, unless she changes her outlook she'll wind up a very lonely person.

£1/1/- to "Mother Of Two" (name supplied), Matraville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

NOTHING annoys me more than to hear of little children being penalised for their parents' lack of training. In many instances the parents should be those barred from being entertained.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Boya, Ashgrove, Qld.

★ ★ ★

IF more people banned undisciplined children and their equally undisciplined parents from their homes, they'd start realising how anti-social their behaviour is. With time and patience children can be taught to regard the home as a place of rest and quiet happiness, with noisy games kept for outdoors.

£1/1/- to "Mother" (name supplied), Bowen, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

ONCE BITTEN

I WATCHED our baby climb up on a seat beside the table.

She is 16 months old and always getting into mischief, as they call it; though she feels she is just satisfying her curiosity about things.

A boiled egg was in an egg-cup ready for someone to eat it. She looked at it and touched it with the tip of a finger. The egg was hot and she took her finger away quickly.

She said to herself: "Bitie!" Then she moved off to try something else.

I don't know who thought of telling babies that harmful things are bities. Many bities—hot eggs, for example—do not actually bite. But it is a handy way of warning children to keep away from them.

Our baby's path as she goes around the house is beset with bities. The electric toaster, the stove, the iron, pointed knives, and pepper-pots are bities of known power. She finds new ones every day. This morning, by dipping her finger in a cup of hot tea, she learned that tea is a bitie.

To make up for the bities there are quite a number of things she calls "nice." Chocolate is nice. Dolls are nice. Ice-cream is nice—very.

A disappointing feature of many nice things is that they do not last.

After a few licks the ice-cream is not there any more, and baby says: "All gone." Bities, on the other hand, are usually durable. When the stove has burned her fingers it is not all gone.

The system gives her good training for what she will meet with later on. To a large extent life consists of an effort to get nice things and avoid bities.

Among the nice things are: love and kisses, parties, cars, wage rises, and TV sets.

Typical of the bities are: quarrels, hangovers, road accidents, debts, and out-of-order TV sets.

I don't mean that life is always as simple as it is to a baby.

Sometimes a girl may meet a man who seems nice but turns out to be a bitie. Or she may have to put up with a bitie—such as going without cream puffs — in order to obtain something nice, like a 24-inch waist.

Still, it would be a good thing if grown-ups as well as tiny tots were encouraged to identify bities. I think poker machines should be clearly labelled: "Bitie."

The world's leading statesmen could benefit from such training, too. I would like to see a motherly woman follow them round for the purpose. She would keep pointing to a picture of an H-bomb and saying: "Bitie!"

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TWELVE-PAGE PULLOUT COOK BOOK

6 PERFECT BUTTER CAKES

This cook book includes recipes for making thirty-six perfect cakes and each of the six main cake varieties are represented.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**
Our Food and Cookery Expert.

ALOHA CAKE (right)

GOLDEN ALOHA CAKE

Three cups self-raising flour, 1¾ cups sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, 6oz. softened butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 3 egg-yolks, extra ¼ cup milk, 1-3rd cup pineapple juice or pineapple and orange juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, white frosting, coconut.

Sift flour, sugar, and salt into basin, add milk and softened butter. Beat in electric mixer on low speed 2 minutes or beat by hand. Add eggs and egg-yolks, beating well after each addition. Blend in the extra milk, pineapple juice, and vanilla essence. Continue beating further 2 minutes. Turn into 2 well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to cool in tins few minutes before turning out. When cool, fill and cover with white frosting, sprinkle with coconut.

DARK CHERRY CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 2oz. chopped ginger (either crystallised or preserved), 6oz. glace cherries, 4oz. sultanas, 1oz. mixed chopped peel, 2oz. raisins, 4oz. chocolate (chopped finely), 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 8oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 2oz. self-raising flour, icing (optional).

Cream butter until soft and fluffy, gradually add sugar and eggs one at a time, beating well after each. Fold in the ginger, halved cherries, sultanas, peel, chopped raisins, chopped chocolate, vanilla. Sift dry ingredients together, fold into creamed mixture lightly. Turn into 7in. or 8in. cake-tin lined with one thickness white paper. Bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours or until skewer comes out clean when pushed into middle of cake. Leave to cool in tin, store in airtight tin. Ice if desired.

ALMOND BUTTER CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs, 4oz. castor-sugar, 2oz. almonds, extra 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½oz. butter, crystal sugar.

Place butter or substitute in basin, beat until smooth, gradually add sifted flour and salt, continue beating until smooth. Separate eggs and beat whites until stiff. Add egg-yolks and sugar, beat in gradually to flour and butter mixture. Blanch and chop almonds finely, add half to cake mixture, reserve remainder. Lastly fold in extra flour and baking-powder which have been sifted together. Fill into well-greased bar-tin, bake in moderately hot oven 30 to 35 minutes. After cooking 15 minutes, sprinkle top with remainder of almonds which have been sauteed in little butter and tossed in crystal sugar.

NOTE: Walnuts or salted peanuts can be used in place of the almonds if desired.

DELIGHT CAKE

Ten ounces flour (sifted 3 times before measuring), 1 tablespoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 10oz. sugar, 3½oz. butter or substitute (softened), 2oz. vegetable oil, 3 eggs, 3oz. milk, extra 6½oz. milk.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt into basin, add sugar and softened butter and oil. Beat on medium speed on electric mixer or by hand 1 minute. Add eggs one at a time and the 3oz milk, continuing beating all the time. Beat further 5 minutes, add remaining milk. Fill into greased lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. When cooked, turn out and cool. Cut into squares, serve topped with vienna cream and walnuts, lemon butter, or whipped cream and cherries.

This is a specially fine-textured cake which keeps well and cuts without crumbling.

COCONUT MACAROON CAKE

Cake mixture: Three ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, ½ cup castor-sugar, 1 cup coconut, pink coloring, few drops vanilla essence.

Place butter in bowl, beat with sugar and vanilla until soft and smooth. Beat in egg-yolks one at a time. Sift flour and salt 3 times, fold into mixture alternately with milk. Fill into greased 7in. cake-tin. Prepare topping: Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add castor-sugar, continue beating until meringue holds its shape. Fold in coconut, vanilla, and 2 or 3 drops coloring. Spread over top of cake mixture, bake in moderate oven approx. 1 hour. When cooked, remove from oven, allow to stand in tin until cold.

ORANGE CAKE (right)

ORANGE BUTTER CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, grated rind 1 orange, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¼ cup orange juice, ¼ cup milk, orange-flavored butter cream, glace fruit for decoration such as pineapple, apricots, figs, muscatels.

Cream butter or substitute well, gradually add sugar and grated orange rind. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together 3 times the flour and salt to make it light. Fold into creamed butter mixture alternately with milk and orange juice. Mix to soft consistency. Fill into well-greased ring-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes or until cooked through. Allow to cool few minutes before turning on to cake-cooler. When cool, completely cover with butter cream, arrange fruits on top.

Level spoon measurements and the 8-liquid-ounce cup measure are used throughout this feature.

More cakes overleaf

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6 PERFECT CHOCOLATE CAKES

CHOCOLATE DESSERT ROLL

Seven eggs, 1 cup sugar, ½lb. dark chocolate, 4 tablespoons cold water, pinch salt, 2 cups cream, 2 tablespoons icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, grated chocolate, oil.

Separate eggs. Add sugar to egg-yolks and beat until light and lemony in color. Cut up chocolate, put in heavy pan with cold water and stir over low heat until melted. Mix in egg-yolks and sugar. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, mix into chocolate mixture. Oil large lamington-tin and line with waxed paper large enough to overlap 2in. each end, brush again with oil. Spread cake batter over paper, bake in moderate oven 12 minutes. Turn off heat, leave in oven further 5 minutes. Remove, cover with damp cloth; chill. Remove cloth, loosen roll from tin, turn out on to waxed paper, remove oiled paper. Spread roll with half the cream, which has been whipped in metal basin over another basin of ice (this helps retain its stiffness and body for a longer time). Flavor with icing-sugar and vanilla essence. Roll up carefully, cover with remaining whipped cream. Decorate with grated chocolate, chill in refrigerator until required.

CHOCOLATE DESSERT ROLL (above) is covered with cream.

ROCKY ROAD CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup castor-sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, ¾ cup chopped raisins (or mixed fruit), ½ cup chopped walnuts, cream.

Topping: Half pound marshmallow (bought or home-made), ½ cup chopped walnuts or other nuts, 1oz. chopped glace cherries, 8oz. dark cooking chocolate (melted), 2oz. solid white shortening, 2oz. icing-sugar.

Place butter in basin and add sugar gradually, beating well until mixture is creamy and fluffy. Add egg, beat well. Blend cocoa smoothly with milk in small basin and add soda. Fold into mixture alternately with sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt. Lastly fold in fruit and nuts. Turn into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. When cool, split and fill with cream, top with the following:

Chop marshmallows roughly, combine with chopped nuts and cherries. Melt shortening and mix with chocolate; add icing-sugar. Mix with marshmallow and nuts and spread over cake. Allow to set before cutting.

CHOCOLATE POTATO CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. castor-sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. flour, 2oz. unsweetened chocolate, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 3oz. cooked mashed dry potato, ½ cup walnuts, mock cream.

Place butter and sugar in basin, beat well until mixture is light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in cooled melted chocolate. Sift together the flour, salt, and baking-powder and fold into mixture. Rub mashed potato through fine sieve and mix into batter. Lastly fold in chopped walnuts. Fill into 2 well-greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to cool in tin a few minutes, turn out, then cool on cake-coolers. Prepare topping.

Topping: One orange, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-yolk, icing-sugar.

Grate rind from orange and soak in lemon and orange juice 15 minutes. Add beaten egg-yolk and mix well. Fold in sufficient sifted icing-sugar to make spreading consistency, yet thick enough to prevent running. Sandwich cakes together with mock cream, top with fruity-flavored topping.

ROCKY ROAD CHOCOLATE CAKE (left) has a rich frosting.

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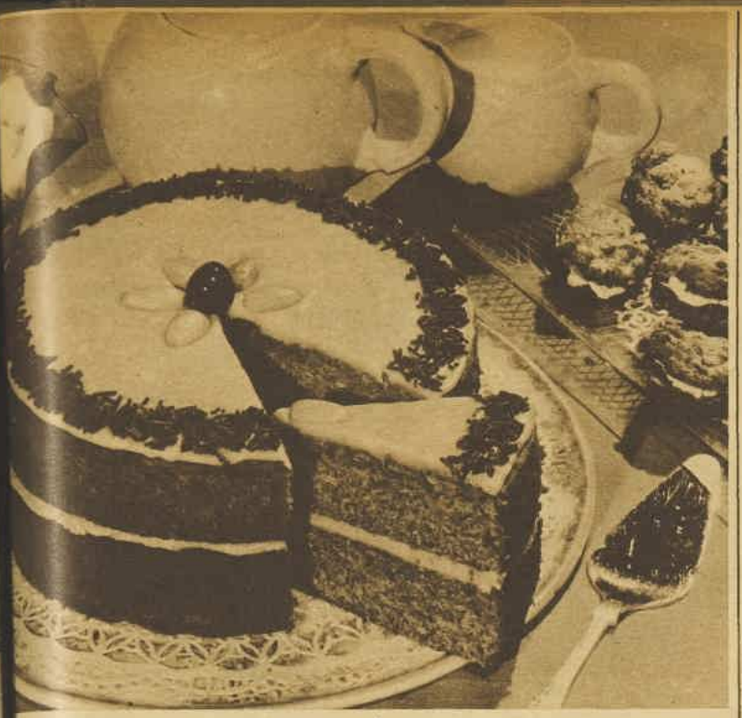

CHOCOLATE RUM CAKE (above) is filled, topped with icing.

CHOCOLATE RUM CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, scant ¾ cup castor-sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon rum, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 5 tablespoons drinking chocolate, approx. ¾ cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar with boiling water until white and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition, then add the rum. Fold in sifted flour, cream of tartar, soda, salt, and chocolate with milk to give a moist consistency which should drop off the spoon in one piece. Place into 2 well-greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Frosting: **One and a half cups sifted icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon drinking chocolate, one butter, 1 to 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon rum, chocolate nonpariels.**

Sift icing-sugar and drinking chocolate into basin. Heat water and butter until boiling. Make well in centre of dry ingredients, pour in sufficient liquid to make smooth, thick consistency. Flavor with rum. Sandwich cakes together and top with chocolate icing. Sprinkle with chocolate nonpariels.

FESTIVE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1¼ cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, extra ½ cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped raisins, 4oz. melted dark chocolate, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup hot water, ½ cup thick sour milk, 1 tablespoon rum, split blanched almonds, 1 tablespoon white sugar.

Cream butter or substitute, gradually add 1¼ cups brown sugar, beat well. Add egg-yolks, then the extra ½ cup sugar, raisins, and melted chocolate. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and cinnamon alternately with hot water, sour milk, and rum. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into greased 8in. cake-tin. Press almonds into top, sprinkle with the tablespoon white sugar. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Leave in tin 15 minutes before turning out. This cake improves if kept a day or so before cutting. It is of the rich fruit variety that men especially like. It needs no icing or frosting because almonds and sugar provide an interesting topping.

Note: If desired this cake could be baked in 2 well-greased and lined 8in. sandwich-tins in moderate oven for 35 to 40 minutes. Top only one cake with almonds and sugar and when cooled sandwich cakes together with rum-flavored mock cream, icing almond-topped cake on top.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

Custard: **Three ounces chocolate, ½ cup milk, 6oz. brown sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.**

Cake: **Six ounces brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 8oz. flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, warm water.**

First make custard: Melt chocolate in small basin over hot water, combine with milk, brown sugar, egg-yolk, and vanilla and stir over gentle heat until slightly thickened. Cool. Now make cake mixture: Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks. Then milk gradually. Add sifted flour and pinch salt. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Mix well, stir in custard, and lastly add soda dissolved in little warm water. Pour into 2 well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Cool and fill with whipped sweetened cream and top with coffee icing.

Coffee icing: **Two ounces cream cheese, 2oz. butter, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon coffee powder dissolved in 1 dessertspoon hot water.**

Beat cheese and butter, add icing-sugar and coffee, mix until smooth.

More cakes on page 43

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Three choice ways to say Merry Christmas!

Bake them and be proud . . . follow these quite easy recipes from the famous Mother's Choice kitchen!

Whether or not you've made the traditional Christmas Cake, these fine, festive goodies will be just right for any Christmas occasion. Promise yourself you'll cook them soon. You'll be proud of your baking if you use Mother's Choice Flour and follow the directions.

"Mother's Choice" SELF RAISING FLOUR

Merry mincemeaters

RUB ¾ cup (6 ozs.) shortening into 3 cups Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, sifted with pinch salt, ½ cup sugar.

MIX with 1 egg and 4 tablespoons water. Divide into two equal parts.

ROLL one piece to cover base and ½" up sides 7" x 11" pan which has been lined smoothly with greased paper.

SPREAD pastry thickly with fruit mince.

COVER with second piece of pastry rolled to fit and press edges together.

COOK in moderate oven 40 minutes and cool five minutes in pan.

TURNOUT by placing rack over pan then invert pan.

TOP with icing and cut as desired.

Cherry-sherry cake

POUR 2 tablespoons sherry over 4 ozs. each chopped cherries, raisins and almonds.

CREAM 1 cup shortening (8 ozs.) and 1 cup sugar (8 ozs.) then beat in 3 eggs.

MIX IN 1½ cups each Mother's Choice Self Raising and Plain Flours sifted with ¼ teaspoon salt alternately with the fruit and ½ cup milk.

SPREAD in greased 7½" round or square deep pan or 9" baba mould and hollow out centre.

COOK in moderate oven 15 minutes, then slow oven 1-1¼ hours. Cool in pan.

TOP with a dusting of icing sugar, or ice and decorate as preferred.

To make flaming foil cups, soak loaf sugar in lemon essence and set alight.

Festive fruit cakes

CHOP 4 ozs. dates, 2 ozs. each sultanas and raisins, 1 oz. almonds and mix with 1 dessertspoon Mother's Choice Coffee Essence.

CREAM 3 level tablespoons each shortening and brown sugar and 1 egg.

MIX IN 1 cup Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, pinch salt, alternately with prepared fruit and 2 tablespoons milk.

SPREAD in 12 greased pattypans and top with pieces of glace fruit.

COOK in moderate oven 25 minutes.

BOIL 1 level tablespoon each water and brown sugar and 1 level dessertspoon liquid glucose for 2 minutes.

BRUSH hot cakes with glaze and lift out of pans.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 6, 1961

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

DREAM JOB IN WOOL FASHIONS

—page 5

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dull, selfish, immature?

DULL, selfish, and immature! Yes, that describes the average teenager in the Western world, while in Communist countries, because of indoctrination in Marxian socialism, every teenager has a definite aim in life.

In the West we agree that the Red scourge should be checked, but what are the youth doing about it? I'll tell you what — they are having themselves a "wow of a time" and concentrating on being "way out."

Australian teens are gullible and childish. They swallow any theory put forward by our so-called "intellectuals" and don't bother to use their brains to reason out the scores of flaws in such philosophies. — *"Angry Miss," Umina, N.S.W.*

History repeated

THE world will never be blown up! How do I know? Because it is all history repeated. People were just as scared of the Egyptians, of the Greeks, and the Romans, and they all thought that they would be destroyed by Napoleon and by Hitler.

Our race has survived the past and it will also survive the future. — *Judy Sackville, Caulfield, Vic.*

Dolls' dressmaker

AT 14 I enjoy making dolls' clothes. I design, draft, cut out, and make up every garment that goes near the sewing-machine. I make these clothes to fit a teenage doll (or figure doll) and I think this is an excellent way for a teenager to learn to sew. — *"Kiwi," Christchurch, N.Z.*

Warning to girls

GIRLS, beware of those cheerful-looking guys with that springy, light step! They usually haven't got enough in their pockets to hold them down. — *Harold de Marigny, Beaconsfield Parade, St. Kilda, Vic.*

Next week

CLOTHES made of Italian straw are just the thing for a carefree summer — so next week we have some specially designed styles for Australian teenagers. They include a summer suit and cap, a peasant skirt, a jumper, and two sweaters—all photographed in color, with full directions on how to knit and crochet them. Also, there's a page of made-in-a-jiffy ideas for beachwear.

16,000-mile hitch

IN the 11/10/61 issue of T.W., Sue Sklan asked for ideas on ways to travel.

My brother and I are English and we have just arrived in Australia after hitchhiking from England, taking 10 months and travelling 16,000 miles.

To satisfy the spirit of adventure and a yen for the open-air life, I suggest this way of travelling. It is not the easiest way — but it's the best.

We left England on January 4 and toured through France, Germany, Luxembourg, Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, India, Malaya, and Singapore.

PETER AND TERRY MORAN beside a car in which they got a lift in Iran.

We spent three months in Singapore before we worked a passage to Australia, calling at Java and Borneo.

We met many kinds of people, made many friends, and gained a wealth of knowledge. — *Peter (21) and Terry (19) Moran, Claude Street, Northcote, Vic.*

What is love?

ONE of my schoolfriends says there is no such thing as love. She says it is just a tickle that you get around the heart which can't be scratched. What is love? — *"School Joke," Goondiwindi, Qld.*

Mother told all

ANY girl who has a mother as wonderful as I have is very fortunate. I had a number of questions that were worrying me, when in the course of conversation my mother told me all about her teenage life and her boy-friends. She made me feel so at ease that I asked her all my questions and got far more satisfactory answers than I could have got from anyone else. — *Betty Banks, Charters Towers, Qld.*

Best city

WHILE listening to a friend speak of his recent tour of Europe I posed the traditional question: "Which city appealed to you most?" His reply, much to my surprise, was West Berlin.

He found the Germans in West Berlin the "nicest people in the world." They are, he said, intelligent and friendly, as well as being among the most courageous and matter-of-fact in the face of danger.

While the French and the British are biting their fingernails to the quick and living in a state of nervous tension, the Germans are shouldering their burdens and facing their predicament bravely.

According to many tourists, they are setting the world an example by making this trouble spot one of the most tension-free and inviting cities in the world. — *R. A. Raynor, Geraldton, W.A.*

Making friends

IF you have just moved into a street where you have very few, if any, friends — give a party! Ask every boy or girl near your own age along and before you know it you've got lots of friends. I did it — and now I belong to a "gang" of about 15 young people. — *Helen Bradley, Fallon Street, Rydalmere, N.S.W.*

Travel hints

AFTER reading Carol Tattersfield's articles on travel, which were most interesting, I would like to add some hints I found useful when travelling in India in 1955.

Instead of staying in hotels, which would have cost far too much for my pocket, I used the Y.W.C.A. hostels and found them excellent, the food very good, the tariff most reasonable, and the girls, who came from all over the world, extremely friendly.

Train travel in India is reasonably priced. I travelled mainly second-class in "Ladies Only" compartments and found my fellow travellers kind and helpful.

There is a cheaper class — intermediate — but this does not include a sleeper.

Bus travel, also, is cheap, and most entertaining.

My advice is — don't ever miss a chance to travel the world. It is the best way to learn geography, make new friends, and understand the ways of other folk. And don't be shy of travelling alone — I always travelled by myself and met and made some wonderful new friends.

Of course, money is a help, but I never had much and couldn't afford to buy half the things that caught my eye, but wouldn't have missed my adventures for anything. — *(Mrs.) Dorothy Cole, Hastings Street, Glenelg, S.A.*

Feeling low

PLEASE, can any of Teenagers' Weekly readers tell me how to overcome an inferiority complex? I am 16 and have tried very hard to overcome it but have been unsuccessful up to date.—*"Worried Teen," Ballarat, Vic.*

BEATNIK

"Look, man! I wonder whose swinging party that was?"

Teen marriage

TEENAGE marriage is a very good thing. It's terrific to get married when you're young and have children while you're young enough to enjoy them.

Most teenagers of today are mature enough to make up their minds who they want to marry and, provided the boy has a good job, there's no reason why teenage marriages shouldn't be as successful as older ones. — *"Spinster," Fremantle, W.A.*

Good sportsmen

HAS Australia ever been represented in international sport by an aboriginal? I have often watched them playing football, and they run rings around the white players. Not only do they play well but they see the game in its true perspective — as a game.

A friend of mine, whose home is a northern cattle station, describes the natives there as being particularly good at high-jumping.

Surely if these people were trained properly they could prove worthy even of a place in the Olympics. — *A. Lucas, Marmion Street, Cottesloe, W.A.*

The best three things . . .

● "What are the three greatest things in life?" asked Richard Kruse, of Blackburn, Vic. (T.W. 1/11/61). Love, friends, and Christianity were Richard's choice, with living in a free country a close fourth.

I WOULD put Christianity first. Secondly I put happiness and the ability to convey it to others. My third choice is the one Richard would have as his fourth, because I believe that without the right to live in a free country no one can be really happy. — *"Believer," Unley, S.A.*

AS I have an incurable complaint and a limited time to live, I would list my three as health, the love of my family, and courage.—*"Three Wishes," Geraldton, W.A.*

MY list (not necessarily in order of importance) is love, contentment of the soul, and an awareness of, or an attempt to achieve, our natural purpose in life. — *Bruce Penfold, Scholey Street, Mayfield, N.S.W.*

THE three greatest things in life are money, boys, and cars. — *"Gal," Oakleigh, Vic.*

"TO meet, to know, and to love . . ." (from a verse by Coleridge). All kinds of interesting people make these the best three things in life for me. — *"Popsy," Townsville, Qld.*

THE three most important things? To me they are confidence, ambition, and (most important) a sense of humor. If you have these you can do anything and be anything. — *"Ostrich," Sandy Bay, Tas.*

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Another Benaud on way

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● One Benaud in a cricket team is enough to put the opposition in a spin. Two Benauds in a cricket team could be enough to send the opposition into orbit.

THE established Benaud is, of course, Richie — the 31-year-old Australian Test skipper whose team recently returned from England, bringing the Ashes with them.

The second Benaud is Richie's kid brother John (pictured at right), who, at 17, is in his first season of first-grade cricket and has ambitions of bowling his way into a cricket career as outstanding as Richie's.

This season will tell whether the team of Benaud and Benaud is likely to become a tough combine at grade, interstate — even international — level.

The brothers are playing for the Sydney grade team of Cumberland, where John made his start while Richie was still returning from England.

John — a right-arm leg-spin bowler, an aggressive, right-hand batsman, and a versatile fieldsman—fears that he has really only been "holding a place for Richie," but his talent is too promising for this to be true.

If John finally succeeds in his ambitions to become a Test player, it will be thanks to his father, not to Richie.

For Mr. Lou Benaud, a Cumberland leg-spinner of pre-war years, is responsible for John's training as a spinner . . . just as he was for Richie's.

When Richie was attending Parramatta High School, his schoolteacher father made a cricket pitch in their backyard, where, every night, he gave Richie practical spin instruction.

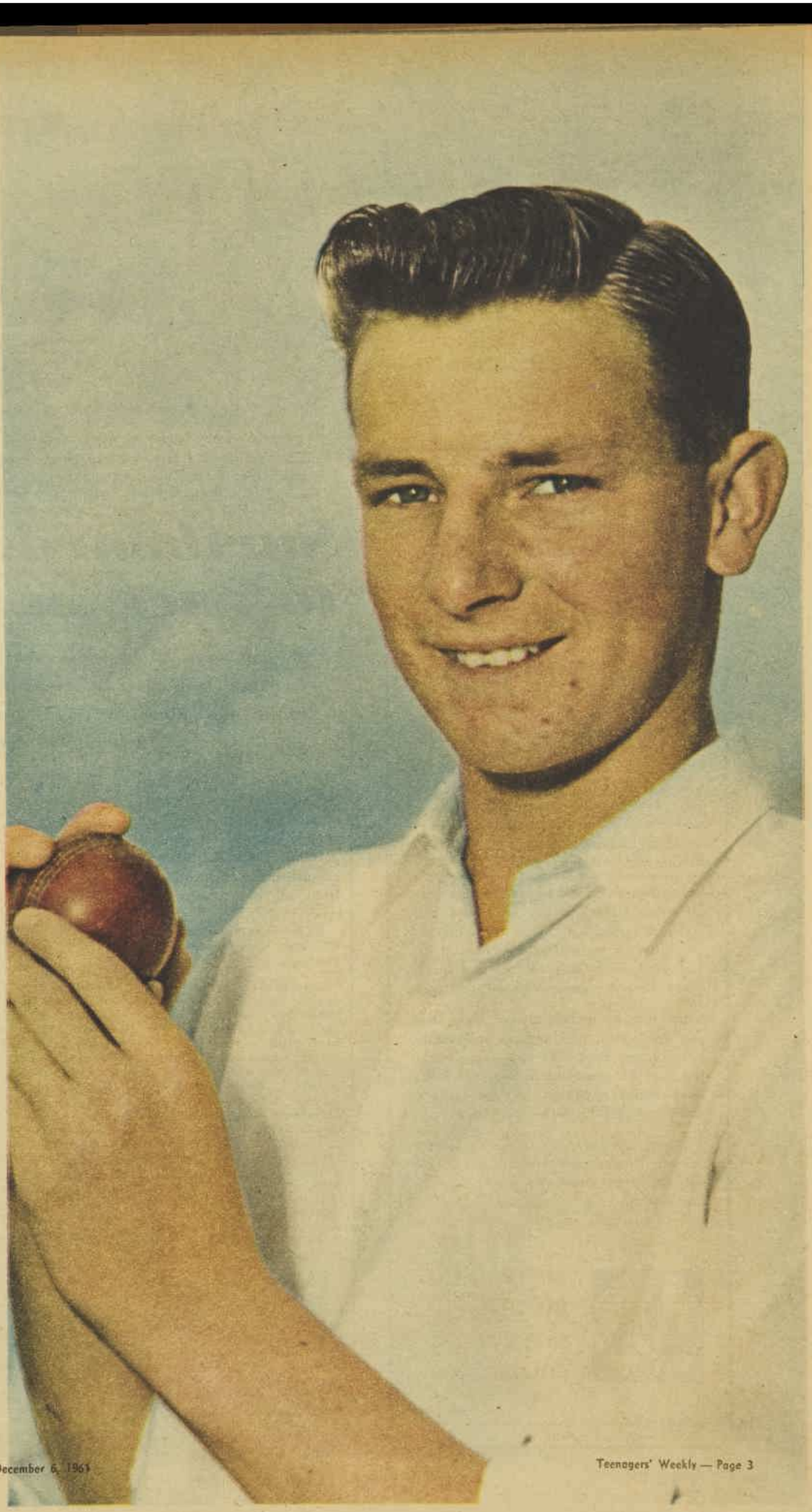
Richie proved an apt pupil and made the Cumberland firsts when he was just 15. But Mr. Benaud, who has now transferred his daily instruction to John, is convinced there's "another spinner winner on the way."

Richie's a journalist and John's just as keen to follow his lead in this as he is to play in big cricket.

He's already making progress in the journalism field, too. He's working as a copy boy in the same newspaper office that employs Richie and hopes for a reporter's cadetship before long.

At 6ft. 1in., John is an inch taller than Richie. He's fair, lanky, and shows promise of being a greater heart-throb attraction for the feminine fans.

He's also a young man of quiet determination, so don't be surprised if hard work makes his dreams come true — and the name Benaud keeps spinning through the score cards long after Richie has hung up his cricket flannels.



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REPRESENTING AUSTRALIA for the first time at the International Surfing Championships in Hawaii, these boys are members of the 20-strong team. From left: Owen Pilon, David Jackman, Mick McMahon, Bob Evans, Ian Wallis, Ken Bate, Graeme Treloar, Jim Geddes, and Graham Henry.

Surfboard team to race in Hawaii

● This week 20 Australian surfboard riders, eight of them teenagers, will meet in Hawaii to form a team to compete in the International Surfing Championships at Makaha Beach in December and January.

By Kerry Yates

IT will be the first time Australia has been represented by an organised team at the championships, which bring competitors and spectators from all over the world every year.

All members of the team paid their own fares to realise this dream of most surfboard experts.

Some used the savings of two or three years to travel by ship. Others took advantage of an airline company's "fly now, pay later" plan.

Unlike most overseas travellers, the boys didn't take much luggage. Swimsuits, "zip-tweeds" (long pants worn on surfboards), and a few casual clothes were all they thought they'd need — so that's all they took.

And, of course, their boards! Each of them took two boards —a special malibu-type, the light and easy-to-handle board used on most Australian beaches, and a big, solid "elephant-gun" board, used in heavy surf.

Bob Evans, of Narrabeen (one of Sydney's northern beaches), organised the team and arranged for it to compete in the championships.

The boys will contest junior and senior surfboard championships and body-surfing events.

The South Pacific Surf Riders' Club supplied the team with T-shirts in the Australian national colors—gold and green.

This newly formed club, which has a modern clubhouse at Narrabeen, hopes to sponsor an Australian team to Hawaii for the surfing titles each year.

The members of the Australian team are:

Bob Evans, at 32, is the oldest member of the team. He believes that some of the Sydney surf-riders will be a real challenge to the established champions from California.

David Jackman, 21, of Harbord, is a surfboard builder by trade and well known to Sydney board-riders as "Jacko," the boy who rode four big waves over the Queenscliff bombora earlier this year.

John Williams, 21, of Queenscliff, is another surfboard builder.

Owen Pilon, 18, of North Narrabeen, is a process worker in a city electrical firm and has saved for this trip since he started work several years ago.

Graham Henry, 20, of Harbord, is known as "Buz." He works hard at various jobs during the winter so that he can spend the whole of summer riding the waves.

Mike Hickey, 24, of Bilgola, gave up his job as an insurance clerk to become a member of the Australian team.

Jim Geddes, 17, of Narrabeen, sat for the last exam for his Leaving Certificate at his school, Waverley College, a few days before leaving Sydney for Hawaii.

Ian Wallis, 21, of Collaroy, is a city storeman and describes Hawaii as "the surfboard rider' paradise."

Bernard Farrelly, 16, of Narrabeen, is known as "The Midget." A surfboard builder by trade, Bernard was the junior champion of Sydney's surfboard riders this year.

Bob Pike, 21, of Manly, is a woolclasser and says his main interest in going to Hawaii is to see if the waves are really as big as everyone says.

Mick McMahon, 25, of Harbord, is a butcher. Before leaving he said, "I'm keen to have a go at the big waves and a look at the Hawaiian girls."

Graeme Treloar, 19, of Manly, is a commercial traveller and Sydney's senior surfboard champion.

Gordon Simpson, 21, of Harbord, is a former State surf champion.

Ron Grant, 22, of Wollongong, is the only non-Sydney member of the team and the only one who has previously competed in surf races overseas — in California.

Ken Bate, 18, of Manly, works in a city stockbroker's and has been saving for this trip since he started work three years ago.

John Bill, 20, of Manly, gave up his job as an accountant to join the team.

Ben Acton, 25, of Harbord, a member of the Police Force, got leave of absence to make the trip.

The other three members of the team are **Reg Shortland,** 19, **Laurie Short,** 18, and **Roy Sloan,** 18, all of Maroubra.

Holiday time and togetherness

● A few words about going steady

Whatever your idea of a holiday, it's almost bound to be together with someone you care for. Rambling hand in hand, racing together into the bubbling surf . . . watching the moon rise over the water . . . driving along country roads.

You'll probably try to impress him with attractive holiday outfits — a new hair style. *He* (being a man) will try to impress you — having an extra drink, driving too fast. He's not a 'show-off'. He just *thinks* you believe he's more of a man that way.

Let him know he's wrong. Show him you don't want him to take unnecessary risks on the road. Let him know you're proud of his courteous manner. He won't think you're nagging. He'd be glad to know you *prefer* a safe sober driver.

Young men are quick thinkers with fast reflexes. They're most skilled — but they're also the most killed. So show him you care enough to go steady *with* him — if he will go steady *for* you.

AUSTRALIAN ROAD SAFETY COUNCIL

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Dream job for a young secretary

By Margaret Berkeley

● In January this year 17-year-old Pam Gosney walked out of business college into one of those secretarial jobs that girls in a typing pool dream about.

PAM is officially a shorthand - typist - secretary —but with a difference, for she works at one of the centres of Australia's fashion world.

Her boss is Mrs. Barbara Permezel, who, as fashion co-ordinator for the Australian Wool Bureau, organises fashion parades for the Bureau all over Australia.

And when she goes travelling, Mrs. Permezel usually takes Pam with her.

This year the Wool Bureau held its 1961 wool award fashion parades in every State, in all capital cities, and many bigger country centres.

The parades continued for nine weeks, and wherever they went Pam went, too.

Yet, when she got the job she didn't have a clue that so much travel and excitement were in store for her.

All her predecessor had said was: "You may get a trip to Sydney."

Pam had no preconceived ideas about the sort of job she wanted, except that she didn't want to be "just a secretary."

Her job has its down-to-earth moments, of course. At her desk in the Melbourne offices of the Australian Wool Bureau she does routine office work, but that's no problem when next week or next month there'll be another trip coming up.

The trips mean work, too, of a different kind. When Pam accompanies Mrs. Permezel and the big trunks of wool fashion clothes to parades in distant places, she takes along a sewing kit, an iron, and some dry-cleaning fluid.

And, according to Pam, she has to be pretty handy with a needle.

"You never know what will happen before a parade," she said. "There are always buttons to be replaced, and once in Broken Hill we had to sew one model into her dress.

"Five minutes before she went on, the long zip down the back of her dress broke and there was nothing else we could do."

Assists models

As part of her job Pam knows the vital statistics of all the leading models. Before and during the parades she helps them with their garments and makes last-minute repairs.

She is also in charge of the accessories the models wear. If these are not in stock in the Bureau's wardrobe, she has the job of buying them or borrowing them from the store where the parade is being held.

Pam said that living in hotels out of suitcases was the breath of life to her.

And even the mad rush behind the scenes after the parades to change into formal evening dress for a reception doesn't take the edge off the excitement.

With a rich olive skin and tawny hair, Pam is a neat XSSW fitting. Always well groomed and attractively dressed, she is a good advertisement for the Wool Bureau.

"This job has taught me to discriminate when adding to my wardrobe," she said. "I choose styles that suit me rather than those which happen to be the latest thing."

Pam prefers simple styles and plain colors. "I wear a lot of orange tonings — they seem to suit me best," she said.

She also practises in her personal wardrobe what she preaches when at work.

"I really do wear wool all the year round," she said. "I have a very lightweight washable wool dress which I have worn in Brisbane in midsummer.

"It's a semi-shirtmaker style with short sleeves, and I found that if the weather was too hot for this dress, it was too hot for every other fabric, too."

For winter wear Pam finds knitted suits smart and practical.

For her travelling wardrobe Pam, naturally, concentrates on easy-to-carry and easy-to-change-into clothes. One of the most glamorous and useful garments she has is a white wool evening dress which conforms to every travel requirement.

Pam lives with her family in East St. Kilda, Melbourne. She likes spending her summer days off at the beach, and when this isn't possible she sunbakes in the back garden of her home.

She likes water-skiing, listening to records, and does a little bit of dressmaking.

OUR COVER GIRL, Pam Gosney, checks model Vida Alekna's waffle-weave wool coat at a Wool Bureau fashion parade. Pam is wearing angelica-stretch wool slacks and lightweight wool blouse. In cover picture Pam wears a fine knitted wool suit while buying accessories for models to wear at the parades.

EVENING DRESS of handwoven wool is one of Pam's favorites for after-parade receptions. At right, in her role as secretary in the Wool Bureau's offices, she wears a lightweight worsted suit.

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BANDSTAND'S LUCKY 13

***BRIAN HENDERSON** (standing with foot on camera) is king of the teenage shows on TV. Henderson enjoys a unique position among teenagers. He's no guitar-toting, singing teenage idol, but teenagers dance to his tune, obeying his laws about dress and behaviour, wait at least 12 months for tickets to his Saturday afternoon show, "Bandstand," and there watch him with a quiet, adoring intensity as he comperes the show, a streamlined production of rock-'n-roll dancing, with featured singers, bands, and production numbers.*

Henderson is a young Australians of Sydney's Channel Australian talent- cians, entertainers rock-'n-rolling crowd contracts put a their talent, make for other shows. channels, in other

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a different grade to the 12 pages. He, with executives se them as the cream of the m that will survive as musi- er their popularity with the gotten. Their "Bandstand" mp of high competence on ghly sought after, and free says appearances on other t, give them greater poise.

The Bandstand gang are, from left: The Delltones, a singing quartet. From the top of the ladder down, they are: Brian Perkins, 23, Warren Lucas, 21, Noel Widerberg, 22, with the big Delltone, Peewee Wilson, 20, standing alongside. Sitting in front of Peewee is balladist and guitar man Lionel Long, 23. Next, in the blue pants, is Lana Cantrell, who sings, plays the piano, and dances. Then comes Brian Henderson, whom tiny Judy Stone (the other side of the camera) describes as "The Greatest." Judy, 17, 4'10½" tall, and beautifully proportioned has one of the biggest voices this side of the black stump. Standing is schoolboy Bryan Davies, 17, teenage swoon material, who is awaiting his Leaving results. On their haunches are the Allen Brothers, who really are brothers—Chris, 17, on the left, and Peter, 18. Between them is Patsy Ann Noble, 17, talented singer and dancer, and alongside her is famous teenage idol Col Joye. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

—Nan Musgrove.

NO-SUGAR SPONGE (right).

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Too forward

"MY girl-friend and I have seen two boys every night for over a year. Sometimes they look at us, but they have never tried to get to know us. We like them a lot and have tried almost everything to get to know them. Would it be too forward to speak to them as we pass and ask them to a dance?"

"Ford," N.S.W.

Yes.

Casual kisses

"FOR 18 months I have been meeting my girl every Saturday afternoon and occasionally on weekdays. We are both in love, and everything is fine, and we have a marvellous time. But then she told me that she went to a party (I couldn't make it) where she had lots of fun with a boy whom she has met since. She told me — saying that she still loves me—that she did it only for fun and that she thought of me whenever she kissed him. I am not jealous, I want her to enjoy parties when I cannot accompany her, but does she not go too far? I feel hurt and disappointed. And yet I love her. What should I do? We will have to wait three years before we can marry, but can she? Why does she have to be cruel?"

M.A., S.A.

Cruel is the right word to describe your girl-friend's behaviour. I don't know whether or not you are engaged, but it really doesn't matter. She has behaved very badly and I think the cruel streak she has revealed should make you look at her again.

I agree with you that she should be able to go to a party alone and enjoy herself, but enjoying herself surely doesn't mean throwing herself into a light-hearted association with another boy while continuing her old friendship with you unchanged.

To be honest, I think most people behave badly like this sometimes in a serious love affair. Often they do it to find out their real feelings for the other person. If they do this, and find out their mistake and return more sure of their old love, they generally have the sense and good nature to be quiet and discreet about it — not to talk cruelly about an association that must naturally hurt.

You'll have to put your foot down, I think, about this behaviour and the other man. Lay down the law to her —that is if she's worth bothering about.

Love—or travel?

"WE are two girls of 18 and have a two-year contract to complete an excellent vocation. When we finish our contract we both want to travel and meet people in other walks of life. We have both been proposed to by young men of 23 and have received our parents' permission to marry in two years' time. Our suitors would like us to settle down and not go too far away from them. We both feel that we are a little young to do this, but we do not want to lose or hurt them. It would hurt us immensely if we lost them, because we are greatly attached to them. What would you advise us to do?"

A. & M., N.S.W.

Take a chance. Travel, and if you come back, and if your suitors still feel the same way, you will all be better off. You will have had two years of fun and meeting other people, and love will be waiting for you at home.

Your suitors will have had the same —two years of fun and meeting other people, and they mightn't be waiting when you get back. That's the chance you take—but take it, anyway.

Puppy love

"I AM a 14-year-old second-year student and I am having a beautiful puppy-love romance with a very popular boy, 15, in the same class. The main trouble is that he hardly even knows me. Sometimes he smiles at me. My hair is part of my problem; it is naturally curly and therefore I cannot do much with it; but one girl told me he likes girls with nice hair. I do not think my hair is so bad that he wouldn't like me because of it. Last, but not least, about me is freckles. I have many dusty freckles across my face —along the higher parts of my cheeks and over my nose. Some people like them, but others don't, and I am wondering if this could have anything to do with my friendship with this boy. We have spoken to each other once and we often take peeps at each other in the cafeteria. I have often made up my mind to say something to him, but when I see him, I can't."

"A.B.C.," W.A.

I think you are so lucky — you're doing well at school, you like boys, and you have one taking sufficient attention in you to make life very interesting. Don't worry about your curly hair and your freckles; men like them both. What you should worry about is your smile. Have it ready next time you see him take a peep at you; and why not try a tiny little wink? Just enough to make him wonder whether or not you did wink at him. If you get a chance to say "Hi," say it, but don't work yourself up about it; he'll talk to you soon.

Worried flirt

"JUST recently a few boys started to call me a flirt and now I want to turn over a new leaf, but I do not know how to go about it, because when I ignore anyone I'm called a snob. I am crazy about boys and I often flirt. I did not realise I was flirting, because I only smiled at various boys, though sometimes I did show off a little. Also what can I do about bags under my eyes? I go to bed at 8.30 and I put cold water on my eyes, but the bags remain and are not at all becoming."

"Mixed-Up," N.S.W.

Being a flirt is a social accomplishment, not an undesirable thing. A flirt, according to the Oxford Dictionary, is a girl (or a boy) who invites or accepts attentions merely for amusement.

I think that is just what a young girl of 16 should be doing — playing at romance for amusement and to find out about the ways of men. She has plenty of time to drop her flirty ways when she's older and ready to settle seriously for one.

Flirting has always been regarded as a good thing socially. It goes with a girl who has poise and is able to make a man or a boy feel that he is the one she wants to be with at that moment. The good thing about flirts is that any hold they have on a man is a light one that they have no desire to replace with the heavy ties of going steady or with matrimony.

Don't try to stop being a flirt. If it is your nature, it is your nature, and that is all there is to it. Forget about turning that new leaf.

There is nothing you can do about the bags under your eyes. They are part of your physical nature, like blue eyes or naturally curly hair.

Write-off

"SOMEHOW the boy I am in love with doesn't seem to return my love. We are both 19. I have been going steady with him for six months, but I haven't seen him for three weeks and I'm a bit worried. You see, while going with him I went out with other boys. He didn't seem to mind this, but since then I've been told that he is terribly jealous. I've tried writing to him, but I haven't had any answers to my letters."

"Anxious," Tas.

Those unanswered letters are your answer. Write him off; that is what he's done to you.

Steady for 8 years

"I have geen going out with the same boy for eight years. I am 25. So far he has not mentioned marriage. I have been told by his closest friends that he likes me very much. This I know to be true, as he has told me on several occasions. Should I start giving him a hint about marriage or wait for him to say something?"

"Frustrated," Vic.

Don't hint, ask him. Unless you do he won't say anything; he is quite happy with things the way they are.

Never been kissed

"IS it true that when you are sixteen and have not been kissed you will not get a boy-friend? Do you think a boy should ask the girl's mother if he would be allowed to take her out? If he does have to, would he be embarrassed?

"Troubled," N.S.W.

Yes, the boy should ask the girl's mother, and, yes, he may be embarrassed, but No, No, No about the kiss. Being kissed before you are 16 has nothing to do with getting a boy.

No progress

"I AM a fairly good-looking 17-year-old boy. There is one girl whom I am really wrapped up in, and no matter how hard I try I cannot seem to make any progress in getting to know her better. She knows I like her, because I have told her, but she just makes fun of me and will persist in telling me all about her other boy-friends, supposedly in confidence, which makes me very jealous. I really do love her, but what can I do?"

"Can't Con Her," Vic.

Play hard-to-get for a while.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

YOU'RE giving a Christmas present of money? Try doing it this way.

Choose a large walnut and open it carefully, without breaking either half. Clean out the inside, fold the note or cheque or put the threepences inside.

Roll the walnut in silver tinfoil, tie it up with ribbon, and, presto, a present that looks and is exciting.

KNOW YOUR ETIQUETTE

● **Who offers to shake hands first, boy or girl?**

THE rules say that the girl is the one to offer her hand first. Nowadays, though, this rule is not followed as closely as it used to be. It depends on the circumstances. For instance, if a young girl were introduced to a much older or very distinguished man, he would usually offer his hand first.

● **How does a girl address a teenage boy on the phone?**

IF one of the boy's parents answers the phone, you would say, "Good evening, Mr. (or Mrs.) Jones, this is Mary Smith. Could I speak to Peter, please?" If the boy answers, you would say, "Hullo, Peter, this is Mary Smith."

It isn't one bit amusing to try to make the person on the other end of the phone guess who's calling. It's bad manners and absolutely infuriating.

● **How do you eat olives?**

NEVER put a whole olive straight into your mouth. Hold it in your fingers and eat the flesh until only the stone is left. Stuffed olives are the only exception to this rule — they can be eaten whole.

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

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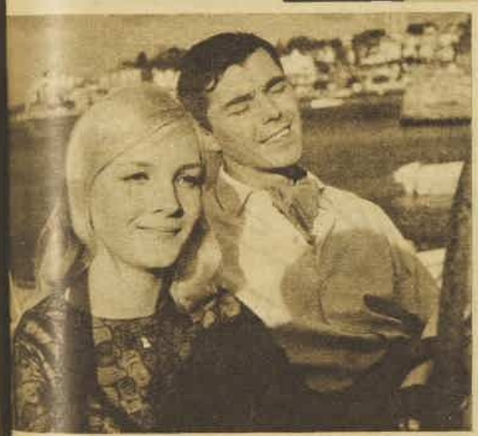
New teen make-up

By Carolyn Earle

● *What's new in tubes? Well, for one, there's a combined foundation and face-powder available now in a light plastic tube and teenagers are bound to catch on to it in a big way. This new make-up can be worn sheer on hot summer days and matt in the evening. It's easy to put on — all you need are your own fingertips—and it doesn't streak or shine. Furthermore, it's a cover-up formula for small skin faults and freckles. The pictures at right and below show how the new make-up looks; those at the foot of the page illustrate the steps in application.*



IT'S A BIG OCCASION (above)—maybe a dance or a night at the theatre and supper. Anyway, it's a dress-up "do" and you want a lovely matt look. To get it, pick a tint of new make-up to harmonise with your skin tone, apply it evenly all over with the tips of your fingers, and powder lightly. Touch-ups are quick and simple. The tube pops into an evening bag without bulk and it weighs next to nothing.

A DAY IN THE OPEN (left) — what could be more casual and relaxed? But it needs make-up that welcomes the sun and looks as if it weren't there at all. To achieve a fine, clear look with a fresh glow, simply stroke make-up on thinly as described above, paying special attention to must-be-covered spots, and there you are! It's as simple as A.B.C. Do NOT powder over the foundation preparation.

HOW TO PUT IT ON

START the new make-up (left) by using cleansing cream or liquid which will leave no greasy film and is non-drying. Always stroke upward and outward. After a thorough cleansing, older girls should use a moisture preparation to soften texture and protect against sun.

NOW you are ready for your new foundation and powder in one — straight from a tube. Smooth it on lightly with fingertips (right) and make sure that you cover chinline and throat. You can carry the non-spill plastic tube in your handbag to the office or beach.

HE'S CRANKY ON HANKIE-PANKY!...

● A young Western Australian has suggested to me this week's topic — the lack of pockets in girls' clothing.

THE young man (I won't mention his name, in case some South Perth girl says to him, "Digby Darlington, you cad — you're a disgrace to your Wesley College uniform.") wrote:

"As a male with pockets in which I carry pretty well everything I require, I am deeply shocked by the general lack of pockets in girls' clothes.

"They carry handkerchiefs in their hands, under belts, tucked up sleeves and inside jumpers, or in bags (which are often not there when they are wanted) . . .

"The antics girls go through when a handkerchief has been mislaid rather resembles those of a dog with fleas . . ."

What my correspondent really means, of course, is that popsies' pocket provisions **aren't** up to scratch!

Digby, I **dig!** I agree with you that, with the pocket, a girl puts her foot in it by not being able to put her hand in it.

Now it's obvious that damsels could do with pockets. But it's not so clear why they don't have many of them.

Here are some of my ideas on the matter . . .

Females, of course, don't have fob pockets for money for two reasons.

Firstly, because such a pocket in a date-dress, to be useful, would have to contain money — and what girl would feel inclined to give an "out" to an ever-lovin' (and payin') boy-friend?

Secondly, a money-filled fob pocket would make a girl unsure of that vital statistic the waist measurement.

In the middle of the week the girl might be a svelte 24 inches around **her** middle. Pay day, however, might, by filling her pocket with change, put her up to a gross 30 inches!

Nor would the male coat ticket pocket always be adaptable to female clothing.

What good would such a little pocket be to a girl — with many tickets on herself!

Many males, naturally, wouldn't wish girls to have pockets corresponding to theirs — certain ones would suggest that girls in fact **did** wear the trousers.

And, anyway, where the heck would a designer put a boy's suit handkerchief pocket on a strapless?

Well, I'm just about out of pocket — ideas. But just one last thought . . . I still think, for all the problems, that more girls' pockets would be handy.

It's absolutely no use girls bashing my ear about the advantages of handbags over pockets.

I just won't be fobbed off — and, anyway, you can't make a silk purse out of this so-and-so's ear!

— Robin Adair

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ART THROUGH THE AGES
by Douglas Watson

Contrast and movement

● 9. BAROQUE (16th to 18th centuries)

THE baroque style followed the Renaissance in Italy and was in vogue from the middle of the 16th century to the end of the 18th century.

In painting, baroque is associated with strong contrasts of tone and color (dark to light), movement (sometimes violent), and distortion of all straight lines.

One of the most famous artists of the baroque style was Rubens, and in the portrait of Helene Fourment, who sat for "The Straw Hat," reproduced on this page, one can see his capacity as a portraitist.

Sir Peter Paul Rubens was born at Siegen, in Westphalia, Germany, in 1577.

Europe contributed to the moulding of this most universal artist—the most European of all painters. A cosmopolitan, he visited many countries, including Spain, England, and Italy.

Rubens was a true humanist, interested in people. He did not wish to penetrate the mysteries of science and philosophy by going back to the masters of antiquity. He was an independent thinker with an unusually wide-ranging mind.

It was in the character of a spectator that Rubens took part in the scenes created by his tireless imagination: majestic receptions, processions, groups of saints, or the entire human race soaring to glory in heaven.

A tireless worker, he copied some of his favorite painters, including Titian, the great Venetian painter, from whom he probably developed his liking for the baroque approach to painting pictures.

When Rubens invented his powerful forms and restless movement, he created an art steeped in a sense of the universal. Thus came into being northern baroque art.

NEXT WEEK: French Classicism

"LE CHAPEAU DE PAILLE" (The Straw Hat) by Rubens. National Gallery, London.

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LISTEN HERE — *with Kirsten Ward*

Six months' hard work wins long TV contract

● One of the cutest little packages to arrive on Australian TV screens is a tiny, pleasantly plump 17-year-old—Carolyn Young.

SHE "practised" for six months (taking presentation, breathing, and singing lessons)— then turned up at Sydney's Channel 7, demanded, and got, an audition. They liked her and now she has signed a three-year contract with a two-year option.

Those first six months were hard going, because at the same time she was doing a business course. Carolyn's lessons cost a guinea an hour and to pay for it all she was working two days a week in her father's real-estate business.

"Now I just have to wait and see if people like me on TV," she said. "Gosh, I hope they do . . .

"I went to a drama school for two years at one stage because I was mad keen to act — but I was dreadful! So now I'm giving this a try."

And she will try. Carolyn's pert charm is coupled with a volatile temperament, and I'm sure that, with the right breaks and the right songs, she'll make it.

My family adored her singing a cute little weeper titled "Nine Little Tear Drops" on the Johnny O'Keefe Show.

DURING **Dig Richards'** tour of N.S.W. and Queensland country towns a while back two of his cars were ruined by bad roads, but Dig feels that the wealth of adventures he had on the trip was well worth while. He and his troupe lived "like natives" for a while in Cairns, camping on a little beach.

The cars are marked debit now, but to his credit Dig has an honorary membership of the Mount Isa Cycling Club. The club held a special race (¾-mile) for Dig and the others — and Dig won!

LOOKING a bit tired after his five-month round-Australia tour, **Lonnie Lee** says he feels on top of the world.

We asked, of course, about his six-month-old son, David. "Colossal" is the word, according to Lonnie. "He's really terrific. When Pam and I have a few words David will start yelling and calling from his cot, too . . ."

There are plans for Lonnie's records to be released throughout the Far East, and he might be going to England and perhaps America some time in the New Year.

He will do a two-week tour of Tasmania in December and return to W.A. next February.

Perth is his favorite city. "One day when I retire I reckon I'll go there," he says.

Local talent: The charming **Col Joye** "Sings Songs for Boys and Girls" (Festival EP). Of the four numbers, one called "Just Give Me Love" is one of the best I've heard him sing.

QUIET, likeable **Ray Melton,** who has been out of the limelight for the past couple of months, has a new Festival 45 on sale. It's "Miracle at Lourdes," a slow religious number which somehow doesn't seem quite right for the pop charts, even though Christmas is close. I prefer the flipside, "Sleighride" — a jaunty, merry tune.

A NEW LP from Leedon starring **Johnny O'Keefe** is titled "The Wild One's King Size Hits." A couple of Johnny's past hits could have been happily forgotten, but most are worth the LP. Johnny's success can be largely attributed to his ability to "communicate" with his audience — even on records.

Pops: **Mark Wynter,** who's reported to be saying nice things about Australia in England, has his pleasant, clear, and controlled voice shown off to advantage in "The Warmth of Wynter" (Decca LP). The backings are an outstanding feature.

A FELLOW called **U. S. Bonds** previously sang (?) a hit number called "School Is Out." Now he gets equally hysterical because "School Is In." (Festival 45).

THE song "Runaround Sue" is creating quite a bit of excitement, but I'm a bit confused because there seems to be so many people singing it. As good a version as any I've heard is **Chet Avery's** on R.C.A. 45. It's backed with **Ray Garnett** singing "Tower of Strength," another number with great teenage appeal.

Jazz: **John Lewis,** a jazzman of some repute ("Odds Against Tomorrow" and "The Golden Striker"), now conducts ten of his own compositions on London LP—"Music For Brass." He uses old and modern jazz techniques and most of his numbers have an Italian theme. I've found that it's pleasant as background music—and really worth listening too as well.

CAROLYN YOUNG, a cute new face in TV. After six months' preparation, she has landed a three-year TV contract.

DIG RICHARDS

WORTH HEARING

BEETHOVEN: Diabelli Variations

BEETHOVEN'S last important work for the piano was a set of 33 variations on a theme by a Viennese music publisher and minor composer called Antonio Diabelli. The work had a curious history.

It grew out of what today we would call a publicity stunt. Diabelli planned to publish a volume of variations on his theme, one each by all the leading composers of the Austrian Empire.

Beethoven, when first approached, was contemptuous of Diabelli's theme and was not inclined to write even a single variation. But in the end he wrote 33 — one of the most voluminous piano works in existence.

Beethoven may have started the project in a whimsical spirit, but what emerged was a remarkable and far-ranging work of art. The Diabelli Variations explore and sum up the whole technique of piano composition as Beethoven left it.

Rudolf Serkin, one of the outstanding pianists of the present day, gives a magnificent performance of this work on a new Coronet record.

—Martin Long.

NO-SUGAR SPONGE (right).

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THE HOUSE OF GOODCHILD PRESENTS

TOP 40 HIT PARADE

Shoe Fashions for SUMMER 1961-62

New shoe shapes...for busy days...and dreamy dates!

Demoiselle and Life Stride by Knight

Famous Italian-styled fashion shoes with toes tapered or newly chiseled . . . heels flat to the ground and some slim and high. Lustre or smooth leathers in foot-flattering ice-cream colours . . . all priced to let you buy two or three pairs at a time!

Style No. PF007 in Florentine Hide with new chisel toe. White/Black Patent, Gardenia/Black Patent, All White, All Gardenia. (Also with squash heel PH007 at 43/6).
39/11

Style No. CE002 in Florentine hide. New Hay, White, Gardenia, Chamois, Sea Foam, Black, Coffee Cream.
39/11

Style No. FL012 in hide. Gardenia, Coffee Cream, Pagan Red, White, Lavender, Chamois, New Hay, Sea Foam, Testa-de-Moro, Camel, Nutshell.
49/11

36/11
Style No. CE007 in Antico hide. Sea Foam, Coffee Cream, Red, Gardenia.

Style No. CP008 in hide. New Hay, White, Gardenia, Chamois, Sea Foam, Coffee Cream, Camel, Nutshell, Pagan Red, Black.
37/11

Style No. CE003 in Florentine hide. New Hay, White, Gardenia, Chamois, Sea Foam, Coffee Cream.
37/11

Style No. FE001 in Lustre Hide. White, Sea Foam, Gardenia, Coffee Cream, Pink.
49/11

Demoiselle and Life Stride are both brands from the famous HOUSE OF GOODCHILD a unit of Felt and Textiles of Australia Limited

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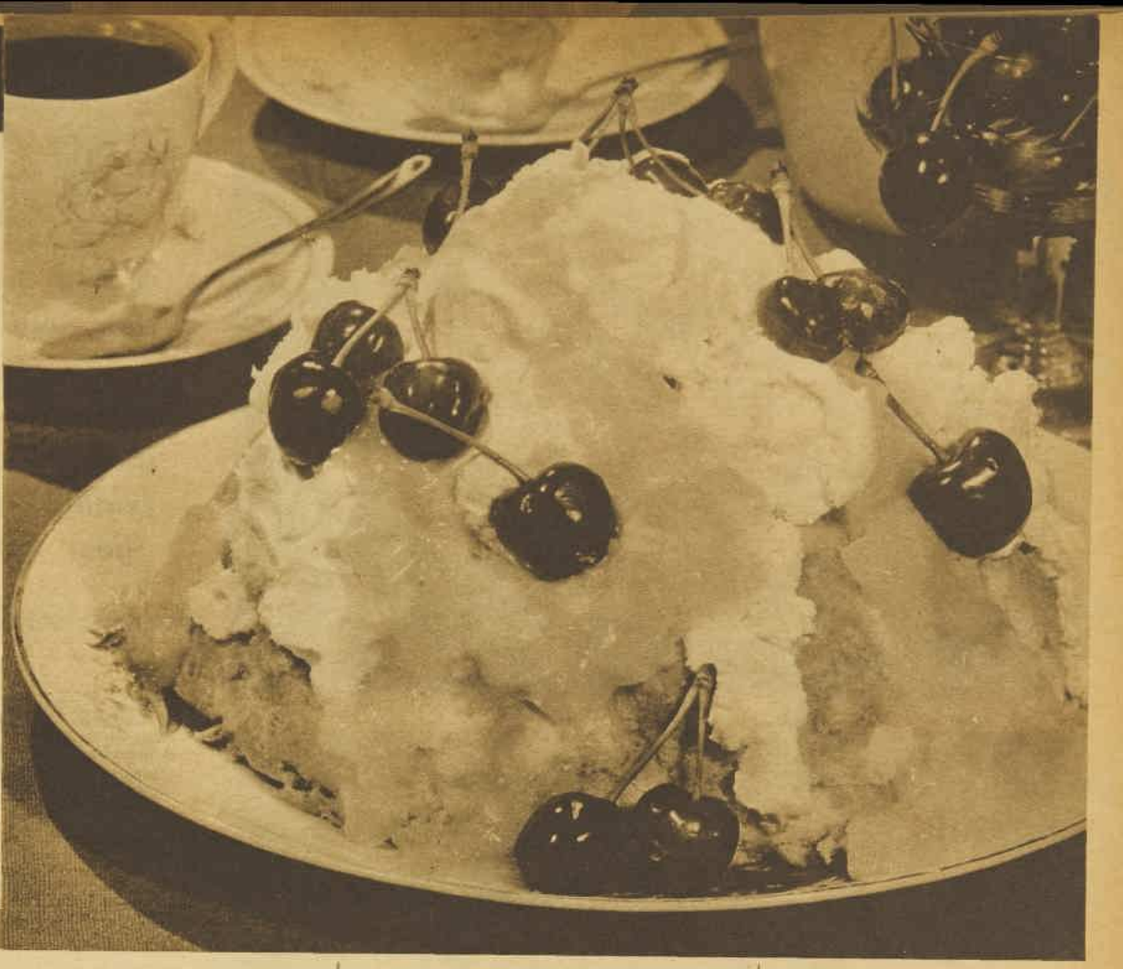
TWELVE-PAGE PULL-OUT COOK BOOK

6 PERFECT DESSERT SPONGES



PINEAPPLE GOSSAMER CAKE (right) with ice-cream.

PINEAPPLE GOSSAMER CAKE

One cup plus 2 tablespoons flour (sifted twice before measuring), ¾ cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup vegetable oil, 2 egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons cold water, ½ cup drained crushed pineapple, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 egg-whites, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Mix together the flour, sifted again with baking-powder and salt, add sugar. Add oil, egg-yolks, water, lemon rind, and crushed pineapple. Beat until smooth. Whip egg-whites with cream of tartar until stiff, fold into egg-yolk mixture. Pour into large ungreased ring-tin, bake in moderate oven 50 to 55 minutes. Turn upside down to cool, loosen when cool, turn out. Arrange on large platter, place scoops of ice-cream on top. Decorate with pineapple pieces and cherries.

SUGAR-SPUN SPONGE

Quarter-pint pineapple juice, 6½oz. castor sugar, 3 eggs, 5oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Place pineapple juice and sugar in saucepan, heat slowly until sugar dissolves; boil 5 minutes. Cool. Beat eggs until fluffy, gradually add pineapple syrup, beat until thick. Fold in flour and salt. Pour into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

Filling and topping: Three-quarters cup sugar, 3/8th cup pineapple juice, pinch cream of tartar, 2 egg-yolks, 3oz. butter, 3oz. chocolate, 1 cup mixed chopped fruits and nuts, 1 tablespoon liqueur.

Boil sugar, pineapple juice, and cream of tartar until mixture spins fine thread. Beat egg-yolks, pour on hot syrup, beating until thick. Add butter, melted chocolate, fruit, nuts, and liqueur. Fill and decorate sponge.

COFFEE DESSERT SPONGE

Three eggs, scant ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons hot black coffee (made with either coffee essence or coffee powder), whipped sweetened cream, walnut halves.

Separate egg-whites from egg-yolks. Place egg-whites in clean dry bowl, beat stiffly. Gradually add the sugar, beat until it dissolves. Fold in egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in flour and salt (sifted 3 times), then the hot coffee in which the butter or substitute has been melted. Pour into 2 greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven approx. 20 minutes or until honey-brown in color and elastic to touch. Allow to stand in tins a few minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. Allow to cool thoroughly. Fill and top with whipped sweetened cream and decorate top with walnut halves.

STRAWBERRY TORTE

Three eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ pint cream, 2 tablespoons sifted icing-sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, strawberries.

Separate eggs. Beat egg-yolks in basin until creamy in color, gradually add sugar, and beat until very creamy. Whip egg-whites in separate basin until stiff, fold in egg-yolk and sugar mixture. Fold in lightly sifted flour. Spoon thin layer of mixture into base of 2 greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderately hot oven until pale brown but not crisp. Remove from oven, cool on cake-cooler. Continue cooking the layers until all sponge mixture is used. When cool, sandwich together with the cream, which has been beaten until thick over basin of iced water, then flavored with icing-sugar and vanilla. Top torte with remaining cream, arrange strawberries on top in attractive pattern.

LEMON PASSIONFRUIT DESSERT

One egg, 3/8th cup cold water, 6 tablespoons sugar, few drops almond essence, 6 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, little rice flour.

Separate egg. Place egg-yolk in basin, beat until lemon-colored, add water, and continue beating. Gradually add the sugar, beat until thick. Flavor with almond essence, add well-sifted flour and baking-powder. Add salt to egg-white, beat until stiff. Fold into the flour mixture. Place in well-greased 8in. recess-tin which has been lightly sprinkled with rice flour. Build up sides of tin with paper if necessary. Bake in moderately hot oven 25 minutes.

Filling: Combine in basin 1 tin sweetened condensed milk, 2 egg-yolks, juice 3 lemons; mix well. Place in refrigerator until thickened. Spoon into recess-tin, chill. Just before serving spoon whipped cream and passionfruit pulp over top.

NO-SUGAR SPONGE (right).

NO-SUGAR SPONGE

Nineteen sweetening pellets, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup vegetable oil, ½ cup water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice and grated rind, vanilla, 4 eggs, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Crush pellets finely, sift with flour, salt, and baking-powder. Stir in oil, water, lemon juice, vanilla, beaten egg-yolks, and lemon rind. Beat until smooth. Beat further 1 minute with electric mixer on high speed or with wooden spoon. Beat egg-whites stiffly with cream of tartar, fold into flour mixture. Pour into ungreased loaf-tin, bake in slow oven 55 minutes, increase heat to moderate, bake further 10 minutes. Invert, cool in tin.

Topping: Sprinkle ½ cup non-fat powdered milk over ½ cup iced water; beat until thick. Add 3 crushed sweetening pellets, little vanilla and lemon juice. Beat until mixture stands in peaks. Spoon over cake, decorate with apricots, mint.

More sponges overleaf

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GINGER FLUFF

SPONGE SANDWICH

SPONGE CAKE

6 PERF

By LEILA C.

• Win the admiration and envy of your friends by producing one of these light-as-a-feather sponges at your next party.

To be able to "th
few, but with the co
most housewives can

Here are a few p
- If separating eggs
- Beat sugar in thor
- Sift dry ingredient
- Fold dry ingredie

In our Cookery Co
and sponge making
Dates Department, 19
Level spoon meas

GINGER FLUFF

Three eggs, 3oz. (3½ tablespoons) sugar, 1½oz. (3 tablespoons) arrowroot, 1½ tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon each of cream of tartar, cinnamon, and cocoa, 1½ teaspoons ginger, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, vienna icing, chopped walnuts.

Separate the eggs and place the whites into clean, dry basin. Beat until whites are fluffy and stiff. Gradually add sugar, beat until all sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks all at once and mix through thoroughly. Sift flour, arrowroot, bicarbonate of soda, cream of tartar, cinnamon, cocoa, and ginger 3 times. Fold carefully into egg mixture, lastly fold in golden syrup. If syrup is stiff, place over hot water to soften. Divide into 2 greased 7in. square sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. When cold, fill and top with chocolate vienna icing, sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Vienna Icing: Four ounces (½ cup) butter, 8oz. (1½ cups) sifted icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, little milk.

Beat butter until creamy and gradually beat in the well-sifted icing-sugar and cocoa. Flavor with vanilla and if necessary thin to spreading consistency with a little milk.

Variation: Use coffee essence in place of the vanilla and milk to give a mocha flavor.

SPONGE SANDWICH

Four eggs, pinch salt, 6oz. (¾ cup) castor-sugar, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, 6oz. (1½ cups) flour, 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon butter, whipped cream, strawberries.

Separate eggs, place the whites with the salt into clean, dry basin. Beat with egg-whisk or electric beater until whites are stiff and fluffy. Add sugar, one spoonful at a time, beating well after each addition so all sugar grains are dissolved. Add egg-yolks all at once, beat through evenly. With up-and-over movement of spoon or spatula, lightly fold in flour and baking-powder which has been sifted 3 times. Heat water almost to boiling, add butter and allow to melt. Quickly but lightly fold into sponge mixture. Divide evenly into 2 well-greased and floured 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Remove, turn on to cake cooler, allow to cool. Sandwich together with whipped cream or mock cream, pile remainder on top of cake. Decorate with strawberries.

Mock Cream: Eight ounces (1 cup) butter, 8oz. (1 cup) sugar, iced water, vanilla.

Beat butter and sugar until very white and fluffy. Carefully cover with iced water, then pour off water and beat thoroughly. Repeat washing process until all sugar is dissolved. Flavor with vanilla.

SPONGE CAKE

No. 1: Five large eggs, their weight in sugar (10oz. or 1¼ cups), 1 extra egg, weight of 3 eggs in flour (6oz. or 1½ cups), 1 lemon, icing-sugar.

Warm sugar in basin over hot water. Remove from hot water, add eggs one at a time, beating well. When all eggs are added fold in lemon rind and beat 20 minutes. Sift flour 3 times to aerate, carefully fold into sponge mixture. Place into 7in. or 8in. cake-tin which has been greased and lined. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes until light and elastic to touch. Turn out. Serve sprinkled with sifted icing-sugar.

No. 2: Three-quarter pound of loaf sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 5 eggs, extra 2 egg-yolks, ½lb. (2 cups) flour, ½ teaspoon vanilla, extra 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon icing-sugar.

Place loaf sugar and water in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil and boil 1 minute; cool. Meanwhile place eggs and egg-yolks in basin, beat lightly. Gradually pour over sugar syrup, beating all the while. Continue beating 30 minutes. Sift flour 3 times, fold into mixture. Add vanilla. Pour into 8in. cake-tin which has been prepared by greasing and dusting with half the combined extra flour and icing-sugar. Sprinkle remaining icing-sugar mixture over top. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Remove and turn out carefully.

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ECT SPONGES

WARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

together" a perfect sponge every time is a gift given to very quantities of ingredients, careful preparation, and a good oven out a cake of which they can be justly proud.

which will help the inexperienced cook:

are no yolk remains to prevent the whites being beaten fully.

so it is fully dissolved before adding dry ingredients.

least three times so as much air as possible is introduced.

egg mixture as lightly and quickly as possible.

22 and 23 of August 9 and 16 this year, the theory of cake discussed. Copies of these issues can be obtained from our Back Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

and the 8-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in recipes below.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

Four large eggs, 8oz. (1 cup) sugar, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2½ tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons boiling water, 5oz. (1¼ cups) flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, mock cream, cherries.

Beat eggs all together in basin, gradually add sugar. Beat 15 minutes. Mix together butter, cocoa, boiling water and beat into egg mixture. Fold in sifted flour and baking-powder and fill into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until elastic to the touch and cakes shrink slightly from sides of tin. Remove and cool. Join with one-third of the cream, pile remainder on top. Arrange toffee to form cart-wheel effect on top of cake and use cherries to support each wedge.

Toffee: One cup sugar, ¼ cup water.

Place sugar and water into saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, simmer until amber in color without stirring. Allow bubbles to settle, pour into oiled 7in. sandwich-tin. With oiled knife mark out sections while setting. When quite firm carefully turn out and use as directed. If toffee wedges break when turned out, crush finely and sprinkle over top of cake.

Chopped salted peanuts mixed with the hot toffee before setting gives an intriguing flavor.

HONEY ROLL *BLOW-AWAY SPONGE*

HONEY ROLL

Three eggs, ⅔ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, ½ cup cornflour, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, castor-sugar, lemon butter or jam.

Break whole eggs into clean, dry basin, beat well with the sugar 10 minutes. Sift together 3 times thoroughly to mix the cornflour, flour, baking-powder, spice, cinnamon, and salt. Fold carefully into egg mixture, lastly add honey which has been melted over hot water. Fill into swiss-roll tin which has been greased and lined with greaseproof paper. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 17 minutes. Turn on to dampened tea-towel which has been covered with sheet of greaseproof paper and sprinkled with castor-sugar. Remove paper from roll and trim off crusty sides. Roll up tea-towel, leave stand 2 or 3 minutes, unroll and spread with lemon butter or jam and re-roll without tea-towel. Sprinkle with little sifted icing-sugar if desired and cut into slices to serve. This roll can be filled with mock or fresh cream in place of or in addition to the lemon butter or jam. However, too much filling in the roll makes it difficult to slice evenly.

Variation: Omit honey and add 1 tablespoon of instant coffee powder or 1 tablespoon of drinking chocolate when sifting the dry ingredients for the above mixture.

BLOW-AWAY SPONGE

Two eggs, 2oz. (¼ cup) castor-sugar, 1oz. (2 tablespoons) flour, 1oz. (2 tablespoons) arrowroot, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 2 tablespoons hot water, ½ teaspoon butter, 1 cup chopped red and green jelly, fruit salad, cream.

Separate eggs, place whites into clean, dry basin. Beat until stiff and fluffy. Add sugar gradually and beat well until all is dissolved. Beat in egg-yolks. Sift flour, arrowroot, and baking-powder together 3 times, fold into egg-mixture carefully. Lastly fold in hot water and melted butter. Place mixture into well-greased and floured recess-tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. Fill recess with fruit salad and chopped jelly. Decorate edge with swirls of whipped cream and cherries.

Fruit Salad: Two bananas, 2 apples, 2 oranges, 2 passionfruit, 1 cup hulled strawberries, juice 1 lemon.

Remove skin from bananas, slice diagonally. Pour over lemon juice. Cut apples and oranges into sections and mix with passionfruit and banana. Sweeten if desired.

Note: Tinned fruits, such as sliced peaches, apricots, pears, or pineapple, or fruit salad can be used if desired, but unless it is well drained it is inclined to make the sponge soggy.

More cakes on page 48

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LESSON 39: By Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

CONFECTIONERY, Part 1

— Making creamy-type sweets

THIS is the first of a series of three lessons on making confectionery at home. In this lesson we discuss home-made sweets and candies of the crystalline or creamy type.

This group of sweets comprises fondants, creams, fudges, and coconut-ice types, which are all similar in texture.

Ingredients used, temperature to which syrup is boiled, and method of handling or setting after boiling will determine the final result.

INGREDIENTS

Sugar: Basis of all candies. Can be crystal, brown, or pure icing-sugar (for some uncooked sweets).

Liquid glucose or maize syrup: Delays or prevents crystallisation and keeps mixture creamy.

Cream of tartar, lemon juice, vinegar: Helps prevent crystallisation and to give a crisp texture.

Milk (fresh, evaporated, or sweetened condensed), butter: Used in some recipes to create characteristic textures and flavors.

Flavorings, colorings: Essences, fruit juices, unsweetened cooking chocolate, coffee, dried fruits, nuts, coconut. They enhance flavor and, in some recipes, alter texture. Colorings improve and vary appearance.

EQUIPMENT

Heavy saucepan; wooden spoon or spatula; heatproof basins; two-pronged wire fork (for chocolate dipping); marble slab, upturned enamel tray or laminated plastic table top (for manipulating fondant); sugar thermometer to determine exact temperature of syrup. (Cold water testing can be used but is not as reliable as thermometer reading.)

THE SYRUP

It is important to boil the sugar syrup to correct degree to evaporate water and bring syrup to correct consistency for beating, kneading, or setting.

The following temperatures and cold-water tests are those generally used:

Soft ball: 236-240deg. F. Small quantity of syrup dropped into cold water moulds easily with the fingers into soft ball.

Firm or hard ball: 250-260deg. F. Test as for soft ball, but syrup should mould into firm ball.

Small crack: 265-290deg. F. Syrup is clear, but when dropped into cold water cracks and breaks if crushed with fingers.

Hard crack: 290-315deg. F. Syrup is golden in color, snaps and crackles in cold water.

TO COOK SYRUP

Pour required amount of water into saucepan, add sugar in centre, taking care none clings to sides of saucepan. Heat slowly until sugar dissolves, then boil rapidly to desired degree.

If sugar clings to sides of saucepan place lid on 1 minute and the steamy heat will dissolve it quickly.

Do not stir ingredients at this stage because sugar will cling on saucepan sides and this is main cause of syrup crystallising or candying.

COLD-WATER TESTING

Spoon a little syrup into cold water and mould with fingers; shallow bowl makes it easier to see and manipulate syrup; if desired consistency is not reached, cook further and test again; use fresh cold water for each test, because as water becomes warm the test is less accurate.

THERMOMETER

Do not place cold thermometer in boiling syrup. First immerse in cold water and bring to boil; if thermometer is not the type that clips to side of pan, return to hot water after each test; when immersing in syrup cover bulb completely without letting it touch base of pan; keep thermometer upright and take reading as near eye-level as possible; handle, wash, dry and store carefully.

METHODS

Fondant: Made from white sugar, water, and glucose. Boil syrup to 238-240deg. F. Use to make ribbon creams, fruit or nut creams, fruit rolls and centres for chocolate creams.

Fudge: Similar texture to fondant. Boil syrup to 238-240deg. F.

Coconut-Ice, Ginger Creams: Similar in texture to fondant and fudge. Boil the syrup to 236deg. F.

TO ENSURE SUCCESS

Measure accurately; use glucose or quantity of cream of tartar given in recipe; measure glucose with wet spoon or weigh on wet greaseproof paper; allow bubbles to subside before pouring syrup into basin for beating.

FONDANT, FUDGE, AND COCONUT-ICE

FONDANT

One pound crystal sugar, ¼ pint water, 1 dessertspoon glucose, flavoring (vanilla, lemon, almond, peppermint, etc.), coloring.

Place water in saucepan with sugar and glucose. Bring slowly to boil over low heat. Boil syrup to 238-240deg. F. Remove from heat; when bubbles subside, pour into basin, cool. Beat until thick. Turn on to flat surface such as marble slab, tray, or laminated table top, knead with hands until smooth and glossy. Divide into portions. Color and flavor each portion differently, adding few drops at a time and kneading until evenly colored and flavored.

Use as follows:

Ribbon creams: Roll portions of fondant thinly, place on top of each other, press layers together, cut into shapes.

Walnut or Almond creams: Shape small pieces fondant into balls. Press half almond or walnut on top or on 2 sides.

Prune and Date creams: Stone dates and large, moist dessert prunes, press into boat shapes. Shape small pieces fondant to fit into prunes and dates.

FRUITY NUT FUDGE

Half cup water, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 dessertspoons glucose, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup walnuts, ½ cup chopped dates.

Place first 4 ingredients in saucepan, heat slowly until boiling, place lid on one minute. Remove, boil syrup to 238-240deg. F. Cool in basin, beat until thick, add walnuts and dates. Press into greased tin. When almost set, mark into squares, cut sharply.

COCONUT-ICE

Half cup milk, 2 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon glucose or ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ cup coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pink coloring.

Place milk, sugar, glucose or cream of tartar in saucepan. Bring slowly to boil. Place lid on one minute, remove, boil to 236deg. F. When bubbles subside, divide into 2 basins, allow to cool. Add half coconut and vanilla to each basin, color one pink. Beat until thick and creamy. Press one portion into tin (greased or lined with greased or waxed paper). Press second portion on top. Cut into blocks when cold and set.

For ginger or cherry creams: Omit coconut and replace with ½ cup chopped crystallised ginger or cherries (sugar removed).

WHITE GINGER FUDGE

Three-quarters gill water, 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons glucose, 2 egg-whites, 4oz. preserved ginger.

Place water in saucepan, add sugar and glucose and heat until the sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil and boil 10 minutes. Meanwhile, beat egg-whites stiffly and chop the ginger. Pour sugar mixture very slowly on to beaten egg-whites, beating constantly. Add ginger, pour into prepared tins. Cut into squares when set.

NEXT WEEK: Confectionery-making, Part 2

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FIVE RECIPES

Recipes you'll want to keep. If you would like more, write to Box 43, Lidcombe (enclosing 5d. stamp) for the new Smorg-eggs-bord Recipe Book.

CHRISTMAS CAKE TREE

½ lb. sultanas, ½ lb. mixed peel, 4 oz. dates, 4 oz. diced apricots, 1 8-oz. bottle maraschino cherries in syrup, 2 oz. coconut, 4 oz. rum, 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 oz. almonds, 2 cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 6 oz. butter, 4 oz. castor sugar, 3 eggs, small foil patty cake cups or heavy duty foil, fresh fruits, nuts, small candles.

Place chopped peel, sultanas, chopped dates, shredded apricots, halved cherries and syrup, coconut, rum, and pineapple juice in bowl, stand at least 24 hours, stirring occasionally, add Sift flour and baking powder, cream butte sugar, add eggs one at a time and beat w fruit mixture alternately with flour. Spoon into greased foil cups or into patty tins line greased foil. Bake in a low-moderate ove for 40 minutes, cool, wrap and refrigerate needed. To serve arrange on a tiered cake with nuts, fruits and small multi coloured ca 3 dozen cakes.

CURRIED EGG'N'CHICKEN SALAD

2 cups sliced cooked chicken, ½ cup diced celery, 4 sliced boiled eggs, 1 cup diced apple, 2 teaspoons grated onion, 1 dessertspoon curry paste, ½ cup sultanas, 1 cup mayonnaise, salt, pepper, ¼ cup toasted slivered almonds (optional), 2 red apples, parsley.

Combine chicken, celery, eggs, apple, curry, sultanas, and mayonnaise. A seasonings. Pile into serving bowl to platter and sprinkle with toasted alm or other nuts. Serve garnished with wedges and parsley. Serves 10.

EGGS IN TOP HATS

6 hard boiled eggs, 1 tin devilled ham paste, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, pinch cayenne pepper, sliced stuffed olives.

Cut a slice off the pointed end of each egg, re Scoop out yolks, mash and combine with de ham, mustard, mayonnaise, and cayenne pe Fill mixture back into egg cases piling abov Top with "hat" of reserved egg slices and ga with a slice of olive.

EGG CHEESE BALL

1 8-oz. pkt. cottage cheese, 1-2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, ½ cup chopped celery, ½ cup chopped walnuts or cashews, 2 chopped hard boiled eggs, 1 crushed clove garlic, chopped parsley, paprika, small savoury biscuits.

Sieve cheese, combine with sauce, ma naise, celery, nuts, eggs, and garlic, into a ball, wrap in foil and chill several h Unwrap and place on serving plate, spr parsley in a 1" strip down the centre o ball, sprinkle paprika on either side. S accompanied with small biscuits. Serves

HARL-EGG-QUIN SALAD LOAF

1 square loaf, butter, 1 4-oz tin salmon or tuna, 3 chopped hard boiled eggs, ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped shallots, salt, pepper, 1 small tomato, 12 oz cream cheese, ½ cup mayonnaise, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 pkt salted cashews (optional), radish slices, parsley.

Decrust loaf, cut lengthwise into 5 slices, b spread one slice with salmon, combine eggs, m naise, parsley, shallots, and seasonings, spre two slices. Slice tomato, place on fourth sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sandwich together in the following order, egg, salmon, tomato. Wrap tightly in greaseproof paper and at least three hours. Sieve cheese, cream mayonnaise and seasonings, frost loaf, sprinkle chopped cashews and garnish. Serves 10.

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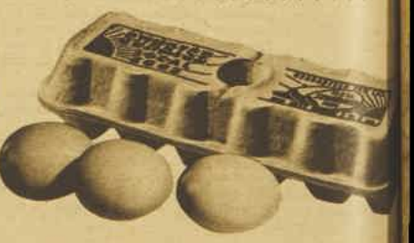

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6

PERFECT TEACAKES

SPICE-TOPPED CAKE

Half pound flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼lb. sugar, 4oz. butter, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk.

Crumble Topping: Three tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1oz. butter or substitute.

Prepare topping first: Sift flour and cinnamon, add sugar, rub in butter or substitute. Sift into basin the flour, baking-powder, and salt for cake. Add butter or substitute, rub into very small pieces. Add sugar, beaten egg, and milk, beat 1 minute with wooden spoon. Fill into greased 8 or 9in. sandwich-tin, sprinkle topping over. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Turn out carefully to preserve crumble top.

APPLE AND CHERRY TEACAKE

Three cups self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cooking apple, ¼ cup glace cherries, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons raisins.

Sift flour into basin, rub in butter with tips of fingers. Beat egg and milk together and add to dry ingredients, fold in sugar and beat until smooth. Pour into 2 greased 7in. sandwich-tins. Peel and slice apple finely, arrange on top in attractive pattern with the halved cherries. Combine brown sugar, cinnamon, and raisins, sprinkle over top of cakes. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve warm.

FRUITY TEACAKE

Two ounces butter or substitute, grated rind 1 lemon, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, ¼ cup sultanas, 1 dessertspoon each melted butter, sugar, coconut, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter or substitute with half the sugar, lemon rind; gradually add hot water and beat well. Beat in remaining sugar, egg, and sultanas. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Turn into greased 8in. sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from oven, top with melted butter, then sprinkle over mixture of combined coconut, sugar, and cinnamon. Serve warm.

SPICE-TOPPED CAKE. *See recipe this page.*

More cakes on page 50

BANANA WALNUT TEACAKE

Two ounces butter, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup mashed bananas, ¼ cup milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1½ cups flour, pinch salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts, cherries.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, bananas, and walnuts; mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with soda dissolved in milk. Fill mixture into greased 8in. sandwich-tin, press a few pieces of cherry on top. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Serve sliced and buttered.

NOTE: Well-drained, crushed pineapple could replace the mashed bananas in this recipe.

APPLE TEACAKE

One egg (separated), ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, grated rind 1 orange, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 large green cooking apple, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Place egg-white and salt in clean, dry basin, beat until thick. Gradually add sugar and beat until dissolved. Beat in egg-yolk and milk. Fold in orange rind and sifted flour alternately with melted butter or substitute. Fill into well-greased 7in. sandwich-tin. Peel and core apples, cut into slices, arrange on top of batter. Combine the sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle over top. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

CITRUS TEACAKE

One and a half cups self-raising flour, grated rind ½ orange, 1-3rd cup shredded mixed peel, 3 dessertspoons golden syrup, 1oz. butter (melted in ½ cup warm milk), pinch salt.

Sift flour and salt into basin, add grated orange rind and finely chopped mixed peel. Make well in centre of dry ingredients, pour in golden syrup which has been mixed with the milk and butter mixture. Stir until smooth with wooden spoon. Turn into well-greased 8 or 9in. sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve sliced, buttered.

NOTE: This mixture could be baked in greased loaf-tin or bar-tin in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes.

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6 PERFECT PATTY-CAKES

CHOCMALLOWS

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, chocolate icing, jam.

Cream the butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in sifted flour, cocoa, cinnamon, and salt alternately with milk or fruit juice of your choice. Fill greased patty-tins three-quarters full, bake in hot oven about 14 minutes. Cool. Level top of each patty-cake and coat with chocolate icing. When set, spread tops with jam, and press a marshmallow portion on to each.

Marshmallow: Boil 1 cup water with 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar and 1 tablespoon gelatine for 10 minutes. Cool, add 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Beat until white and thick, fill into wetted patty-tins; set. Unmould, toss in coconut.

BASIC PATTY-CAKES (above) can be left plain or decorated.

APRICOT BASKETS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, vanilla, apricot jam, coconut, 2 dozen apricot halves (tinned), ½ pint lemon jelly crystals, whipped sweetened cream, strips angelica 6in. long.

Cream butter or substitute with vanilla and sugar, beat in eggs one at a time. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spoon into patty-tins, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Coat sides of cakes with jam, roll in coconut, place drained apricot half (rounded side up) on each cake. Make apricot syrup up to 1 cup with water, bring to boil, stir into jelly crystals. Cool until slightly thick. Coat over apricot halves, decorate edges with cream. Make handles of angelica.

ECONOMICAL PATTY-CAKES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream the butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla until soft and white, then add unbeaten eggs one at a time and beat until they are well mixed. Add the milk alternately with the sifted flour and salt, mixing smoothly and evenly without beating. Fill into greased patty-tins a heaped teaspoonful at a time. Bake in hot oven until firm to touch and lightly browned or test with a fine skewer, which should come out free of the mixture. This makes 2 dozen.

Passionfruit Creams: Pipe roses of cream round the edges of patty-cakes and fill centres with passionfruit spread, either bought or home-made.

Othellos: Coat shallow patty-cakes with chocolate icing. When set, cut each cake half-way across middle of rounded side and gently force the cake open. Fill opening with vanilla-flavored cream.

Jelly Cakes: Make jelly in usual way, but use ¼ cup less water. Allow to set, then chop up roughly. Pipe mock cream round edges of patty-cakes and fill with chopped jelly. Keep in cold place until serving time.

PATTY CLOUDS

One ounce chocolate, ½ cup water, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2-3rds cup sugar, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 2 egg-yolks, ½ cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 dozen peppermint creams, meringue.

Combine chopped chocolate, water, and butter or substitute in saucepan, stir over heat until chocolate melts; cool. Sift together flour, sugar, bicarbonate of soda, salt; fold into chocolate mixture. Fold in unbeaten egg-yolks, sour cream, and vanilla. Fill into patty-tins lined with paper cups and bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from oven and place 1 peppermint cream on each. Quickly top with a little meringue and return to hot oven further 3 to 5 minutes or until browned lightly.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, ¼ cup brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Place egg-whites in clean, dry basin and beat until soft peaks form. Gradually add brown sugar and cream of tartar, beat well after each addition. Continue beating until meringue stands in stiff peaks. Use as directed above.

BIRDS' NESTS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup milk.

Place butter or substitute in bowl and beat until creamy, gradually add sugar and eggs one at a time, beating well. Sift flour and bicarbonate of soda together and add to creamed mixture alternately with milk and vanilla essence. Fill into greased patty-tins, bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

Prepare Eggs: Six ounces icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ½ cup fine white bread-crumbs or almond meal, 1 egg-yolk, 3 dessertspoons orange juice, few drops almond essence, green, pink, and yellow colorings, vanilla-flavored warm icing, toasted coconut or chocolate nonpareils.

Sift icing-sugar and cornflour into basin, add breadcrumbs or almond meal, almond essence, egg-yolks and orange juice; mix well. Divide in 3 portions, color each differently. Mould into small egg shapes, using the hands. When cakes are cool, ice tops with vanilla-flavored icing, sprinkle with coconut or chocolate nonpareils, and arrange colored eggs in centre of each cake.

ROSE PETAL CAKES

Three ounces flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 3oz. castor-sugar, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, chopped nuts, colored coconut.

Almond Paste: Two ounces ground almonds, 3 tablespoons icing-sugar, 1½ tablespoons castor-sugar, lemon juice, vanilla, water or milk to mix, pink coloring.

Melt butter or substitute, then cool. Beat the eggs and sugar over boiling water until mixture is pale in color and very thick (approximately 5 to 7 minutes). Fold in the flour and baking-powder, then melted butter or substitute. Fill into well-greased patty-cake tins and bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool slightly, then remove from tins on to cake-cooler. When cool, coat sides of cakes with warmed apricot jam, then coconut. Prepare almond paste: Combine the ground almonds, icing-sugar, castor-sugar together in bowl, mix to stiff paste with milk or water. Flavor with lemon juice and vanilla and color pale pink. Roll out thinly on board coated with sifted icing-sugar. Cut into rounds about 1in. in diameter and arrange circles round top of each cake to form a flower. Place small dab of jam in centre and top with nuts.

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How to cure "Housewife Blues"

● The great number of letters received after publication of the article "Housewife Blues" in the issue of November 15 shows how very common these blues are. We can publish extracts only from the replies. As a cheer-up to wives who sometimes long for a job, we note also the working mother who gets "Secretary Blues" and longs for housework again.

BELOW are parts of selected letters suggesting a variety of "cures."

● **"You should not assume that it is abnormal to have an occasional attack of the blues. This is not so.**

"But one is wise to learn how to cope with them.

"It does a woman the world of good to have a decent cry when she really feels it is necessary, and this allows all mounted tension inside to be released.

"Thinking of or talking to others gets one's mind off oneself.

"One should try to learn to accept the budgeting, have a happy outlook, think of the years ahead, and remember there are always many people worse off by far."

— Mrs. L. Tracey, Adamstown Heights, Newcastle, N.S.W.

"BLUES" CAN BE "PAINTED OUT"

● **"With four children — a boy at school, another almost five, and twin daughters two years old — you can imagine the washing and ironing I have.**

"It used to get me down.

"Now I make a special effort and wash and iron in the one day, thus leaving every alternate day free for my hobbies of painting and gardening.

"I really paint my head off. I have done the bathroom, hall, kitchen, and dining-room and now I have started on the outside of the house.

"It gives you a wonderful sense of achievement. I simply don't have time for the blues.

"I can guarantee hard gardening and painting for the figure, too. I am five feet seven and my measurements are 34, 20, 35."

— Mrs. D. Lockman, Oaklands Park, S.A.

HE'LL PAY FOR A HAIRDO

● **"Hair expertly cut and softly permed in a flattering style helps to chase the blues away.**

"If you hair is mousy, have a rinse. This will make you feel a 'devil,' but you will look and feel like a million shiny dollars.

"A friend of mine recently had her hair done a new way and her husband said he was falling in love with her all over again.

"I might add this was at his expense!

"Approach your husband on the subject. He's not likely to eat you for asking for a new hairdo. In fact, he will probably jump at the chance of helping you look more beautiful.

"Also do small things for other people whenever you can.

"Mind a friend's child while she goes to town, offer to set someone's hair—you know they can't afford to have it done professionally.

"Take some flowers to your next-door neighbor who hasn't a thing in the garden.

"Doing these small good turns will give you an enormous lift and keep your mind from dwelling on your own problems.

"When I was nursing I came in contact with a woman who had suffered a very severe case of 'Housewife Blues' and her health was affected to such an extent she attempted to take her own life.

"Several days after her admission and physical recovery she began taking a real interest in the problems of the women in her ward and later told me she felt very ashamed, and very small, trying to take the easy way out when there were people in far greater difficulties.

"Never have I seen a person recover more quickly from a state of deep depression as did this intelligent, comparatively well-off woman."

— "Anon," Brisbane.

"HEMMED-IN" HOUSEWIVES

● **" 'Housewife Blues' is by no means alone with her recurrent bouts of misery, for many of us are similar victims.**

"It stems basically from lack of independence. We feel we are trapped by the loving but nonetheless relentless bonds of domesticity and that life has passed us by.

"It is frustrating, but the solution in each case can only be worked out for oneself.

"The housewife concerned is going the right way about it by getting out to tennis and into the garden.

"I suggest she also take a course by correspondence in a subject which appeals to her."

— "Blueberry," Vic.

"DAD" IS A V.I.P.

● **"I, too, was, and still am, occasionally subject to these 'blues,' but like the writer of the article I always thought I would marry the same man over again if given the chance.**

"Well, fate gave me the second chance.

"After being married for 17 years (we had eight children) and with money worries over six hard years, we became divorced.

"However, I happened to read an article about a couple remarrying after divorce. I made up my mind to win my husband back and in about six months we were remarried.

"As a mother of nine children now, my advice to young mothers is:

"Make 'Dad' an important person in the home and don't worry him too much about the day's trials and tribulations.

"Remember he has probably been at the beck and call of other 'bosses' at work!

"We, the housewives, are our own 'bosses' and can sit down if we want to."

— "Second Chance," W.A.

GRANDMA LIKES AN OUTING

● **"Everyone needs an outing and an effort should be made by hubby to take you off regularly for a day in town.**

"Just to sit and be fed for a change is something every housewife needs, then on to a show.

"I am a grandma of fifty and have eight grandchildren and love them all.

"These fits of the 'blues' can be dreadful — I know, for I feel the same way sometimes, and start saying to myself: 'Here I am fifty and working flat out from five-thirty every morning.'

"Then two plump arms wind around my neck and a whispered 'Nanna, I love you,' and the 'blues' fly away.

"I take care of my husband, aged mother and father, daughter, son-in-law, and four grandchildren.

"My mum and dad live with me, my daughter, etc., next door. I have two houses to keep in order, cook for ten people.

"How did I get into this? My daughter, like so many more, couldn't manage on a truck-driver's wage with two children at high school, so I suggested a job for her may solve the problem. It has.

"Well. I get tired, but my hubby takes me to town once a week to dine and to a show. It's my recharger.

"I need it and so does every housewife.

"Well, dear housewife, cheerio, it being Friday I've lots of shopping to do for the weekend — and half a mile from the shopping centre."

— "Granny Housewife," Deewhy, N.S.W.

BUSY HANDS BEAT "BLUES"

● **"My suggestions for antidotes to those attacks of 'Housewife Blues,' which are quite common, are:**

● "Set yourself a project of buying carpets for your home by earning the money. With a little imagination you'd be able to do something.

● "Watch a midday movie on TV. There's nothing like an enchanting romance or comedy to lift one's spirits.

● "Plan little surprises for your husband, such as a really yummy dessert, an exotic flower arrangement, etc.

● "Buy a new hat.

● "Rearrange the furniture.

● "Have a small informal party regularly.

● "Look for someone with a problem and help her. (By taking interest in other people's troubles your own diminish rapidly.)

● "Join a school committee or help raise funds for charity.

● "Have another baby."

— Mrs. Y. Gentle, Randwick, N.S.W.

DRESS UP FOR SHOPPING

● **"I get them sometimes, too, I get up and am tired, feel discontented with everything while my children are dressing for school.**

"We live in a temporary dwelling and it gets on my nerves.

"My remedies are: I get dressed in a good dress even to go down to the corner shop.

"I leave housework for 15 minutes and listen to my favorite record.

"Or I just think how much better off I am than my next-door neighbor who has six children, ranging from ten years to four months.

"She also lives in a temporary dwelling but has no washing machine, fridge, or television like we have.

"These things help me a lot. When my husband comes home from work at night I can welcome him with an even temper and smiling face."

— "Neighbor," N.S.W.

BETTER OFF THAN MEN

● **"Frankly I consider too much attention is paid to bored and discontented housewives.**

"In my opinion husbands of today have a much harder life than the women.

"I will always enjoy waking each morning and knowing that the day is mine. No employer-employee business, just myself to organise.

"To me that is a wonderful feeling.

"I watch the workers go off to catch their buses and I think how lucky I am — I'm home, secure, and I've no one to complain if I don't do the high dusting today.

"I wouldn't change places with the most successful career woman."

— Mrs. S. J. Willett, Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W.

SECRETARY WITH "BLUES"

● **"A mother of three, I have been working now for about five years, for the past three as a full-time secretary.**

"No 'Housewife Blues' will ever equal the anguish of trying to concentrate on my shorthand when my youngest was having her tonsils out and I could not wait at the hospital.

"I frequently get the 'Secretary Blues,' either when I have more to do than I can manage or when I have not enough to do (it is never in between) and I wish that I could go home and wash the curtains and bedspreads or clean the windows or silver—hard jobs to fit in at the weekends.

"When I get these blues, I just dream of the time when my children will be self-supporting and I can leave work and be a housewife.

"I cannot imagine anything more blissful. When that happens I will be completely immune to 'Housewife Blues.' "

— "Secretary," N.S.W.

PRACTICAL ADVICE FROM READERS' LETTERS

● ***"It does a woman the world of good to have a decent cry."–N.S.W.***

● ***"If your hair is mousy have a rinse. This will make you feel a 'devil' and you will look like a million shiny dollars."–Qld.***

● ***"Paint the bathroom–and you paint the 'blues' away."–S.A.***

● ***". . . . Just to sit (in a restaurant) and be fed for a change is something every housewife needs." –N.S.W.***

● ***"Make 'Dad' an important person in the home." –W.A.***

● ***"Buy yourself a new hat."–N.S.W.***

● ***"Each one must work out her own solution."–Vic.***

HOME AND FAMILY

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Tongue pie wins prize

DELICIOUS and attractively served dish shown above is called Nu-way Tongue Pie. The recipe is given on this page.

● Layers of tongue, apple, tomato soup, peas, batter, and onions are combined to make up the prizewinning dish in our recipe contest this week.

CONSOLATION prizes are awarded for an unusual fruit slice flavored with fresh mint, small tartlets filled with a pineapple chiffon-type mixture and fruity nut biscuits.

All spoon measurements are level.

NU-WAY TONGUE PIE

Nine sheep's tongues, salt, pinch nutmeg, 1 bay leaf, 2 tablespoons prepared mustard, pepper, seasoned flour, 1 egg (beaten with 1 tablespoon milk), fat, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 green apple (peeled and finely chopped), 1 small tin peas, ½ cup tomato soup, water.

Batter: Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 12 small white onions, 3oz. fat.

Wash tongues, allow to stand in cold water 1 hour; drain. Cover with fresh water, add 1 teaspoon salt, nutmeg, bay leaf; simmer very gently 2½ hours (or, if desired, pressure cook 30 minutes when brought to pressure). Drain, place in cold water 3 minutes, then remove skin and roots. Cut lengthwise in halves, brush over with mustard, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in seasoned flour, then beaten egg. Fry in hot fat until golden-brown; drain. Arrange in greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with herbs and apple. Drain liquid from peas, mix with tomato soup and make up to 1 cup with water. Pour over tongues, sprinkle three-quarters of the peas on top. Prepare batter: Sift flour and salt into basin. Make well in centre, add beaten egg, melted butter and milk. Stir until batter is smooth. Peel onions, saute lightly in heated fat until golden, fold into batter. Pour batter into dish, sprinkle over remaining peas. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes or until firm to touch and golden-brown. Serve piping hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Walker, 94 Evandale Street, Floreat Park, W.A.

MINT CURRANT FINGERS

Half cup mint leaves (washed and dried), 1 cup currants, juice ½ lemon, 1 tablespoon each of sugar and butter, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, extra 2oz. sugar, extra 2oz. butter, 1 egg, ½ cup water, little milk, lemon-flavored icing or little sifted icing-sugar.

Chop mint very finely and add currants, lemon juice, sugar, and butter; mix well. Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in the extra butter lightly. Add extra sugar, egg, and water, and stir well, forming stiff dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, divide into two. Roll out one piece thinly, line a swiss-roll tin. Spread over prepared filling, top with remaining pastry rolled thinly. Glaze with milk, prick top with fork. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Cool, cover with lemon icing or sifted icing-sugar. Cut into finger lengths to serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Duck, 148 Carrington Street, West Wallsend, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE TARTLETS

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, water.

Sift flour, baking-powder and salt into basin. Rub in butter, mix in sugar. Mix to stiff dough with beaten egg-yolk and water. Roll out on floured board to ¼in. thickness, cut into circles. Line patty-tins, prick well, bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Filling: One tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup water, 3 eggs (separated), 1 teaspoon lemon rind (grated), 1 cup tinned shredded pineapple, ½ cup sugar, pineapple and angelica to decorate.

Soften gelatine in water. Combine in top half of double saucepan the egg-yolks, lemon rind, pineapple, and juice and half the sugar. Stir over boiling water 15 minutes; cool slightly. Add gelatine, stir while cooling. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add remaining sugar and beat well, fold in custard. Pile into patty-tins, chill. Decorate with pineapple and angelica.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Jamieson, 43 Akala Street, Camp Hill, Qld.

FLORENTINES

Two ounces butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each of lemon juice and honey, 2oz. flour, 2oz. mixed peel, 1oz. cherries, 1 oz. walnuts, 1oz. sultanas, ½oz. preserved ginger, melted chocolate.

Cream butter, honey, sugar, and lemon juice together. Stir in flour, chopped fruits and nuts, and ginger; mix well. Place small teaspoons on to greased and cornflour-dusted oven-slides, press flat with fork. Bake in moderate oven 12 minutes. When cold, spread with little melted chocolate. Store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Luke, 27 Highlands Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

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A mother's story

"How to be a good stepmother"

● In all the fairy stories the ugly, bad, dreadful, wicked stepmother neglects, starves, hits, and hates her poor stepdaughters and stepsons. How hard to overcome this awful picture!

GLAD to be married to a widower with two sons, may I help other women in my position in the difficult job of stepmothering?

Having been an only child myself, and very shy and self-conscious, I was able to appreciate the feelings of the young nine- and seven-year-old boys who became my sons so suddenly.

Their poor mother had died, and they were overindulged and coseted by their maternal grandmother and auntie for fear they would also contract sickness. I understood this attitude but was very much against it.

When I first met the boys, the older became very talkative and cheerful, taking me under his wing and showing me around.

The younger, as shy as a young quail, tucked his chin down into his collar and said nary a word.

Hence my first piece of advice: DON'T RUSH THEM.

Giving the second boy time to overcome his shyness voluntarily, I listened interestedly to the first boy's descriptions and chatter.

Inevitably the strain of not "being in it" became too great, and a small hand plucked at my sleeve and the shy one whispered something that the other had forgotten to tell me!

We had begun.

The relatives made it hard. The boys belonged to their father and were to live with him and me, but the neighboring relatives disagreed with every step I took and, worse, told the boys so!

With the shock of their mother's death still in their minds, I hoped to make them happy and cheerful and wait until they were older to remind them of her and tell them of her, or let their father do this, but their relatives insisted upon keeping the sad, sick memories fresh.

The oldest was the most rebellious at first, and, although I had vowed I would never hit either of them, came the day when I was tested for my authority.

I ended up chasing him in my "going-out" high heels across paddock and puddles till I caught him and tanned him!

My second piece of advice: DON'T HESITATE TO GIVE THEM A SMACK IF NECESSARY.

Yes, I believe that not to hit, just to talk, is NOT what a natural mother does.

And the poor stepchildren know this, and you will be amazed at the love and affection you receive after the first real motherly smack you give.

Third, it must go without saying that you L O V E THEM, but it must be admitted that some will find this the hardest of all.

It is easy to love your own, but is it easy to love anyone's children? No.

The only way is to treat them just as if they were your own.

I mean this literally. Don't be too polite. Shout at them, lose your temper with them, smack them, punish them. Then, as I did, you will come to love them.

Fourth, LET THEM HELP YOU.

Don't take away everything by over-feeding, over-tidying, and over-helping them. You'll just be a good housekeeper then . . . any woman could do that.

"Lots of fun"

Give them everyday duties to do.

My husband allotted these and the boys were given a small amount of pocket-money each week for doing them (at first), but when times got too hard they had to do it for the benefit of the family.

Fifth, LET YOUR HAIR DOWN AND PLAY WITH THEM.

The boys and I and their father had many a romp.

We went fishing together and swimming (I taught them to swim), and we played chess in the winter evenings, and draughts and cards.

Sixth, HELP THEM IN THEIR SCHOOLING.

This I had to do, for one boy, especially after losing his mother, went right back in his schoolwork.

The other boy, always easy to teach, needed less help, but I helped both with their homework every evening in the warm farm kitchen at the table. We managed to keep them up to standard.

Came the time when they were to expect a new addition to the family and I was quite worried as to how we would overcome this problem.

When he duly arrived and I came home, everything was far from easy.

I was in a mess trying to establish new routines and get quiet times for his sleeps and cope with all the washing.

One stepson simply refused to accept his new brother and shouted every time he entered the house, sleeptime or no sleeptime.

But New Boy adapted to everyone and seemed to enjoy the endless noise and fuss and decided to adore his brothers whether they returned his love or not. And they soon did.

The oldest, particularly, was wonderful to him, and in time the youngest, too, could overcome his jealousy.

I explained that, although we were partly belonging to each other before, now we had New Boy and he belonged to us all.

And the boys realised this and treasured him accordingly.

No doubt we have some knotty problems still ahead.

The boys are now boarding away from home to go to higher schooling, but are always anxious to come home.

Before they went I fitted them out with brand-new clothes, wallets, and a picture each of their mother when she was young and well, also a picture of myself and their father, too.

My last piece of advice is: FACE THE TRUTH.

Don't avoid talking about the obvious. They will need only to face things once, and this is better than to try to avoid discussing the past.

I think the best attitude to adopt in this whole difficult question is this:

Stepchildren are lucky. They have TWO mothers, or fathers, as the case may be, and so maybe have a surplus, but not a LACK!

● The writer, who says she wishes to remain anonymous for family reasons, wins a £20 prize for her article on how she coped with her difficult, and very poignant, "Home and Family" problem.

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BRIGHT IDEA FOR CHRISTMAS

An inexpensive and pretty decoration for the tree can be made by pressing milk-bottle tops over the top of a lemon-squeezer to make a bell shape. Thread a fine needle with cotton and knot end. Thread one bead on to this. Make a knot about ½in. above the bead so the bead forms a little tongue. Cut the cotton, leaving sufficient above knot for a tie. Thread cotton through top of bell so that the bead forms a tongue. Using surplus cotton, tie bell on to a length of bright ribbon. Attach several bells to ribbon in this way and decorate round tree.—Mrs. O. B. Lawson, Town Hall, Launceston, Tas.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

● Whether you're cooking, washing, ironing, painting, or doing odd jobs about the house these hints will help speed up the chores. Sent in by readers, each one wins £1/1/-.

IF you want to use your stairway while painting it, paint every other step first. Let these dry before doing the remainder. — Mrs. C. Rayner, 31 Carr Street, Waverton, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Keep a folded piece of flannelette handy when ironing embroidery. Place the material, right side to the flannelette, on the pad and press on the wrong side first, then the right side. This helps bring out the design.—Mrs. E. Moss, 37 Flinders St., Mentone S.11, Vic.

★ ★ ★

An unusual way of serving mint sauce is to prepare it in the usual manner but stir in enough dissolved gelatine to set sauce in a block. To serve, cut in slices.—Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Rogers St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

Don't throw away used electric-light bulbs. Paint them bright colors and sprinkle with silver or gold glitter while paint is still wet. They make excellent Christmas-tree decorations. — Mrs. A. S. Stirling, Church Street, Beenleigh, Qld.

★ ★ ★

After washing lace, muslin, or silk, a lump of sugar added to the last rinse water will give just the right amount of stiffness. — Mrs. E. James, 195 Dagira Street, Wembley, W.A.

★ ★ ★

It is a good idea to make apron strings long enough to draw them round the back and then to the front as well before tying. This way it is easier to undo the bow-tie when in a hurry to take off the apron. Miss A. Potter, 51 Grey Street, Carlton, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Fill an old suitcase with soil and use it as a seedbox. At night you can close the lid to keep the frost and pests off the young seedlings.—Mrs. D. Parker, Box 299, Queenstown, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Pour boiling water over apples before peeling them. They can be peeled quicker and there will be little waste. — Mrs. M. Stewart, 23 Wesley Street, Lutwyche, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

When using a ladder on soft ground, stand the ends in large empty tins to prevent them sinking. The large tins distribute the weight. — Mrs. A. Mansfield, 12 Fourth Avenue, St. Peters, S.A.

★ ★ ★

To avoid showing color slides upside down or back to front, stick a small strip of luminous tape on one corner. This will glow by the light from the projector and you will know immediately which way the slide has to be inserted.—Mrs. J. Prosser, Katunga, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Cut the tops off old stockings and thread a string through them. When a couple of dozen tops have been threaded, tie the string tightly and you will find it will make a good-size floor-cloth or polish mop.—Mrs. G. Newell, 4a Liverpool Street, Rose Bay, Sydney.

If you have a hint you would like to pass on to other readers, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each one published.

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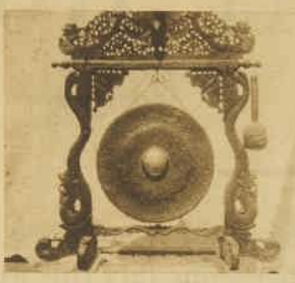
COLLECTORS' CORNER

Mrs. Brain's butterdish.



Mrs. Baker's dinner-gong.

Copper - and - enamel pot.

Mrs. Batterham's urn.

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.

Could you give me some information about this antique silver butterdish with lid that I own? It is one of a pair and was brought to Australia from England 65 years ago. I think the butterdishes formerly had glass containers. Underneath is a well for ice. The markings are Meriden BI Company 5085 U.S.A. and a small design on the bottom of the dish resembles a set of scales or jeweller's weight balance.—Mrs. L. E. Brain, Ashgrove, Qld.

Your dish is a late 19th-century piece and was made about 1895. It is American electroplate on Britannia metal.

★ ★ ★

I have in my possession a dinner-gong, hand-carved, with serpents forming the sides. Could you give me some information as soon as possible about it, please?—Mrs. W. Baker, Maryvale, N.S.W.

This is an interesting Indian gong and is about 60 years old, but it is not of any great value.

★ ★ ★

I bought this copper-and-enamel pot in an antique shop about 20 years ago. I don't think it is very old but wondered if you could give me an approximate date for it. The colorings are attractive—blue-and-white enamel on a copper ground. There are no markings. — J. K. Woolwich, Sydney.

This is typical of wares made in the Middle East for the English market. Liberty's of London advertised similar goods in their catalogue of 1900 and I think this would be the correct date.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me in what year this antique urn was made, please? It is one of a pair and is silver with a black marble base. It stands 8½in. high and is 4½in. in width.—Mrs. P. D. Batterham, East Kew, Vic.

Your silver urn was made about 1880 and is of French origin.

★ ★ ★

I have a pair of very old prints of winter scenes at night with the glow from the fireplaces and windows reflected in the snow outside. Could you give me some information about them, please? — Miss G. Norris, Granville, N.S.W.

Your prints are probably German and date back to 1860-75.

For information about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● I paid a surprise visit to my sister Alison one day this week, banged on the back door, and had it opened to me by an extraordinary figure wearing slacks, a floral apron, and green diving goggles!

ALISON was cutting up onions for a casserole. She is one of those people who weep cupfuls of tears if they look at a raw onion, and for some odd reason onions make her sneeze as well as weep. Her son's diving goggles are the perfect solution.

She keeps them hanging on a hook in her vegetable cupboard and, as they cover both her eyes and her nose, they prevent both the sneezes and the tears.

At one stage someone told Alison that two or three sulphur matches held between her teeth with the sulphur tips outward would absorb the onion vapors before they reached her eyes.

This might work for onion-criers, but it's no good for onion-sneezers—she had to spend too much time rounding up the scattered matches after each sneeze so that she could be sure they hadn't fallen into something edible.

Alison had an empty egg carton sitting on the kitchen windowsill, with a soil-filled half eggshell in each compartment.

"That's my plant nursery," she said. "It's a wonderful idea — you just plant one seed in each eggshell and you can't possibly forget to water the seedlings when they're sitting right there in front of you at wash-up time. "When they're ready to go out, you just take them and plant them, eggshell and all, in the garden."

It seems a bright idea, but knowing how long egg-shells last in our compost heap if they haven't been crushed up, I think it might be a good idea to crack the shell a bit before planting it.

"The Twist" could be a hip-trimmer

I MANAGED to drag Hugh to a dance the other night (after three weeks' prolonged argument — Hugh belongs to the "You and I are past our dancing days" school of thought, in which he enrolled prematurely in his twenties).

During the evening six professional dancers gave a demonstration of "The Twist," the new dance craze in America that people have been raising their eyebrows and tut-tutting over.

It looked harmless enough to me, but remarkably good exercise for anyone who is trying to slim. The dancers' feet don't move much, but the hips wiggle and twist in a way that should take off pounds if you could keep it up for the whole of the evening.

It's odd the way every new dance is condemned as "immoral." Think how the harmless old waltz was condemned back in the late-nineteenth century, and then the two-step and the Charleston and jive and all the forgotten things that came between.

Incidentally, the Georgian dowagers who condemned the waltz as improper would surely approve of jive, where the partners stand a seemly yard apart, dancing *at* each other rather than with each other.

I read somewhere recently that in Victorian times when the waltz had become acceptable, it was still regarded as vulgar and unseemly to reverse in the presence of Royalty, and those fortunate enough to receive an invitation to dance at Buckingham Palace had to go on waltzing dizzily in the one direction till the walls were reeling so giddily past them that they had to sit down.

Problem: What to wear on the beach

I'VE spent a frustrating week trying to get some clothes made for Diana before Kay commandeers the machine. Kay has been spending her allowance on materials for weeks and threatening to make "millions of clothes" as soon as exams and other end-of-year excitements are over.

I must say I rather dread these outbursts of sewing — I'm in constant demand in an advisory capacity (the blind leading the blind!) and as a turner-up of hems, putter-in of slide fasteners, and general trouble-shooter.

The only consolation is that I can see I'm going to spend so much time making for Di and helping Katherine that I'll be perfectly justified in buying what I need for myself, instead of trying to make it.

I can't think what to get for the beach, as I hate muu-muus and all other shapeless Mother Hubbard-type things that are popular, but I do like something that goes on easily over wet bathers.

It looks as though it will have to be shorts and shirt and matching skirt once again.

What a change there's been in beach fashions! When I was Katherine's age beaches were still sprinkled with elderly female relatives wearing stockings and shady hats. Nowadays it's only a few of the very youngest and silliest who think salt water and sun will be bad for their skins or their hair or their fabulous new bathers.

Increasing the A-bomb tension

ONE of the worst things which has come out of the world's present atom-bomb tension is this slogan people are pasting on their windscreens: *BETTER DEAD THAN RED.* Most slogans are just noises to save people the trouble of thinking for themselves. This one certainly is.

What's so worrying about it is that it's such a false statement. It's not a choice between being dead and red, but perhaps a choice between being dead and using your head.

Slogans like this can only inflame people on both sides, so that they're too wrought up to think clearly. Surely the problem is not whether one side is red and the other side is black, white, or blue; but whether man, after 10,000 years of slow development, regards his own kind as something worth preserving on the earth.

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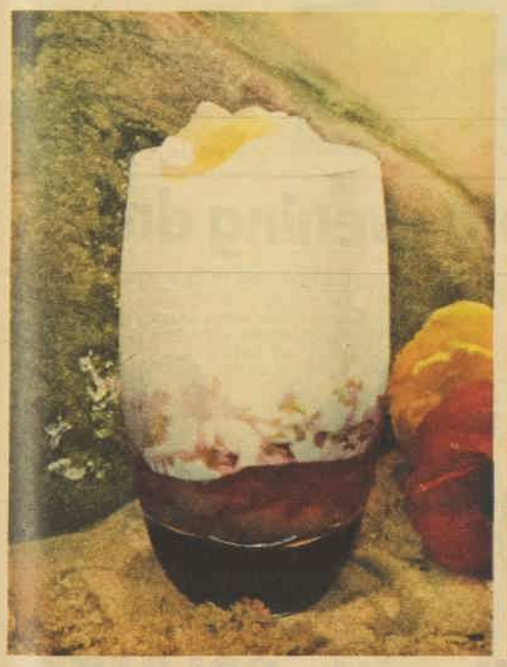
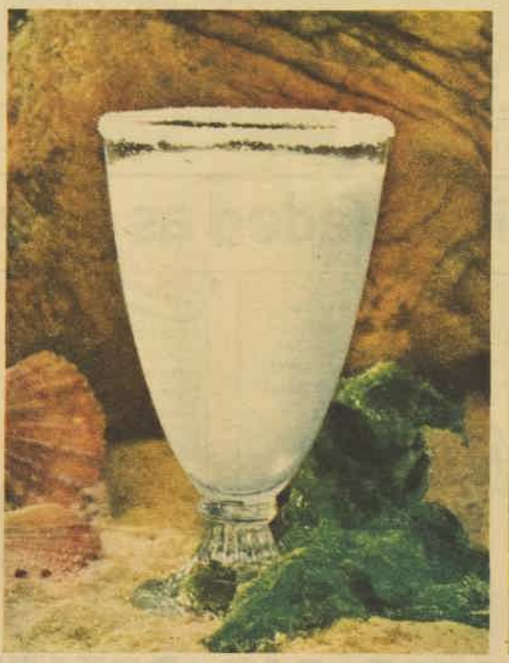
Tropical Fruit Frappe. 1 tin Tropical fruit salad - drain fruit and freeze syrup. Place a spoonful of fruit salad in each glass and cover with frozen syrup. Fill up with milk - top with spoonful whipped cream and cherry.

Jamaican Coffee. Make a coffee syrup using 2 teaspoonfuls instant coffee and 1 of sugar (for each glass) in hot water. Chill. Pour 2 spoonfuls syrup and 1 tablespoon of Rum into glass. Fill with milk. Top with cream and grated chocolate

Surf Rider. Chop 4 almonds and 4 cherries in 1 dessertspoon of honey for each glass. Swirl into glass. Add generous scoop of ice cream and fill glass with milk.



Hawaiian Milk. Place a spoonful of drained, crushed pineapple in each glass, cover with spoonful raspberry syrup and mashed banana. Fill glass with milk and top with whipped cream and crushed pineapple. Stir and drink.



Coconut Crusta. Crust glass by running lemon around edge and dipping into sugar. Allow 1 tablespoonful grated coconut to each glass of milk. Heat milk, pour onto coconut and sweeten to taste. Cool and chill

Beachcomber. 2 teaspoonfuls instant chocolate to 1 cup milk. Place scoop of ice-cream into glass. Pour in chocolate and grate orange rind on top of ice cream as it rises.

It's fun to fix a milk drink

Fun for you. And lots of fun for your friends. Milk drinks give you so much variety. And they're so quick and easy to prepare. Jamaican Coffee, Surf Rider, mix them in moments. It's a wonderful summer way to enjoy the goodness of milk. A popular choice for everyone.

let's crack a bottle!

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Home on difficult site cost £3125

● The site for Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Horton's house at North Ryde, N.S.W., posed a problem in design. Only 40ft. wide, it is very rocky.

LIKE most home-builders, Mr. and Mrs. Horton had a restricted budget and yet they wanted a spacious house.

Architect Frank Leskovec designed a house for them with an area of 10.5 squares which cost only £3125 to build, excluding the price of the land.

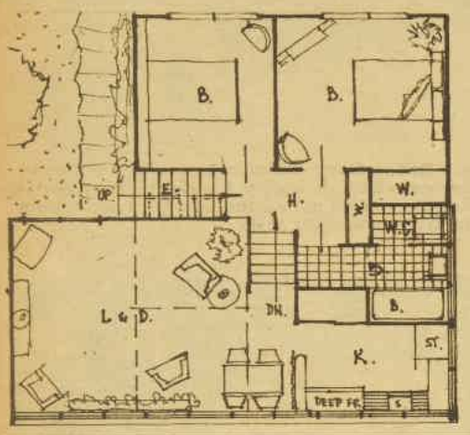
He used good lasting materials but saved on costly excavation by placing the house on the existing boulders. The only excavation necessary was for the driveway.

Living-dining-room and kitchen are at the front of the house and are on a higher level than the rest of the rooms. The front door leads off the main driveway, which runs under the elevated living-room. It is approached by a small flight of steps. Two bedrooms and bathroom open off the hallway. Another short flight of stairs leads up to the living area.

Here a wall of windows covered with venetian blinds creates a feeling of spaciousness. The living-room is 24ft. by 14ft. and like the other rooms has a 9ft. ceiling for coolness. The kitchen is separated from it by a ceiling-high curtain.

All the ceilings are accompanied by ceiling-high windows to allow the hot air to escape and keep the house at a pleasant temperature during summer months. The large areas of glass provide warmth from the sun in winter.

There are plenty of built-in cupboards and the architect has taken advantage of the split level inside the house to accommodate more storage space. For example, the level of the bathroom ceiling reaches half way up the kitchen wall and the area above is used for recessed cupboards.



FRONT VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. P. Horton's house at North Ryde, N.S.W.

FLOOR PLAN (left). Living-dining-room and kitchen are on a slightly higher level.

LIVING-ROOM (right), which is divided from the kitchen by a yellow ceiling-high curtain.

My romance is as faded as an old evening dress.

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The Roaring 20's

Wednesdays at 8 p.m. Honky-tonk saga of a fiery, flaming era of speak-easies, shimmys, and the exciting talent of Dorothy Provine as "Pinky".

channel 9 brings back **BRAND NEW SERIES** of old favorites **PLUS** new series for **'62!**

Cheyenne Show

Saturdays at 7.30 p.m. Tales of the West, the fury of an untamed frontier — the story of two men's part in the building of a nation. Starring Clint Walker and Ty Hardin.

BONANZA

New series — Friday, December 1st. at 8.30. Top-rating Western drama with the emphasis on the struggle for civilisation in a wild land—stories of real people.

Perry Mason

Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m. Tense drama of courtroom and lawyer. Starring the famous Raymond Burr as Perry Mason.

Hawaiian Eye

Back in a new series in 1962 — compelling drama of crime under the sultry tropic skies of Hawaii.

87th Precinct and Follow the Sun

87th Precinct. An hour-long police drama that dares to be different — authentic, real-life stories of action and adventure. Brilliantly produced, excitingly acted. Watch for it on Channel 9 in '62.

Follow the Sun. Two young newspaper men pound out exciting stories of South Sea romance and adventure in this outstanding series set in sophisticated Hawaii.

SURFSIDE 6

Rejoin your favorite Private Eyes in another series of thrilling crime dramas in sundrenched Miami. See Surfside Six back again in '62.

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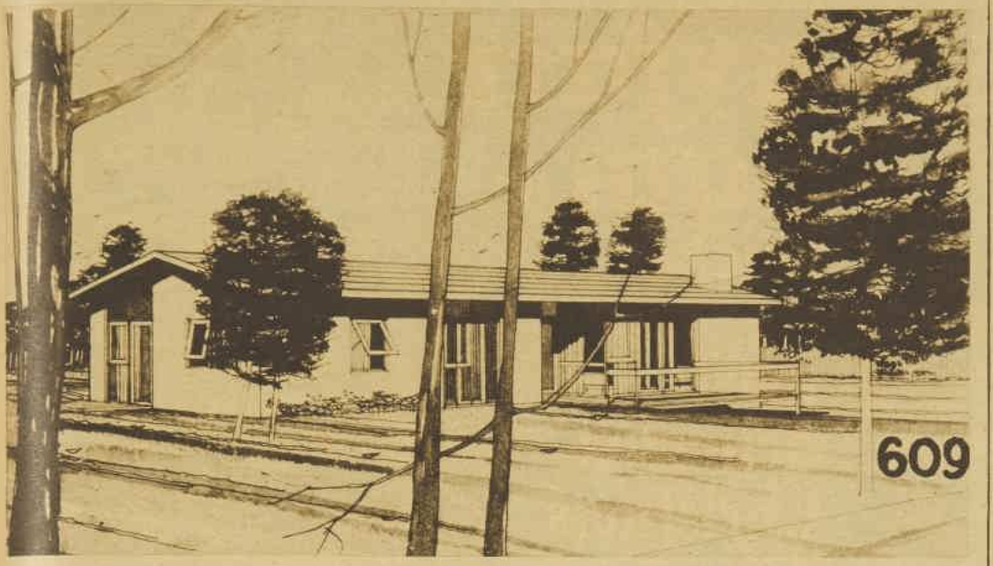
WOMEN'S WEEKLY Home Plans Service



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows pleasant exterior of Plan No. 609. It has a large terrace for outdoor living.

● The attractive ranch-style house featured this week is Plan No. 609 in our series of basic home-plan designs.

IT can be built in brick, brick-veneer, or timber, and the exterior is pleasant, with a slightly pitched roof.

This is a four-bedroom house with a large master bedroom, 12ft. by 13ft., and three smaller rooms.

Two of the bedrooms (bottom left in floor plan) have a community wardrobe, easily accessible from each room.

Study-cum-lobby

Living and sleeping areas have been divided by a study, which doubles as a lobby, with entrance from an attractive terrace.

The spacious living-room, 12ft. by 19ft. 6in., also opens on to this terrace.

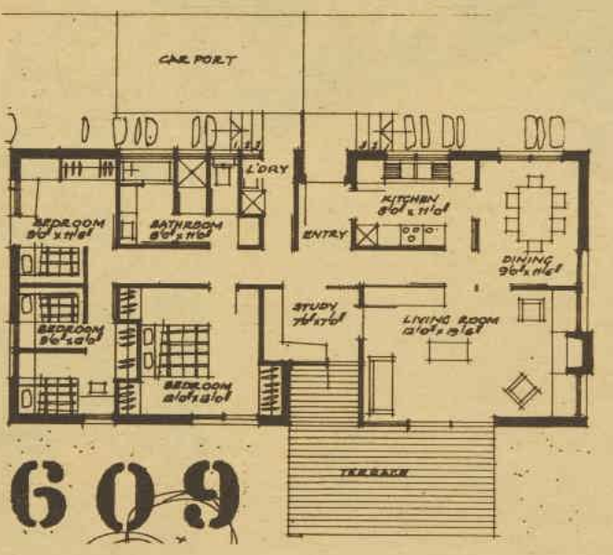
The dining-room, which opens from the living-room, has a wall between it and the kitchen. To open up the area this wall could be removed.

Large bathroom

The kitchen is beside an outside entrance, and the laundry also has direct access outside.

The bathroom, 11ft. 6in. by 8ft., has a separate bath, toilet, and shower recess.

This plan is one of our Home Planning Centres' basic designs and can be built as it is or altered to suit your own needs.



FLOOR PLAN shows living and sleeping areas divided by a study, which can double as an entrance lobby.

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We offer the choice of thousands of different designs based on our basic plans. Secure our series of booklets and choose the house which most nearly fits your needs. Our architects will alter the selected plan to fit in with your wishes and to suit your site. The full plans and specifications can cost as little as £10/10/-.

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in

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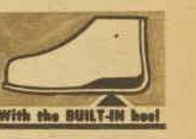

White, red, beige — sizes 3-8 — from 29/11

AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

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Take either Mayfair ham or chicken... for your most delicious Christmas dinner ever!

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which he dispatched by the hotel boots, a lad of seventeen.

"My dear Kathy,

I have to go to Edinburgh to do some shopping tomorrow. As I believe you are off duty that afternoon, if you have nothing better to do would you care to come with me? Unless I hear to the contrary I will call for you at two o'clock.

Most sincerely yours,
David Moray."

His fear that she might not be free was quickly removed—a verbal message of acceptance was brought back by the boy—and on the following afternoon when he drew up at the dispensary she was waiting for him outside, dressed in a clean white blouse, a speckled grey tweed skirt which, at a glance, he decided she had made herself, and as the breeze was keen, the rather shabby coat in which he had first seen her.

Though her fresh young face redeemed everything, exhaling an innocent smell of brown soap, it was an unbecoming outfit, little better than that of a country maidservant on her day out. Nevertheless, it pleased him, especially the worn coat, since it might present the opportunity he sought—she would be difficult to convince, but he meant to try.

How delightful it was to find her beside him after those three days of self-enforced abstinence. Not only had she been glad to see him, her mood was lighter than before, she seemed full of expectation for their expedition.

"This is much nicer than the bus. It was good of you to ask me. And convenient, too. It so happens I have an errand in Edinburgh."

"Then we'll do it whenever we arrive," he said heartily. "Just tell me where you want to go."

"Number 10a George Street," she told him. "The offices of the Central African Missionary Society."

He glanced at her quickly. Their eyes met for only an

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 34

instant before he returned his gaze to the road ahead, yet she had caught the blankness of his expression, and with a smile she said:

"Did you not know . . . Uncle Willie is out there for the Society? It's my fault for not showing you the photographs, but I thought you surely understood. He's been working for years in the foreign missionary field. And doing wonderfully well under the most difficult conditions — you've no idea of what he's been through."

In spite of himself and his lack of sympathy for Willie's spiritual objectives, he was impressed by her glowing and ingenuous tone. A sentimental recollection of the bright-eyed little boy in Ardfillan thirty years ago came over him.

"Well, well! Come to think of it — it's just the thing I would have expected of Willie. I honor him for it."

"I knew you would," she said in a low voice.

"I must admit I was puzzled at your asking me to take you to the . . . the Society. But I suppose they keep you in touch with Willie's movements."

"Indeed they do. And besides . . . the least I can do is to send him regular parcels. I arrange it through the Society. They know what he needs and are able to buy the right things at reasonable prices."

"You go in and leave the money?"

"Why not?" she answered lightheartedly. "It's little enough. Uncle Willie's worth more than that; besides, he's the only relative I've got."

He saw then the reason for her cheap clothes, poor lodging, and indifferent food; saw the purpose of her sparing way of life. This devotion touched him, yet his main sensation was one of indignation that she should be denied the things that were her due, and he had a sudden impulse to speak of the resources at his command, of all that he could and would do for her. But his instinct warned him; no, no, he thought, not yet — above all, he must avoid too sudden, too startling an advance.

She stepped briskly from the car. "I won't be more than a few minutes."

She was as good as her word. There was just time to smoke a cigarette — he had been careful to bring a plentiful supply of his special brand from Switzerland — before she reappeared. The dashboard clock, which was actually going, showed only half past three. But, glancing at it, she apologised rather breathlessly.

"Och, I have kept you waiting."

"Not a bit of it. Was everything all right?"

"Oh, fine, thank you."

"Now then, Kathy," he said, decisively engaging gear, "you've done your good deed for the day and you're in my hands for the rest of the afternoon. Let's forget Central Africa for a bit and think a little about ourselves. First of all we'll park the car, then we'll go shopping together."

He found a garage nearby, and presently, taking her arm, he guided her back to Princes Street. The sun was shining as they walked along. In the gardens opposite, roses were still blooming and a cool breeze fluttered the leaves of the trees.

"Isn't Princes Street nice?" she remarked. "They say it's the bonniest street in Europe."

"It is a bonnie street, Kathy," he answered gaily, "and full of bonnie shops—all with lovely things in them."

"Ay," she nodded soberly, "and all dreadful expensive."

He burst out laughing. A wonderful mood was descending upon him. The scene, the sun, the brisk invigorating air—all exhilarated him.

"Kathy, Kathy," he exclaimed, pressing her elbow. "You'll be the death of me. When you know me better, you'll realise that the one thing I really enjoy is spending money."

She had to smile in sympathy, though a little doubtfully.

"Well," she said practically, "so long as you don't waste it."

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."***
(Authorised Version)

● ***"Finally then, find your strength in the Lord, in His mighty power."***
(New English Bible)

—Ephesians 6.10.

"My dear, you're the very one who ought to know that what's spent on others is never wasted."

"Oh, you're so right," she agreed, her expression clearing. "That was the most splendid and generous thing you did . . . giving the bell to Mr. Fotheringay."

"Yes, the old boy's got the bell. But we mustn't forget poor Mrs. F., who got nothing—and I think she's had plenty of that all her life. So we must find something pretty for her. But first of all," he had stopped opposite Ferguson's, the confectioner's, "I want to send some Edinburgh rock to two little friends of mine in Switzerland."

He went in with her and ordered a large box of the famous sweet to be mailed to the children of the piermaster in Schwansee. Next he sought her advice and purchased a fine capacious black lizard-skin handbag for the minister's wife.

"It's a beauty." Kathy stroked the shining leather admiringly. "And I know it's the very thing she's wanting."

"Then you'll have the pleasure of giving it to her."

Emerging, he conveyed her farther along the street toward an establishment which, as he drove in, he had observed to be of special merit.

"Now," he announced in great good humor and with a rather mischievous air, "I'm going in here to do some real shopping."

He took a step forward, but as he prepared to lead the way in she stopped him hurriedly.

"Don't you see . . . this isn't a man's shop."

"No," he replied, looking down at her seriously. "It isn't. But I'm going in . . . to buy you a new coat . . . and a few other things which I'm sure you need. Now, not a word. I am an old family friend, you must learn to accept me as . . . well, someone like Uncle Willie. Or, better still, as an older brother. And as such I simply can't have you sending all your money to Angola and doing without absolute necessities—a pretty girl like you."

A warm color had risen to her brow. She tried to speak but could not. Her eyes fell.

"I never bother what I have on . . . not much, anyway." Then, to his relief, she looked at him again and, unable to resist, after a faint tremor of her lips, she smiled. "I mustn't pretend. I suppose I like to be as nice as the rest."

"And you shall be, only nicer."

They went into the shop, which, as he had surmised, was of the first order. Aided by a discreet, mature saleswoman who rustled toward them, and ignoring all Kathy's whispered protests, he selected a coat of fine Shetland material, warm yet light, new gloves and shoes, a hand-blocked silk scarf, and finally a restrained yet tasteful dark green suit. He wished to do more, infinitely more: nothing would have given him greater joy than to have swathed her in those rich furs past which, with a speculative glance, the saleswoman had tentatively led him. But he dared not . . . not yet.

While Kathy retired to the fitting-room upstairs, he took an armchair in the elegant red-carpeted salon, stretched out his legs, and lit a cigarette, perfectly at home. Presently she came down and, with lowered gaze, stood before him. He could not believe his eyes, so startling was the change. She looked ravishing.

The saleswoman, with an air of achievement, was studying him covertly.

Under that experienced gaze he restrained himself.

"A great success," he said coolly. "It seems to fit."

"Naturally, sir. The young lady is a perfect thirty-four."

He insisted that she wear the suit and the new coat. The other articles, elegantly wrapped, were easily portable, the old discarded coat could be sent to Markinch with her skirt. When the bill was presented, though he was careful not to expose the total, she kept murmuring remorsefully in his ear, but as she left the shop in her new possessions he did not fail to notice the sparkle of pleasure in her eyes. He had done well, he reflected with an inward thrill, and this was only the beginning.

"I think you are the kindest person, Mr. Moray," she said. "I only hope you have not ruined yourself."

He shook his head.

"I told you I had something to repay. But it is you who are repaying me."

She half turned, looking at him steadily.

"That's just about the nicest thing that's ever been said to me."

"Then will you do a nice thing for me? Mr. Moray is so stiff, won't you please call me David?"

"Oh, I will," she said shyly.

Before the silence became awkward he exclaimed lightly:

"Good gracious! Past five o'clock. Time for tea. I've been running the show so far, but now I'm going to let you take over. Which place do you recommend?"

She named a cafe unhesitatingly as being not only the best but moderate in price. It was not far off, and presently they were seated upstairs in a bright, warm room filled with the cheerful sound of voices and overlooking the gardens across the way. He handed her the menu, which was safely anchored in a little metal ball.

"What do you suggest?"

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

"Starving."

"So am I." She gave him a modest, playful smile. "You haven't forgotten what a good Scots high tea is?"

To page 64

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words, short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, bad backs, sciatica, kidney and bladder weakness or constant headaches, start the MENTHOIDS treatment right away. MENTHOIDS, with helpful diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIES MENTHOIDS

MUMMY!! MUMMY!!!

"Please let me have pretty curls like Judy. At school today all of the other children and teacher, too, said how nice her hair looked.

"Judy's hair used to be straight, but since her mother has started using Curlypet on it, her hair's all lovely curly and wavy.

"Her hair smells beaut, too!

"Please, Mummy, get Curlypet for my hair; I want to look like Judy."

4 weeks' treatment, 4/10

Curlypet

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Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 63

"Indeed I haven't. And the best I had were in your old home at Ardfillan."

"Well, there's a dish they have here . . . fried fillet of fish with parsley sauce . . . it doesn't sound much, but it would just melt in your mouth."

He looked at her quizzically.

"Is it expensive?"

She laughed outright, freely and spontaneously, such a happy laugh it evoked responsive smiles from dour Edinburgh citizens at the adjoining tables.

"It'll cost a good half-crown. And after the perfect ransom you've spent today I think I'd better pay."

The excitement of the expedition and the consciousness that she was looking her best had released her from shyness, given her an animation that made her companionship the more delightful, since already he had detected an introspective strain in her nature, even a tendency to sadness, and it was good to be able to lift her to a lighter frame of mind. And how attractive she was in her new smart outfit, so transformed as to draw toward her many admiring glances, which he clearly saw but of which she remained unaware. Yes, he thought, watching her indulgently, she's worth all that I mean to do for her—she'll do me credit.

When they had finished they sat for some time in a communicative silence, then she gave a contented sigh.

"It's a shame this wonderful day has to end. But I must be back to relieve Nurse Ingram at seven o'clock."

"And I was hoping we could stay and go on to a theatre. Wouldn't you have liked that?"

"It will probably amaze you, Mr. Moray . . . I mean, David — I have never been to the theatre in my life. When Mother was alive we went every year to the Orpheus Choir's performance of 'The Messiah.' And I've been to concerts at the Usher Hall."

"But the regular theatre . . . good plays, the opera, and suchlike?"

She shook her head with such a look it touched him to the heart.

"But, Kathy dear, I can't bear to think what you've missed. Didn't you ever want to go?"

"No . . . not really. Besides, I suppose I've been too busy . . . and had other things on my mind."

"What a serious little person you are."

"Don't you think we're living at a pretty serious time?"

"Yes," he had to admit. "I suppose we are."

Her capacity to astound him seemed unlimited. And how withdrawing she could be at times, when that contained expression came into her eyes. Yet how wonderful in this age of debased morality to find such fresh, unspoiled innocence.

"Come then, my dear," he said gently. "I'll take you home."

He drove back slowly through the deepening twilight, past the little towns on the river where lights were already springing up against the encroaching night, and as the car purred softly he meditated on the future. Virgin soil, he repeated to himself, worthy of any effort on his part. Time was on his side, of course, but there was much to be done.

Despite her sweetness and native wit, he was obliged to acknowledge, as a man of the world, that she was a simple and untutored girl, knowing nothing of music, art, or literature. Poor child, she was probably too hard-worked, too tired at night to read. That must be changed; she must be educated, taught several languages, attend a good university — Geneva or Lausanne would be suitable — take a course in, say, social science. All this and mixing with cultured and civilised people would give her poise, smooth out her little gaucheries, bring her to perfection. Her upbringing must in a sense be held responsible — pure and Spartan though it had been, it had undoubtedly been . . . well . . . narrow.

And this obsession with Willie, spiteful though it might be, was a nuisance and must be watered down. But the most pressing need was to remove her from her present work — indeed she had hinted that she was preparing to leave it — and with an idea of encouraging this, he said:

"I've been wondering if you'd take me on your round one day. I'd be most interested. Could it be this week?"

"Of course," she said readily. "Not tomorrow, for I have to see the County Medical Officer at Dalhaven, but the day after, if you like."

"Good. I'll call for you at nine o'clock."

When they reached Markinch he collected her parcels, escorted her to her door, stilled her renewed thanks, said good-night kindly yet briefly. The day he had so carefully planned would speak for itself. A bond had been created between them; he would not risk breaking it by doorstep sentiment.

MORAY turned in early that night with an unusual sense of serenity, conscious that everything had passed off well, had indeed been perfect. And what a refreshing little companion she had proved, how supremely restful! Properly educated, she could be a source of interest to him, a new objective in his life, besides affording him the long-sought satisfaction of an exercise in virtue. He fell asleep as soon as he had settled his head comfortably on the pillow.

Next morning he saw when his early tea was brought that the weather unfortunately had changed. There was a packet of mail forwarded by Arturo from Schwansee; a few business communications from his New York brokers, a couple of bills, several dividends, an illustrated catalogue of a sale of Daumier drawings to be held in Berne, and finally a letter from Madame von Altishofer. He opened it.

Gasthof Lindenhof,
Baden-Baden,
Thursday, the 15th.

"My dear friend,

I hear from my correspondent in Schwansee that you are not yet returned to your villa and I begin to fear that some mischance is responsible for your prolonged absence, especially since I have no single word from you since your unexpected departure. Has your business proved more tiresome than you foretold? Or can it be that you are ill? I trust sincerely that both of these suspicions, which have lately troubled me, are not well founded. But, please, you must take time to send me news of yourself. I am sure you acknowledge that nothing could exceed my deep interest in all concerning you.

The weather has been pleasant here. But I am dull . . . dull . . . in fact I am becoming increasingly aware of being alone. I do not freely make new friends, and, saving an old acquaintance, an invalid lady I met at the spa, I speak rarely to anyone. And how quietly I exist.

It is not a little sad? Yes, sad, because I miss you and your charming 'Kameradschaft.' I also need your advice, since a man from Basle—someone in chemicals—asks to buy the Seeburg. I do not wish to part with that beloved house which I know you also admire, but circumstances are now most difficult. So write me soon and let me know when you will be home. As there is nothing to take me back to Schwansee until you are there, I shall remain in Baden until I hear from you.

Forgive me for revealing my regard for you.

Sincerely,
Frida von Altishofer."

To page 72

FOR BRIGHTER LIVING – AND BRIGHTER GIVING – MAKE IT A SUNBEAM CHRISTMAS

P.S. If she already has a Sunbeam Mixmaster — chances are she's hoping for . . .

NEW SMART "WHISTLING" ELECTRIC KETTLE: Incorporates all the usual advantages of electric kettles but has some special Sunbeam exclusives of the type that make Sunbeam electrical appliances the best for you.

THE COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC TOASTER — The Sunbeam Toastermatic. Toasts any type of bread exactly to your taste. Sunbeam's exclusive 'magic eye' does the watching for you!

IT'S SUNBEAM TIME: Never another worry about time when you have a Sunbeam electric wall or alarm clock. Sunbeam time is certain. Sunbeam time is right around the clock. Not only as accurate as time signal "pips", Sunbeam clocks are as beautiful as modern design can make them, too. There's a model for every room in your house.

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KNITTED OUTFIT FOR A DOLL

● Pixie hat, sweater, and skirt for a doll are a wonderful Christmas present for a little girl. Quick and easy to knit, they can be made during a weekend.

Materials: Villawool Starlite crepe—2 balls main color (m.c.), 1 ball contrast color (c.c.); 1 pr. each Nos. 11 and 13 needles; 8 small buttons; 2 press-studs.
Measurements: To fit 16in. doll with 12in. chest.
Tension: 7½ sts. to 1in.

PATTERN

1st Row: Using m.c., purl.
2nd Row: Using m.c., k 1, (w.fwd., k 2, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, w.fwd., k 1), rep. to end of row.
3rd Row: As 1st row.
4th Row: As 2nd row.
5th Row: Using c.c., purl.
6th Row: As 5th row.
Rep. these 6 rows inclusive.
Note: M-st., moss-stitch.

SWEATER

BACK

Using No. 13 needles and m.c., cast on 48 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Inc. 1 st. at the end of last row (49 sts.). Change to No. 11 needles and work in patt. inclusive until work measures 3in. Keeping continuity of patt., inc. 1 st. each end of next 4 rows.

To Shape Sleeves: Cast on 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. until work measures 5in., ending on the wrong side.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 8 sts. 4 times, 6 sts. twice, 21 sts. once.

FRONT

Work as for back until work measures 4½in., ending on the wrong side.

To Shape Neck: Patt. 25 sts., cast off centre 15 sts., patt. to end of row.

Next Row: Patt. 23 sts., p 2 tog., turn, and cont. on these 24 sts. only.

Cont. in patt. and dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 2 rows. Cont. until work measures 5in., ending at sleeve edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and foll. alt. rows 8 sts. twice, 6 sts. once. Ret. to rem. sts., join in wool at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

Join shoulder seams, leaving 1½in. open on left shoulder.

CUFFS

Using No. 13 needles and m.c. and with right side of work facing, pick up and knit 26 sts. evenly on sleeve edge and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5 rows. Cast off ribwise.

NECKBAND

Using No. 13 needles and m.c. and with right side of work facing, pick up and knit 66 sts. evenly around neck edge. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5 rows. Cast off ribwise.

SKIRT

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles and m.c., cast on 72 sts. Knit 4 rows, then 6 rows in st-st.

Next Row: K 5, (k 2 tog., k 10), rep. to last 7 sts., k 2 tog., k 5.

Work 9 rows straight.

Next Row: K 4, (k 2 tog., k 9), rep. to last 7 sts., k 2 tog., k 5.

Work 9 rows straight.

Next Row: K 4, (k 2 tog., k 8), rep. to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., k 4.

Work 9 rows straight.

Next Row: K 3, (k 2 tog., k 7), rep. to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., k 4.

Next Row: P to last 2 sts., k 2.

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times, then work 1 more row.

Change to No. 13 needles and work as follows:

Next Row: (K 1, p 1), rep. to last 2 sts., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, work in k 1, p 1 rib to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows 4 times. Cast off.

BACK

Work as for front to last dec. row (48 sts.), ending on wrong side. Cast on 2 sts. (placket), p to end of row.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 2, p to end of row.

Cont. as for front, having 2 sts. at placket edge at opposite side.

SHOULDER-STRAPS (2)

Using No. 13 needles and m.c., cast on 7 sts. and work in m-st. for ½in.

Next Row: M-st. 2, cast off 3 sts., m-st. 2.

Next Row: M-st. 2, cast on 3 sts., m-st. 2.

Cont. in m-st. until straps measure 9in. (or length required). Make another buttonhole as before. Work ½in. in m-st. Cast off.

PIXIE CAP

Using No. 13 needles and m.c., cast on 56 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Inc. 1 st. at end of last row (57 sts.). Change to No. 11 needles and work in patt. until work measures 4½in. Cast off.

CHINSTRAP

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 8 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 8½in.

Next Row: Rib 3 sts., cast off 2 sts., rib 3 sts.

Next Row: Rib 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib 3 sts.

Rib for further ½in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sweater: Sew up side and underarm seams. Work 2 rows of double crochet around shoulder opening and make 3 chain loops for buttonholes at front edge. Sew 3 small buttons to back edge to correspond with loops.

Skirt: Press work on wrong side. Sew up side seams, leaving placket open. Sew 2 press-studs to placket. Sew small buttons inside waistband and button straps into place, crossing the straps at the back.

Cap: Sew up back seam. Attach chinstrap to lower edge of cap so that 2in. of the end with the buttonhole is free. Sew on button.

FLARED SKIRT is knitted in stocking-stitch and is held up with cross-over straps which can be worn over the sweater or under as in the picture. Sweater and hood have single rib trimming. Skirt is trimmed with four rows of garter-stitch.

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LET'S MAKE THIS AN ALL AUSTRALIAN CHRISTMAS

so we can all enjoy a prosperous New Year!

The glitter of tinsel ribbon, the gay and colourful stocking, the wonderful look in the eyes of a child . . . the joy in the *meaning* of Christmas. Let's make this Christmas the best there has been—let's make it an all-Australian Christmas by choosing gifts that are Australian-made. Never before has there been such a wealth of good things carrying the Australian-made label, nor such value for your money. Money spent on Australian goods helps to maintain our Australian way of life, too. It creates jobs for other Australians. It ensures a safe, secure future for our children. It works its way back to us in those precious little wage packets! This Christmas, think twice before you choose. Look for quality and value in goods that bear the Australian-made label before you buy. Then we all have an opportunity to enjoy a prosperous New Year! *Buy Australian—and your money comes back to you!*

AUSTRALIAN MADE

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SWIMMING-POOLS

SANDSTONE ROCK makes the perfect background for this swimming-pool at Bellevue Hill, Sydney. The stone was cut away in curves to make room for the pool, which has underwater lighting for night swimming.

● Swimming-pools are no longer for millionaires only, although they still can be costly if you want one big enough and deep enough for a really good swim. But there are ways of arranging finance and it is probably not as difficult or as impossible as you think.

BEFORE you decide on your pool ask yourself a few questions and get a clear picture in your mind of the type of pool you can afford and want.

How much can you afford? Large, medium, or small budget? The lists below will tell you what you can get for your money.

How much space have you in your garden?

Do you want it for serious swimming and diving — oblong with an 8ft. 6in. diving bowl — or would a free-style shape not too deep be better?

Will you need a filtration plant? Unless you're fortunate enough to be able to pump up sea water then you're almost certain to. They are, however, included in the price of many pools.

What extras do you consider essentials? Diving boards, ladders, water heaters, underwater lights, vacuum cleaners?

Can your family tackle any of the building? Sometimes you can reduce costs a little by doing jobs such as surrounding tiling. It is not advisable to tackle the whole job of building a big pool. There are many snags and it's certainly not for the amateur.

Before building begins you must have permission from your local council, who are concerned with the structural and health angles and want to be sure your pool won't collapse and flood the neighborhood.

Your water supply authority will want to know how much water you're going to use before giving its permission. It will also want to know other details to ensure your pool won't interfere with your neighbors' water supply. For example, a 30ft. by 15ft. pool with an 8ft. 6in. diving bowl holds 14,000 gallons.

Having your own swimming-pool usually raises the value of your land and the water rates accordingly. A charge is made for all water used in excess of the set allowance and in many localities a nomigal charge is made for the number of gallons discharged into the sewers.

Large Budget: Your problems are small, provided the site is suitable. If you call in one of the reputable swimming-pool construction companies they will build you a pool in reinforced pressure-applied concrete for approximately the following prices:

30ft. by 15ft. by 3ft. to 8ft. 6in. deep — £1300

35ft. by 15ft. by 3ft. to 8ft. 6in. deep — £1475

40ft. by 15ft. by 3ft. to 8ft. 6in. deep — £1655

Free form shapes of comparable size will cost about the same.

These prices are only a guide and would apply to level or near-level areas. Prices are higher if there are rocks, if diversion round sewer or drainage lines is necessary, or if electrical wiring is needed to filter and light. But ask the company to make a site inspection on your land and they will be able to supply you with accurate costs.

If you can't afford to pay cash for a pool it is possible, provided you have enough securities, to buy it on hire purchase. Pool construction companies will advise on this.

If you are building a new house you can arrange to have a pool built at the same time. The additional cost can be included in the original mortgage.

Medium Budget: For about £850 you can have a timber pool with plastic lining, 25ft. by 12ft. by 4ft. 6in. deep. This price includes filter and installation costs, but again can vary if the site is difficult.

There is also what is termed a "skilled-do-it-yourself" concrete pool for about £1000. This price includes filtration, but you supply your own labor. The company who sells the pool will arrange for a supervising foreman to visit the site for 25/- an hour. This price is for Sydney metropolitan area. Prices in other parts of N.S.W. and other States will be higher.

Small Budget: On the last page of this feature are directions for making a children's pool for approximately £25. Children's paddling-pools cost as little as £1/19/6 for a 16in. circular blow-up plastic and £10/12/6 for a 6ft. by 4ft. by 1ft. canvas pool.

There are also portable pools with aluminium or galvanised walls and plastic linings that can be set up in the garden and are big enough for adults to splash round in. They can be bought in various sizes from 8ft. in diameter and 20in. deep, costing about £24, to 23ft. in diameter and 48in. deep, costing about £250.

Continued overleaf

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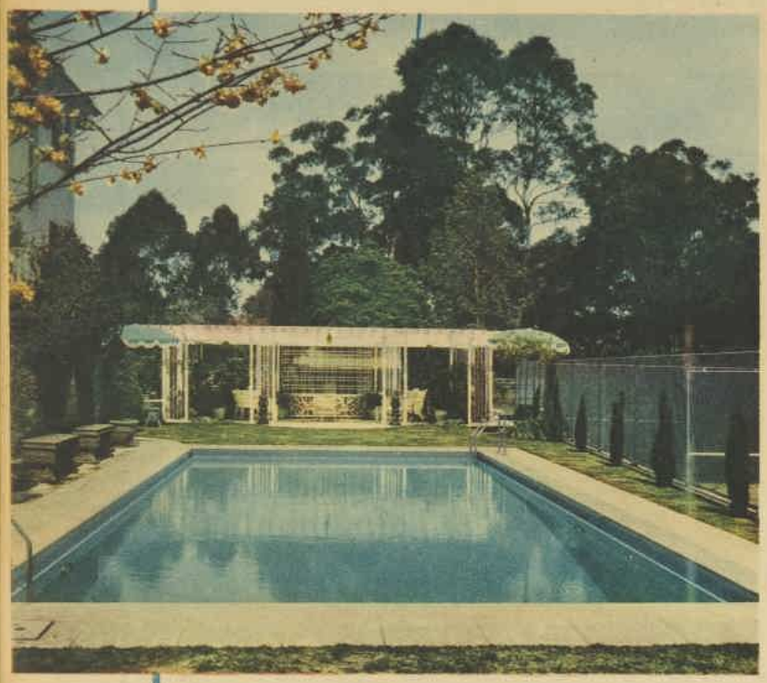

ORIENTAL SETTING for Mr. and Mrs. William Adams' pool in their attractive and spacious garden at Wahroonga, N.S.W. The summer house is in simple Japanese style with unusual bronze lamps from a Chinese temple flanking the central area. The roof is fibreglass and during the height of summer this is covered with a blue tarpaulin. The sprayed concrete pool measures 40ft. by 18ft. and is 8ft. 6in. deep at one end. There are two sets of steps and the pool is equipped with underwater lights for night swimming.

PALM TREE gives tropical atmosphere to this pool in the Kensington Gardens, Adelaide, home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Lee. It has a spacious tiled surround and is situated in a pleasant garden. The pool is 50ft. long, 20ft. wide, and the depth is from 3ft. 6in. to 8ft. On the left are a bar and changing-rooms so guests can be entertained easily and simply round the pool. In South Australia, as in other States, more and more people are building their own swimming-pools—mostly in rectangular shape—which are, in many instances, the best for serious swimming.

JAPANESE sacred golden oaks surround Mr. and Mrs. David Klippel's swimming-pool at Wahroonga, N.S.W. Measuring 40ft. by 18ft. and 8ft. 6in. at the deep end, it has a ceramic-tiled surround and smooth lawn beyond. Because of the slope of the ground it was possible to build the filtration plant in a room underneath the lawn. There are two sets of steps and the realistic-looking swans are actually inflatable plastic. The pretty garden furniture includes a wrought-iron barrow for a drinks trolley.

GRAND PIANO SHAPE was chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Alex Kay for the pool in their garden at Brighton, Vic. The shape of the pool was ideal for the small space available and the existing lawn was replaced with a paved surround. Another lawn has been put on the roof of the garage, which is reached by a ship's ladder. Although the pool now takes up the whole garden, the area is still attractive. The tea-tree fence is both pretty to look at and provides privacy. Passionfruit vines and pruned-back flowering shrubs have been carefully trained along the fence.

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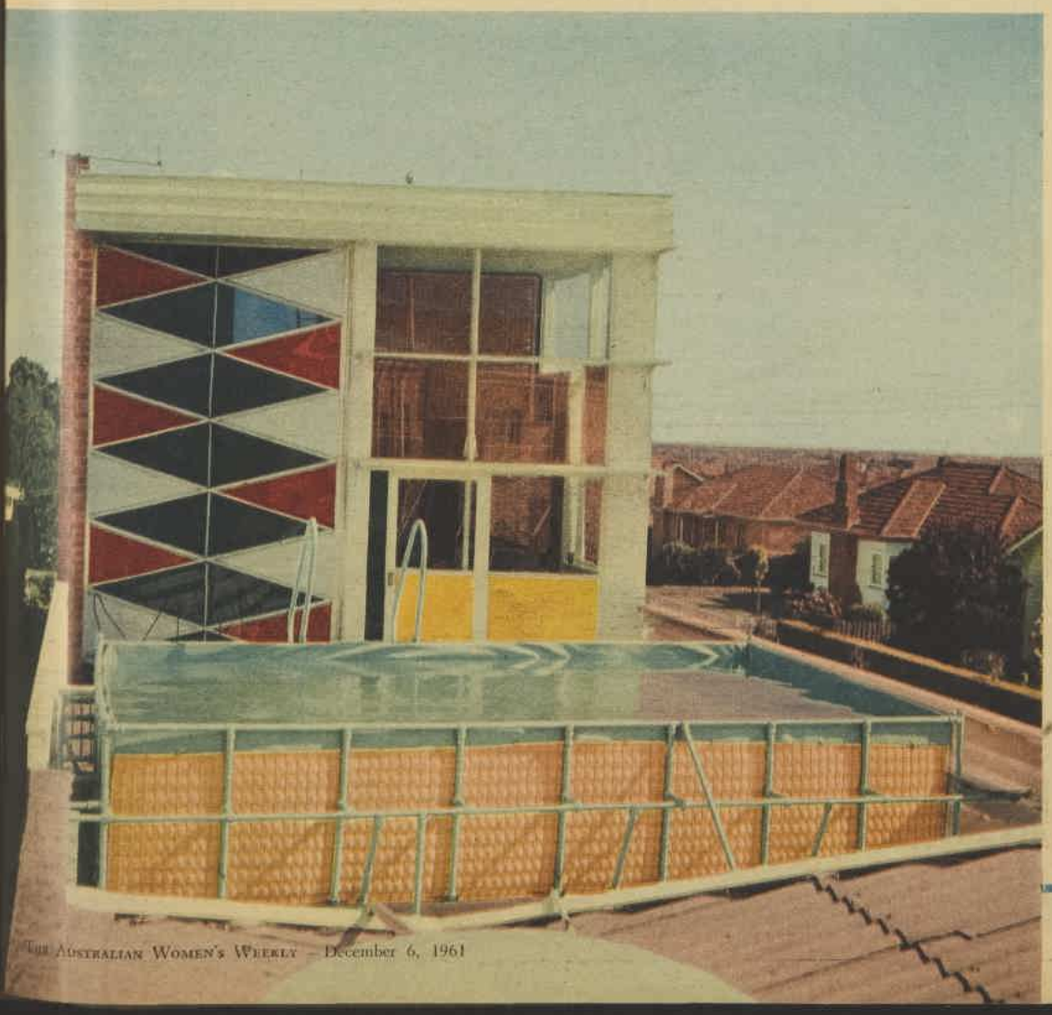
CEMENT POOL at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bowes at Abbotsford, N.S.W., is a freestyle shape about 60ft. long by 25ft. wide. It was built for their son Warwick, who is a keen swimmer. It is well equipped with slippery-dip, diving-board, steps, and trampoline. The pool holds 75000gallons of water, which is pumped up from the Parramatta River 25ft. below. There is a spacious paved cement surround to accommodate beach furniture and out of the picture is a well-equipped poolhouse complete with a cocktail bar and lounge-chairs.



ROOFTOP POOL which is portable was the answer to the space problem facing Mr. and Mrs. J. Jeffrey, of Essendon, Vic., when they wanted a swimming-pool at their home built on a normal-sized shop site. Pool is 1-16th in. plastic on an iron-tubing frame strengthened with wire mesh. It can be dismantled by two men in about three hours. Water is chemically treated to keep it pure and avoid frequent refilling. Pool measures 9ft. by 16ft. and is 3ft. deep. It holds 13 tons of water and the roof had to be reinforced to support it. Pool is laid on sand and is drained through an outlet pipe into the street guttering.

Continued overleaf

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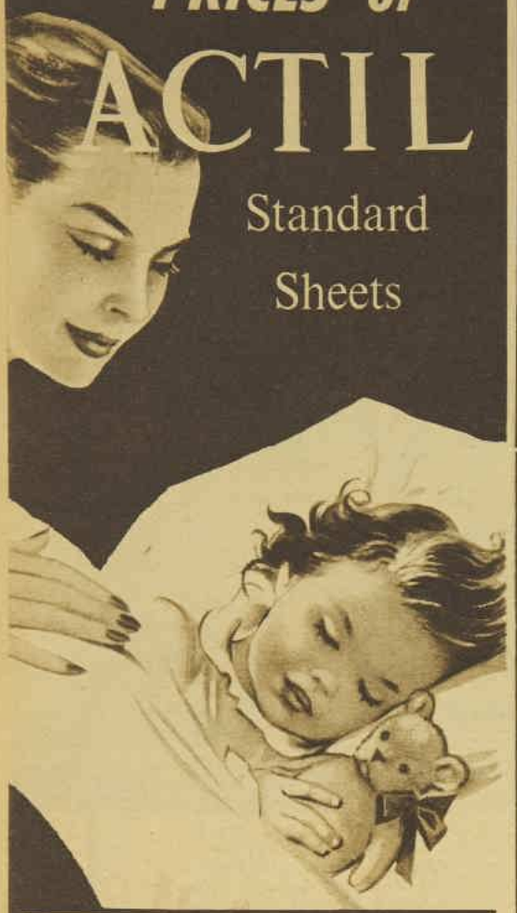
New REDUCED PRICES of ACTIL

Standard Sheets



STANDARD SHEETS – LINEN FINISH

Size	Price Per Pair	Size	Price Per Pair
54 x 99	57/-	80 x 99	79/11
63 x 99	66/-	90 x 99	89/11
72 x 99	74/-	Pillow Cases	6/11 each

(Plus freight in certain country districts)

★ Same high Guaranteed Quality.
★ Full 99 inches long after hemming.
★ Strongly woven—free from dressing.

GUARANTEE: *Should these Actil Products prove unsatisfactory in wear, they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.*

BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

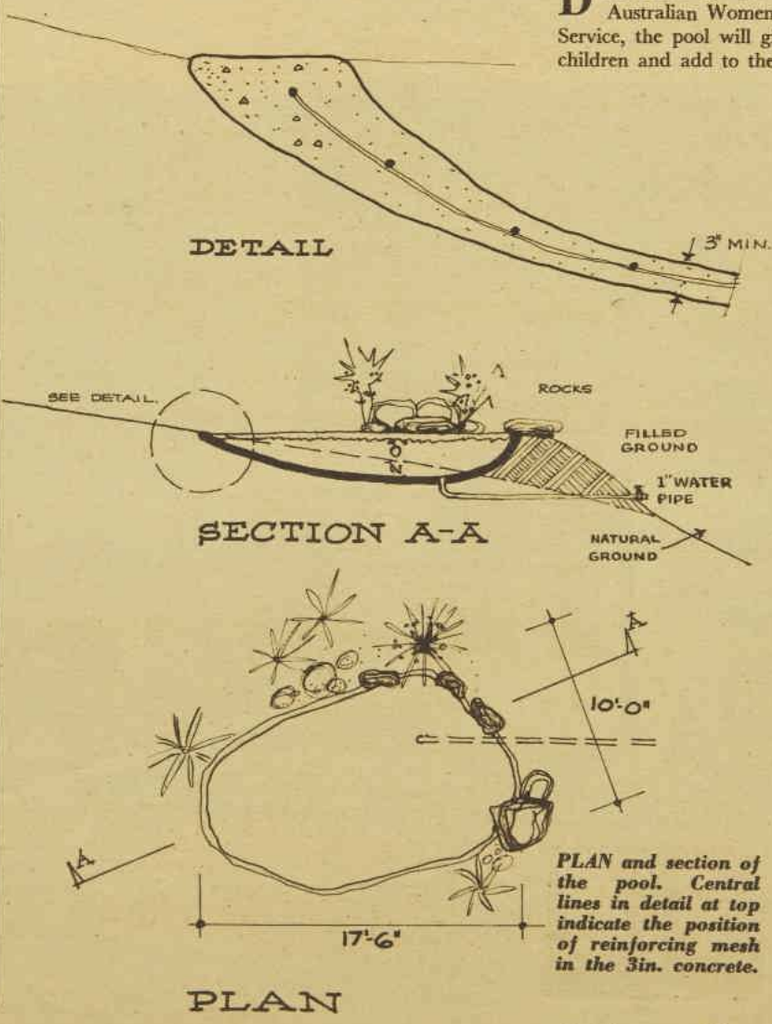
Australian Cotton Textile Industries Limited
SHEETS • PILLOWCASES • TERRY NURSERY SQUARES
Fasco, The All Purpose Fabric • Beau-Weave Furnishing Fabric

***PADDLING-POOL** for children which also makes an attractive feature for the garden. It measures about 10ft. by 17ft. 6in., but can be made to any size. Ideally, it should be built on gradually sloping land to allow for a 1in. waterpipe and tap for easy emptying.*

Build-it-yourself for £25

This children's paddling-pool is simply constructed with concrete and reinforcing mesh. To prevent plant growth the concrete is finished with a sealer.

DESIGNED by the architect who directs The Australian Women's Weekly's Home Planning Service, the pool will give great pleasure to young children and add to the attractiveness of a garden.



PLAN and section of the pool. Central lines in detail at top indicate the position of reinforcing mesh in the 3in. concrete.

The amount of materials required depends on the size of the pool you choose. The one photographed on this page has 1 and 2-3rd cubic yards of concrete (composed of four parts blue-metal screenings, two parts sand, one part cement), 120 square feet of reinforcing mesh, and a length of 1in. waterpipe and tap.

When you have decided on the exact size of your pool, take the measurements to your local building supplier or hardware store for advice about exact quantities of materials.

Dig a hole to the shape and depth you want. The one illustrated on this page was 10ft. wide and 17ft. 6in. long at longest and widest points, 2ft. deep at deepest point.

If possible build the pool on sloping land (see diagram left) and dig a trench for waterpipe, positioning it as in Section A-A (left). Fill in trench. When filling pool shape with concrete, be sure to leave top of waterpipe free.

Before laying light fabric reinforcement over newly dug hole, place small pieces of brick or concrete over the area so that the reinforcement will be raised about 1½in.

Make concrete mix and pour over the light reinforcement, making sure the reinforcement stays in the centre of the concrete, which should be about 3in. thick.

Work concrete well up to avoid any holes or cracks. This is done by rubbing concrete with a wood float until the water comes to the surface. Stop rubbing and leave concrete for three hours. Rub again with wood float to produce a slightly textured finish.

Later, when the concrete has set well, the pool can be coated with one of the new paints which act as a seal and prevent slimy growth.

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Tie your greetings to ETA Christmas Packs!

See the variety of wonderful gifts from ETA! There's a delightful present for everyone you know. Just tie your Christmas Greetings to an ETA Christmas pack—it's the happiest, friendliest way of saying "Merry Christmas!"

A **ETA Hi-Ball Glasses.** Heavy-based, high-quality etched glasses filled to the sparkling brim with crunchy ETA nuts. Choose from ten wonderful varieties.

B **ETA Non-alcoholic Milk Flavour Bar.** A complete home milk bar, with the full range of milk shake flavours. Whip up drinks in the unbreakable shaker.

C **ETA Marzipan Fruits.** One of the most popular gifts in Eta's range. Fruit sweets are attractively moulded and coloured, set in a glamorous presentation box.

D **ETA Tallboy.** Set of three handsome glasses decorated with gold and antique coins. Filled with Salted Peanuts, Salted Cashews and Salted Mixed Nuts.

E **ETA Glacé Fruits.** Crystallised fruit includes pineapple, cherries, apricots, figs and pears. There's a dainty plastic fork to lift them from the handsome box with its many after-uses.

F **1½-lb. Jars.** The complete range of ETA nuts in screw-top jars. The jars make bright kitchen canisters.

G **ETA Plastic Barbecue Tray.** Six Glasses filled with choice ETA nuts. When the nuts are finished, the tumblers and tray can be used for drinks.

H **Composite ETA Carton.** Three gay packs of crisp, crunchy ETA nuts—Salted Cashews, Salted Mixed Nuts, Whole Blanched Salted Peanuts.

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She's a color-glo girl!

She's chic . . . she's charming . . . she chooses COLOR-GLO, the shampoo-simple hair colouring that lasts for weeks. True brunettes adore Black Cherry and Deep Auburn — but whatever the hair there's a COLOR-GLO shade to sparkle it with lively loveliness, make it magnificently manageable. And never a hint of telltale rub-off on pillow or brush.

L'OREAL OF PARIS color-glo

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Regd. Trade Mark

For advice on colour selection, send a 2" snippet of hair to Marigny L'Oreal Advisory Bureau, 177 Collins St., Melbourne.

I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF

Because I Take

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Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 64

He put down the letter slowly. A nice letter, he told himself, despite its rather stilted style—the letter of a well-born and distinguished woman who was utterly devoted to him. Normally he would have been touched by it, but now, perhaps because of his mood, the aftermath of yesterday, it found him unresponsive.

He was glad, naturally, to hear from her, flattered that she should miss him, yet at the moment he could not generate his usual interest in her activities. And was she not slightly exaggerating her solitude? She was a woman who invited and enjoyed society. In any case, he was not in the mood to answer today. He would advise her about the Seeburg, but later—at present he had other things upon his mind.

It was almost noon when he got up and began idly to dress.

After lunch the rain continued. He hung about the hotel, trying to occupy himself with some ancient magazines.

The next day came and it was still raining and the sky remained heavily overcast. Nevertheless, he was in a mood of cheerful expectation as he backed the car out of the hotel garage and drove between the sodden hedgerows toward Markinch.

She had already finished the forenoon clinic when he arrived. She locked the dispensary door and, carrying her black bag, got in beside him.

"Good-morning." He greeted her, feeling how good it was to see her again. "Or rather, what a morning! I'm glad to be driving you today. Not having you cycle around in the rain. Where do we go?"

"Toward Finden. I can't promise you beautiful country. It's all poor clay land. And Finden is a poor village, built round a brickworks that's just been restarted after a long shut-down."

As they proceeded, she remained unnaturally silent, and he began to fancy a certain reserve in her manner. Not exactly a coldness. But she had lost that uplifted and responsive spirit that marked their day in Edinburgh, when he had felt the beginnings of a sympathetic understanding between them. After glancing toward her several times, he said:

"You look tired." And indeed she had not her usual air of well-being. "You've been working too hard."

"I enjoy hard work." She spoke in that same odd, rather constrained tone. "And I've quite a number of serious cases on hand.

"That proves you've been doing too much. You're quite pale." He paused. "Surely it's time you took the remainder of your vacation?"

She did not answer. And why did she not look at him? He waited a few moments then said:

"What is wrong, Kathy? Have I offended you in any way?"

She blushed deeply, vividly, all over her fresh young face.

"No, no," she said hastily. "Please don't think that . . . nothing could be further from the truth. It's just that . . . probably I am a little out of sorts."

It was true enough, though very far from the full explanation. Yet how could she tell him of the mood which had followed their day in Edinburgh, or of the intensity of her reaction to it? On awakening yesterday morning she had experienced, in warm and sleepy recollection, an afterglow of happiness, but this had been succeeded, almost immediately, by a sharp pang of troubled conscience.

THE gay and spendthrift adventure of the day before, far exceeding all her previous experience, now took on the colors of an act of self-indulgence, almost of wrong-doing. With what silly vanity she had preened herself in her new clothes. They were beautiful, of course, but they were not for the likes of her.

It was not Mr. Moray, or rather — true to her promise she corrected herself — David, who was to blame. No one could have been kinder and more generous; he had meant well, acted from the most disinterested motives. He was so nice, too, so interesting and companionable, and had such a tactful and pleasing way with him that it would have seemed most ungracious to refuse his gifts. Yet an inner sense told her that she should have done so. Yes, the fault had been entirely hers, and she must see that it was not repeated.

However, as they drew near the first cottage she was due to visit, she willed herself to throw off her constraint. Turning to him, she asked if he would like to come inside with her.

"That's why I'm here," he exclaimed. "I want to see everything."

The cottage was tenanted by a farm worker whose leg had been caught in a threshing machine at the last harvest. He lay in the usual alcove bed in the dark little kitchen where also were his wife, a defeated-looking woman in a torn wrapper, and three half-dressed, unwashed young children, one of whom was crawling on the floor.

The room was in a state of great disorder, used pots piled in the sink, greasy dishes on the table, which was covered by an old soiled newspaper. Into this mess and muddle, which left him appalled, Kathy walked with an air of unconcern, said good-morning to the woman and the children, calling each by name, then turned to the bed.

"Well, John, man . . . how are you today?"

"Oh, not so bad, nurse." His face had cleared at the sight of her. "It's just that, like the wife there, I never seem to get out the bit."

"Tuts, man, don't give up. You'll be getting about in a week or so. Now let's have a look at you." As she opened her bag, she added casually: "This gentleman is a friend who has come along to say hello to you."

It was a severe and extensive injury. Moray watched as, having noted pulse and temperature, she cleansed the wound, renewed the dressing and rebandaged the leg, meanwhile maintaining a flow of encouraging remarks. Finally, straightening, she said: "John here doesn't know how lucky he's been. Another inch and the thresher would have been through the big blood vessel of the leg." In an undertone to Moray, modestly displaying her knowledge," she added: "It's called the femoral artery."

He restrained a smile, accepted the information with an appreciative glance, meanwhile continuing to observe her as she closed her bag and moved from the bed exclaiming: "That's enough for you, John. Now let's give your lass a hand." She turned to his wife. "Come away now, Jeannie Lang, and get a move on."

It was amazing — in fifteen minutes she had washed and dressed the children, swept and straightened up the room, dried the dishes as they were handed dripping from the sink. Then, almost in the same breath, she had rolled down her sleeves and was on her way out.

Moray made no comment until they were back in the car and he had started the motor, then he said: "That was well done, Kathy."

"Oh, I'm used to it," she said lightly. "It's just a matter of method."

"No, it was much more than that . . . you seemed to put new heart in them."

All that day he watched her at work; tending nursing mothers and fractious children; a schoolgirl with a painfully scalded arm, the dressing so adherent it must be removed with time-consuming care; the wife of a brickworker propped up in bed, struggling with chronic asthma; then the old people, some bedridden, full of their tedious complaints, one old man, helpless and incontinent, who must be washed, the sheets changed, his bedsores cleaned with spirit.

He might, at times, have obtruded with a remark arising from his own knowledge, for this renewed contact with sickness and disease, although so long deferred, induced a strange evocation of the days when he had walked the wards of Winton Infirmary. Yet he refrained, mainly because, in an effort to interest him, she had continued to make simple little medical comments on the condition of her patients. He did not wish to wound her.

In the late afternoon, on one of her last visits, when she had been to a case in a row of cottages, a woman called her in from a neighboring doorway. Angus, her youngest, had "a bit of a rash"; she thought that nurse ought to have a look at him.

Kathy talked with the boy for a minute, then, having gained his confidence, turned back the shawl and undid his shirt. At the sight of the rash Moray could see her face change. After sending the mother into the scullery on a pretext, she turned to him.

"Poor boy," she whispered. "It's the smallpox. They've had two cases down in Berwick and I'm afraid this is another. I'll have to notify the authorities at once."

He hesitated, then, for her own sake, felt obliged to intervene. In a tone which lightly parodied the professional manner, he said: "Take another look, nurse."

She stared at him, disconcerted at his use of that word, above all to find him smiling at her.

"What do you mean?"

"Only that you needn't worry, Kathy." He bent forward, pointing to illustrate his remarks. "Just look at the distribution of these vesicles. They're centripetal, none at all on the hands, feet, or face. Also they're not multilocular and show no signs of umbilication. Finally, these papules are at different stages of development . . . unlike smallpox, where the lesions appear simultaneously. Taken with the mildness of the prodromal symptoms, there isn't the slightest doubt about the diagnosis. Chicken pox. Tell his mother to give him a dose of castor oil, some baking soda for the itching, and he'll be over it in a week."

Her expression of surprise

To page 75

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Continuing . . .

THE JUDAS TREE

from page 72

had gradually deepened until now she seemed almost petrified.

"Are you sure?"

"I am absolutely and positively certain." He read the unspoken question in her eyes. "Yes, I'm a doctor, Kathy." He spoke with a kind of mild frankness, half in apology. "Does that shock you?"

"It fair takes my breath away. Why did you not tell me?"

"Well, you see . . . I've never been in practice."

"Never practised! It's beyond belief. Why in all the world not?"

"It's a long story, Kathy. And one I've wanted to tell you ever since we met. Will you hear it . . . when you've finished your round?"

After a brief but intensive silence, during which she still gazed at him wide-eyed, she nodded uncertainly; then, as Angus' mother returned, she reassured her, gave her Moray's instructions, and they went out. In another half-hour she had finished for the day and, without further ado, he pressed hard on the accelerator and drove fast to the hotel.

As the deserted lounge was cold and draughty, he took her up directly to his sitting-room, where a bright driftwood fire blazed, pressed the bell and ordered hot consomme and buttered toast to be brought immediately. Her look of fatigue which had worried him that morning had suddenly intensified — and no wonder, he thought bitterly, after these long hours of chill and sodden slavery. He did not say a word until she was refreshed and warmed, then he drew his chair up to hers.

"I've as many things to tell you I scarcely know how to begin, and the last thing I want to do is to bore you."

"Oh, you won't. I must hear why you never practised."

He shrugged slightly.

"A poor student just through college . . . with an honors degree. A sudden exceptional offer to work in the laboratory of a large commercial enterprise. It's as simple as that, my dear."

She studied him earnestly for a full minute.

"But what a waste . . . what a dreadful waste!"

"I was doing scientific work," he reasoned mildly, translating his adventures with the pills and perfumes into more acceptable terms.

"Oh, I daresay," she said, with vigor. "That's very well for some. But a man like you, with such personality—" she colored, but went on bravely —"yes, such gifts, to throw away the chance of helping people, the sick and the suffering, the real purpose of the doctor — it seems a crying shame." A thought arrested her. "Have you never thought to take it up again?"

"At this late hour!" Hurriedly, to correct any false impression the unfortunate phrase might have given her, he added with pardonable subtraction: "I'm not far off the middle forties."

"What of it! You're fit, healthy, in the prime of life . . . yes, a young-looking man. Why don't you go back to your real work? Remember the parable of the buried talents."

"I should have to brush some of the dust off mine." At her gratifying reference to his youthful appearance he had smiled so engagingly she was forced to smile in sympathy.

"At least you put me right on my smallpox scare. And me trying to tell you about the femoral artery. What cheek!"

There was a brief silence. How sweet she was with the firelight playing upon her earnest young face against the darkness stealing into the room. A wave of protective tenderness, almost, but not quite, paternal, swept over him. He half rose.

"Let me get you another cup of that soup."

"No, no, it was really good, made me much better, but I want . . . I would like to . . . go on with our talk."

"You feel strongly on that subject?" His brows were raised humorously.

"I do, oh, I do. It's my idea of what life should be—helping people. It's what we're here for, to do our best for one another. And the greatest of all is charity — that's what I was brought up to believe."

The spiritual content of her words was mildly discouraging but he accepted them kindly. Then, with firmness, he said:

"Kathy, you're a wonderful nurse — haven't I seen you in action? I admire and respect you for the work you're doing, though frankly I don't think you strong enough for it, but we'll let that pass. What I do feel, however, is that you could exercise your talents on a different, let's say a higher, level, with much broader and more rewarding results. Now, now, wait a minute."

Gently, he stilled her interruption and resumed. "Ever since we met there's something which I've hidden from you, deliberately, because I wanted you to take to me, to like me

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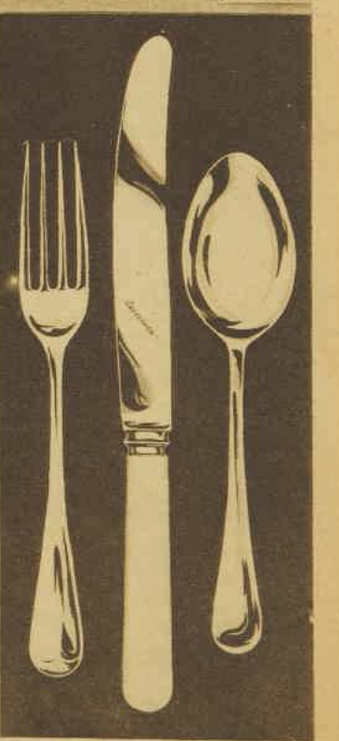

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GARDENING

white flower), Glitter (new yellow), to the dainty dwarf types sold under the name of Dwarf Cupid.

All these take from ten to 12 weeks to reach the flowering stage.

New varieties of African marigolds not yet introduced into Australia are in tones of cream and green. These are regarded by plant-breeders as an important advance toward their aim of a pure white marigold.

The American plant firm of W. Atlee Burpee is encouraging a world-wide garden treasure-hunt for a pure white marigold by offering a prize of 10,000 dollars. This is to be paid to the first person sending in seed-producing flowers which are, in the opinion of leading horticulturists, white marigolds, measuring at least 2¼ inches in diameter.

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on my own merits, if I have any." He smiled. "And I hope you do like me?"

"I do, very much," she answered, with impetuous sincerity. "I've never met anyone who's made such . . . such an impression on me."

"Thank you, Kathy dear. So now I'm free to tell you, with all the humility in the world, that I am rather well off. I'm sorry I can't put it less crudely, for, in fact, I'm lamentably and outrageously rich — for which I was never more grateful than at this moment, because of what it'll enable me to do for you. No, please," he raised his hand again, "you must let me finish." Then after a pause, in a graver manner, he went on.

"I'm a lonely man, Kathy. My marriage was unhappy . . . well, let's face it, a tragedy. My poor wife was for years confined to a mental institution, and she died there. I have no children, no one like you to occupy me. All my life I've worked hard. Now, at an early age, I've retired, with ample leisure and more material possessions than I need, or deserve."

He paused again. "I've already told you that I owe a great debt to your family — don't ask me what it is, or you'll remind me of my graceless and ungrateful youth — all I need say is that I must repay that debt, and I want to do so by interesting myself in you, by taking you out of this drab environment, giving you a fitting background, and all the things that you deserve. A full, rich, and rewarding life, and not of course an idle one, for as you have humanitarian ideals you may fulfil them with

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

from page 75

my co-operation, and with the resources I can put at your disposal."

While he was speaking she had been looking at him with growing agitation, but now that he had finished she lowered her eyes and for an appreciable moment remained silent. At last she said: "You are very kind. But it is impossible."

"Why?" he asked, persuasively.

Again there was a silence.

"You have probably forgotten . . . but that first day I told you I was giving up the district work for something better. At the end of next month I'm going out to Angola . . . to work with Uncle Willie at the Mission."

"Oh, no," he exclaimed in a loud, startled voice.

"But I am." Smiling faintly, she looked up and met his eyes. "Uncle Willie is coming home to fetch me on the seventh of next month. We'll fly back together on the twenty-eighth."

Almost stupidly he asked, "And how long do you mean to stay there?"

"For good," she answered simply. "I gave my notice yesterday.

A prolonged stillness descended on the room. She was leaving — he calculated quickly — in five weeks' time. The news devastated him — his hopes blasted, plans fatally ruined — no, he could not, would not accept it. The projects, so well considered, which he entertained had reached possessive force, not only for her sake but for his own. She was to be his mission in life. Nothing so inane as this wild desire for self-immolation in the wilds of a tropical jungle must interfere.

But his wits were coming back to him; he saw the danger of opposing her outright and risking an immediate break. He must work for time and opportunity to change her mind. When he spoke his voice was calm, with the right note of regret.

"This is a severe disappointment, Kathy, a blow, in fact. But I can see how intensely— how close this lies to your heart."

She had been prepared for opposition. At this quiet acceptance her eyes brimmed with grateful sympathy.

"You understand so well."

"And I'll help, too." The thought seemed to revive him. "Willie will have a donation for the Mission — and a handsome one — by the next mail."

"How can I thank you," she said.

"But that is only the beginning, my dear. Didn't I tell you how much I want to do for you? And the future will prove it. As you're to disappear so unexpectedly and so soon I think you might reasonably give me a little of your remaining time. Furthermore, I'm worried about your health. So I suggest with all reserve that you take the two weeks' vacation still owing to you and spend it at my home among the mountains. Willie, on his return, will join us there, and even though neither of you can stay long, we'll have the happiest reunion in the world!"

"The mountain air would be good for Uncle Willie," she reflected, "coming back from Kwibu."

"And for you . . . going out there." With an effort he maintained a matter-of-fact tone. "So you'll come?"

"I want to," she said in a low voice, looking small and unprotected in the deep armchair. "But there are difficulties — my work, for instance. Then, as I've given notice, I might not be allowed my vacation — I'd have to see Matron or the M.O.H. about it." She took a deep breath. "I'm on duty at the hospital for the rest of this week. Will you please let me think it over till then?"

At that moment he saw there was nothing he could do but agree.

He drove her back to Markinch for the evening clinic. When they arrived, afraid of saying something injudicious, in his present state of mind, he confined himself to a few words of goodbye and a restrained though speaking glance. Then he started back slowly toward the hotel and presently he drew into the side of the road to think things over.

Yes, it was a nasty setback, made worse since it was the last thing he'd expected. Who could have foreseen it? A sweet young girl bent on throwing herself away on a pack of primitive, painted savages who could no more appreciate her than . . . well, than they could the lovely little Bonnard that hung in his study at Schwansee.

The simplest solution, of course, would be to abandon his plans, to give up, spare himself all further trouble, and go home. No, no, that he

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By RUD

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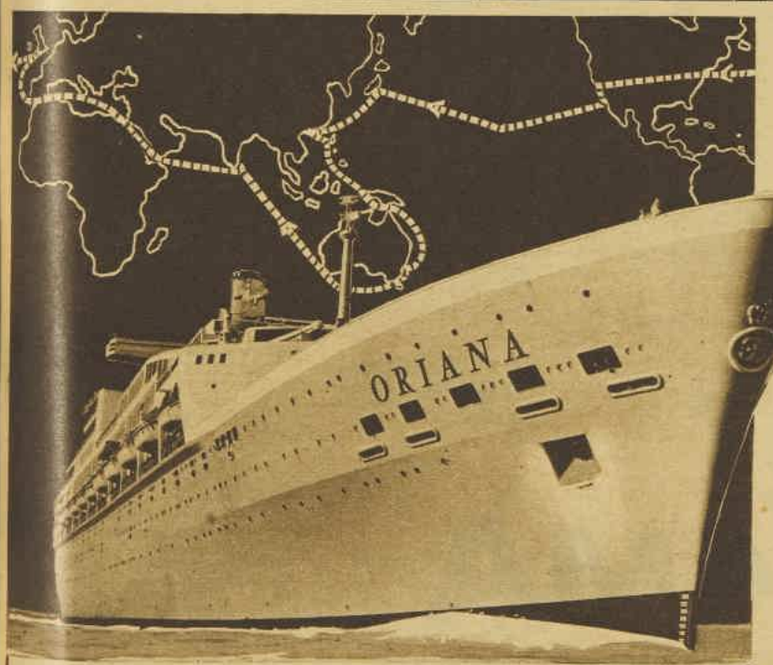

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Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

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could never do — he rejected the thought outright. Apart from his tacit obligation to her and to himself he had in the short time become fond, yes, extremely fond of little Kathy; the mere idea of never seeing her again was too defeatist, too dismal to be entertained.

The more he reflected the more he became convinced that his best chance of winning her from her obsession lay in showing her, even briefly, the fullness and richness of the life he could give her.

His invitiation, then, made on the spur of the moment, had been a brilliant stroke, which now after serious deliberation he could not improve upon. All that remained was to ensure that she accept. Casting around for assistance and support, it was not long before the obvious person came to mind.

At this, he stubbed out his cigarette, pushed hard on the starter button, then swung round and drove back through Markinch to the manse. Within five minutes he was there. As he parked the car and entered the drive he saw Mrs. Fotheringay in the vegetable garden at the side of the house. He went straight toward her.

"If you don't mind," he hesitated, "might I speak to you?"

She studied his expression frankly, then without a word led the way to a summerhouse that stood at the foot of the garden. Seating herself on the wooden bench, she indicated a place beside her; then, after a further scrutiny, she said:

"So Kathy has finally told you? And ye don't approve?"

"Who would?" he said in a suppressed voice. "The very idea, a young girl burying herself for life in that wilderness. I'm . . . I'm inexpressibly distressed."

"Ay, I thought you might be upset," she said.

"It would be bad enough at any time. But now especially, when trouble seems to be stirring in Africa. Why is she going? What's the reason of it all? Is it this uncle of hers that's responsible?"

"Ay, in a way, I suppose she's going for Willie's sake. But for her own, too."

"You mean from religious motives."

"Well, maybe . . . though not entirely."

"But she is religious."

"She's good, in the best sense of the word. Her upbringing — for her mother was unco' strict — has had a deal to do with it. And living way out here in the country has kept her very much to herself. Then, since Willie went out to Angola, where apparently there's baith sickness and starvation, she seems — as was only natural — to have become more and more taken up with this idea of helping him. Help where it's maist needed . . . service . . . that's her word for't."

"But she can be of service without burying herself."

"Havena I told her that, again and again."

"Why doesn't Willie tell her? He must realise that the whole thing is utterly impractical."

"Willie is not practical." She seemed about to say more, but merely added: "He doesna' really live in this world."

"Well, I do," he explained with nervous feeling. "I'm interested in Kathy. You must have seen that. I want to do things . . . for her own good. Give her all that she needs and deserves."

She made no reply, but continued to look at him with questioning eyes in which also there was such open sympathy that he was seized by the sudden emotional necessity to unburden himself, to justify his motives and win her completely to his side by a full admission of the past. The impulse was irresistible. Yielding, he took an agitated breath, then rapidly, at times almost inarticulately, and sparing himself considerably in the narration, he told her all that had brought him to Markinch.

"So you see, I've every reason, every right to make up for the past. Why, if I hadn't taken that unlucky voyage, Kathy"—his voice almost broke—"might well have been my own daughter."

In the pause that followed he kept his eyes lowered. When he raised them her smile was kinder than before.

"I guessed as much from the start. Kathy's mother was a reserved woman, but once she was showing me an old album, and there, on a page, was a spray of pressed flowers. In my usual style I made a bit of a joke about them. She looked away and sighed and said just enough to let me know there was someone she had cared for dearly before her marriage."

"Then you'll help me? I've asked her to come to Switzerland to meet Willie in my home. If I can get them both there, Kathy especially, in a fresh environment, I believe I can make them see reason. And she does need a holiday, poor child. Will you persaude her to come? She's sure to ask your advice."

MRS. FOTHERINGAY did not immediately answer but continued to consider him with a reflective womanly air. Then, as though giving expression to her thoughts:

"We all do heedless things when we're young. It's not ye made a mistake then. I believe you're an upstanding, generous-hearted man. There's not many I would trust with Kathy, but I trust you. If only you can take her out of this rut, get her to travel a bit, mix with people, and best of all find her a braw steady young husband who'll give her a good home and children to look after, someone who'll look after her, then you'll have more than made up for things. I'll help you all I can."

His eyes were still moist as he left the manse. He felt restored, purified by his confession and, aware of the worth of that good woman's promise, sufficiently reassured to wait patiently for word from Kathy. She had warned him that she would be fully occupied at the Dalhaven hospital until the end of the week. He must not, he told himself, expect an answer till then. Yet when the first day merged into the second, and the second into the third, and restless uncertainty began to torment him, his concern returned and his mood grew less hopeful. There was nothing else to engage his attention or to relieve the monotony of waiting.

On Saturday, in an effort to distract his mind, he set off idly in the car to explore the northern countryside. He lost his way, and in the end must have wandered farther than he knew, for suddenly he found himself in a strangely familiar landscape.

Looking about him with a tightening of his nerves, he marked one feature after another. There could be no mistake. Perhaps it was not chance but some strange subconscious prompting that had brought him here. He was in the Fruin Valley, on the deserted side road that led up from the loch, through that same stretch of lovely heathland where, on the day they came back from the hospital at Glenburn, all these years ago, Mary had given herself to him.

He got out of the car and walked across the grassy verge to the moor which, as he advanced, presently fell away into that sheltered, unforgettable dingle where the stream ran clear and strong over its pebbled bed.

Standing there, with a fast-beating heart, the past re-created itself before him, until, with a start of panic, an actual physical shock, he pressed his hand across his eyes.

The girl in his arms was not his long-lost love. Every sensation, every burning detail of that passionate scene he

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had relived not with the mother but with the daughter. It was Kathy he had held so closely in his arms, whose soft warm lips had pressed on his, who had yielded in sweet abandon. He cried out to the deserted heath.

Utterly unnerved, struck by a sudden shame, he broke away, stumbled uncertainly up the slope and through the tufted heather, back to the car. Like a man possessed he drove away. Why had he not realised it before? He was in love — not with the old but with the new.

His thought of Kathy as his daughter, a ward whom he might protect, had been no more than self-deception, a protective camouflage of his subconscious desire. From the first moment of their meeting, his original love, long cherished as the one love of his life, had been recreated, reinforced, and transposed to her. Not only was the image there, fresh, young, even more beautiful, but a living flesh-and-blood reality as well.

At the hotel he leaped out, made directly for the telephone booth in the hall, was about to enter when the porter handed him a plain, sealed envelope with his name written on it. A glance told him it was from Kathy.

"Dear David,

Yesterday afternoon Matron agreed to release me and let me have my remaining two weeks' holiday beginning Monday next. So I shall be free then to accept your kind offer to take me to Switzerland, and I have written to Uncle Willie telling of your invitation to join us there.

Sincerely yours,
Kathy."

No need to telephone; of her own free will she would come with him. He sat down in a convenient soft armchair, suffused by a glow of triumph. And on the way to Schwansee . . . mindful of his original intention . . . why shouldn't they stop off at his favorite city, at Vienna, just for a few days, to give her a taste of Continental life?

He reread the letter — so she had written to Willie. A cable would be quicker, better, too. Tomorrow he would send one, a long, frank, personal message that would explain many things to Willie and so ease their eventual meeting.

. . . . . .

From an altitude of twenty thousand feet the Caravelle began gradually to edge down from the starry night sky into the darker plateau of cloud below. Moray glanced at his watch: half past nine.

The voice of the stewardess on the intercommunication system announced, "We are now arriving at Vienna Airport. Please fasten your safety belts and extinguish all cigarettes."

Kathy was still inexpert and, helpfully, he guided her fingers to make the adjustment of her belt. As he touched her small, trim waist and felt the warmth of her body a sudden joy took possession of him.

The lights of the airport, now visible below, tilted sharply as the plane banked, then, with a final turn and a perfect approach, they were on the runway, manoeuvring toward the wooden Customs shed.

"It's a poor little aiport," he told her as they descended, "not built up since the war. But we'll soon get you through."

With practised efficiency, he was as good as his word. In less than seven minutes they came out to the main driveway, and there, as his cable had commanded, was the Rolls, gleaming under the neon lights, with Arturo in his best uniform, all bows and smiles, in attendance. Of this he had said nothing, meaning to surprise her, and he succeeded. When greetings had been exchanged with Arturo and they purred off into the night, enclosed by a fur rug and the soft grey upholstery, she murmured in a small voice:

"What a lovely car."

"I've never appreciated it more than now." He patted her hand reassuringly under the rug. "It'll help in showing you around."

Within half an hour the cheerful illuminated city welcomed them; they drew up at the Prinz Ambassador. It was not a large hotel, but it was luxurious and he preferred it to the others as the most Viennese in character.

He was known and quickly shown to a double suite on the upper floor.

"Now, Kathy," he said decisively, when he had approved her bedroom and adjoining modern bathroom, both done in a delightful pale yellow with dove-grey hangings, "you're quite exhausted, in spite of your protests, so I shall say

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good-night. I'm going to order something nice sent up to you on a tray, then you'll take your bath and go straight to bed."

How wise he was, how gentle and courteous. He could tell from her eyes that he had divined exactly what she wanted. Not a word more was needed, only the simple, graceful exit.

He rang for the floor waiter, ordered breast of chicken sandwiches and hot chocolate to be sent up, then descended to the restaurant. Before going he lit a cigarette, took, bareheaded, a short stroll along the Ringstrasse. How good to be in Vienna again, to hear laughter in the streets and waltz music coming from the cafes.

Scotland was very well if one accepted the weather, excellent for golf and fishing, but this was better, more his style altogether. And once she found her feet, how Kathy would adore it.

Next morning came clear and fine a crisp autumnal day, and at nine o'clock, when breakfast was wheeled in, he went through the sitting-room, tapped discreetly on her door. She was up, already dressed, occupying herself with some knitting while waiting to be summoned. They sat down together. He poured the coffee—hot, fragrant, and delicious, the very best coffee, it frothed into the fine Meissen porcelain cups, white as the snowy tablecloth and decorated with a gold crown. The butter, on ice, had the color of cream, the honey in its silver pot was a rich golden-yellow. The rolls, crisp and sweet-smelling, were still warm from the bakehouse.

Arturo was already waiting outside and could be seen from the window pacing up and down, maintaining vigil against the press of an admiring and inquisitive crowd. When at last they descended he whipped off his cap, bowed respectfully, and presented Kathy with a single rosebud and —delightful gesture—a brass-headed pin.

"You see," Moray murmured in her ear, "how much my good Italian approves . . ."

She had blushed deeply but, when they were seated in the car, submitted while he pinned the rose to the lapel of her new suit. They drove off, bound for the Kahlenberg.

It was a dazzling drive, winding upwards through clean, bright little suburbs to the high, pine-clad greenswards of Wiener Wald.

The sun shone, the air, electric with the hint of frost, was crystal clear, so that when they breasted the ultimate slope, suddenly, far below, the whole panorama of Vienna lay revealed with breathtaking brilliance. Leaving the car, they wandered about the summit while he pointed out the landmarks of the city: the Belvedere Palace, St. Stephen's Kirche, the Hofburg, the Opera House, and, just opposite, the famous Sacher's, where he proposed to take her for lunch.

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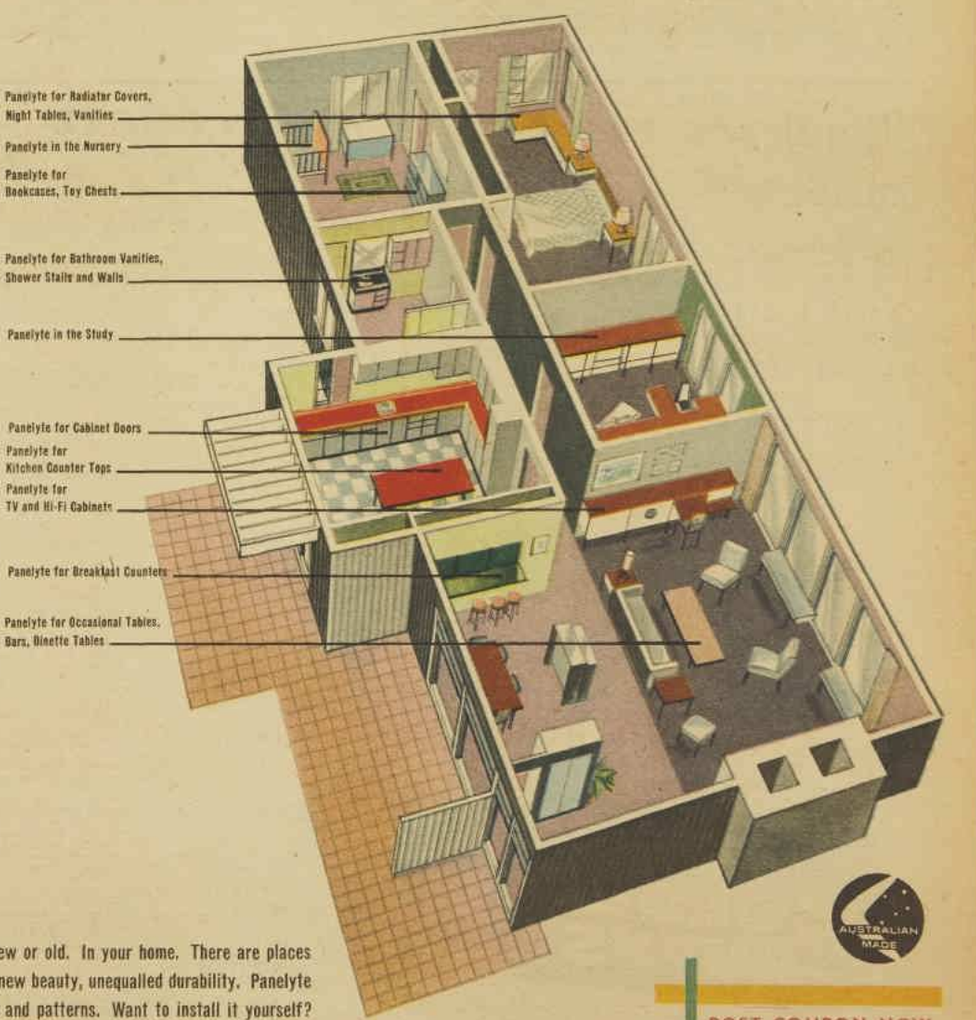

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"Is it a very grand place?"

"One of the best in Europe."

At this she hesitated, then diffidently placed her hand upon his arm.

"David, couldn't we just have something here?" With her glance she indicated the little cafe just across the way.

When she looked at him like that, her cheeks glowing in the keen air, he had to yield.

"Come along then. We'll risk it together."

He could refuse her nothing, though his forebodings were more than justified. A bare trestle table, cheap cutlery, and the inevitable Wiener Schnitzel, tough and rather tasteless, with which, of all things, they drank apfel saft. Yet she did not seem to mind, appeared actually to enjoy it, and so, in the end, he became good-humoredly reconciled. Afterwards they sat for some time — she was still fascinated by the view — then, toward two o'clock, returned to the car and set out for Schonbrunn.

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Continuing . . . THE JUDAS TREE

This was the special treat he had promised himself, for, as one set inflexibly against the architectural horrors of the modern age, he had a romantic affection for the stately eighteenth - century summer palace of Maria Theresa and the lovely gardens, designed in the old French manner, which surrounded it.

TIME passed unnoticed. Never had he let himself go with such dramatic fervor. They were both surprised to discover that it was almost six and beginning to get dark when they came out again to the cobbled entrance court.

Apparently he had given her something to think about, for on the way back to the hotel, after a reflective silence, she remarked:

"The privileged classes certainly did well for themselves in those days. But what was life like for ordinary people?"

"Not quite so attractive." He laughed. "It's said that in Vienna more than thirty thousand had each no more accommodation than a single room."

"How dreadful!" she said.

"Yes," he agreed, comfortably. "It wasn't a good age in which to be poor."

"And even now," she went on, "I've seen things of poverty here. As we came out, children barefoot, begging in the streets . . ."

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"There always have been, always will be beggars in Vienna. But it's a city of love, laughter, and song. They're quite happy."

"I wonder," she said slowly. "Can people be happy when they're hungry? I was talking to the woman who came to do my room this morning — she speaks very good English. She's a widow with four young children, her husband was killed in some trouble during the occupation, and I can tell you she's had a fearful struggle, with the high cost of everything, just to keep her family alive."

"Doesn't that sound like the usual hard-luck story?"

"No. David, she's a decent wee body and completely genuine."

"Then you must give her something from your pocket money."

"Oh, I have!"

The pleased exclamation made him glance at her sideways. After they left the airport, so that she should have something to spend, he had pressed a bunch of notes into her purse — probably some fifteen hundred Austrian schillings, the equivalent of twenty pounds sterling.

"How much did you give her?"

"All."

"Oh, no, Kathy!" Then he burst out laughing.

"What a little do-gooder you are. Parting with your entire fortune at one go."

"I'm sure she'll put it to good use."

She looked at him inquiringly, as though anxious to know how he would answer her remark. But by this time they had reached the Ringstrasse, where lights were springing out and people beginning to leave their offices, congregating on the pavement cafes, talking, laughing, bringing a note of anticipation to the air. As they slid easily through the evening traffic he drew near to her and, in the gathering dusk, passed his arm through hers.

"I've worn you out with lectures and arguments. You must rest in your room for an hour. Then we'll go out to dinner."

He had sensed that she was shy of going to Sacher's, yet for her own sake decided he would take her there. With a little encouragement she would soon overcome her constraint; besides, at Sacher's, one need not dress. As eight o'clock struck on the clock of St. Stephen's, he escorted her downstairs and out of the hotel; then, as the night was fine, they walked the short distance along Karntnerstrasse. The glassed-in terrace of the restaurant was crowded, but he had taken the precaution of making a discreet reservation in the little side room known as the Red Bar.

When the wine was poured, he raised his glass.

"Let's drink a little toast to ourselves." Then, mildly, as she hesitated: "Remember, you promised to be human. I want to get you out of that dear little Scottish shell of yours."

Obediently, though a trifle tremulously, she raised the long-stemmed glass, put her lips to the fragrant, amber liquid.

"It tastes like honey."

"And is just as harmless. I think you know me by this time, Kathy."

"Oh, I do, David. You're so very nice."

IN the adjoining alcove someone had begun to play softly on the piano — a Strauss waltz, of course, but in this setting how right — charming, haunting, melodious.

"Isn't this agreeable," he murmured across the table. He loved to see the color come and go in her fresh young cheeks. What a darling she was, arousing the best in his nature, bringing out all that was good in him.

The meal, as he had hoped, proved to be a triumph.

Presently the bill arrived and, after a casual survey, he paid it with a note of high denomination, tipped so lavishly as to produce a succession of bows, almost a royal progress.

As they came out of the restaurant they were met on the pavement by the usual outstretched hands — the match- and paper-flower sellers, the cripples, fake and genuine, the ragged old man with a wheezy accordion, the old women who now had nothing to sell but flattery. With the change from the bill he gave freely, indiscriminately, just to be rid of them, then, escaping toward the hotel, he was unexpectedly rewarded

"I'm so glad you did that. I'd have felt ashamed after that delicious, expensive meal if you hadn't. But then, that's just you, David, to be so unsparingly kind and generous. And what a day you've given me. Everything so new and exciting I can scarcely believe it all."

Only too soon they were at the hotel. Outside her room she turned to him to say good-night.

"Thank you for a most wonderful time, David. If you won't forget our day in Edinburgh I can tell you I'll never forget this one here."

He lingered a moment, unwilling to let her go.

"Did you really enjoy it, Kathy?"

"Terribly."

"Then tell me, what did you like most of all?"

She paused in the act of closing her door, became suddenly serious, seemed to examine her thoughts. Will averted head, not looking at him, she said very simply: "Being with you." Then she was gone.

To be continued

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AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Dec. 4

ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20.
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.

★ Some of you receive a communication from far away with exciting news. You may be reunited with a loved one you have not seen for a long time. Others receive an unexpected gift.

TAURUS APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ If there's an important decision to be made, postpone it until next week, when you'll have better information. If you are on the verge of a break with a friend or associate, don't seek a showdown now.

GEMINI MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.

★ Offers of marriage are in the air; many an engagement will be announced and some will surprise family and friends. There may be unusual differences in age or social position between the two parties.

CANCER JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ To face the busy, exciting days ahead you'll need boundless energy. Guard health; be careful what you eat; upsets can affect looks and personality. Avoid taking on too heavy a programme.

LEO JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.

★ Your fairy godmother is liable to knock at your door this week, bringing gifts of many kinds. Perhaps it's a case of love at first sight or a winning ticket in a lottery. Sheer luck will count.

VIRGO AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.

★ Look first close at hand before going to distant pastures. You can find that article for which you are searching, discover a new amenity which saves time by being near, or befriend a neighbor.

LIBRA SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, brown, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Your skill in a new field may be tested and you'll come out a winner. You are likely to seek expert advice, read books on the subject, or experiment successfully when in doubt.

SCORPIO OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ If hunting a temporary job, your luck is in. You should readily find what you seek. For those who wish it, the job can become permanent. Others discover that holiday plans are financially possible.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, mauve. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

★ New friends made now will be a big factor in your future interests and activities. Through a friend you may take up a new sport, or join a group with a common purpose. Love could blossom overnight.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, orange, brn. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ You may be able to influence developments so that a loved one is granted a wish. You could perhaps conciliate people whose opinions conflict, or persuade them to change their minds.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

★ Since you are a born joiner of societies, you'll be on the merry-go-round of end-of-the-season break-ups. Whether it's for fun or for the benefit of the community, you'll be a leader among the organisers.

PISCES FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thurs.

★ Your home and family may see very little of you this week—many an errand will make you dash into town. Long lists of things to attend to will detain you, but you'll fit everything in.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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curling lashes. She smiled easily, but there was about her an air of something akin to shyness, a sort of reserve.

The talk they exchanged between themselves was hardly private or significant. "Do you smoke?" Paul asked, offering his cigarette-case.

"Sometimes," Christine said, taking one. "We're not allowed to smoke on duty, though, and I . . ."

"On duty?"

"I'm a nurse," Christine said. "Are you a pilot like Andy?" Paul was wearing civilian clothes.

"Yes."

"What's it like — flying a jet fighter?"

Paul shrugged. "Like driving a car up in the sky, I suppose."

Her eyes flashed. "Tell me properly," she demanded, brushing aside his facetious answer.

Paul smiled, liking her reproving seriousness. "Well . . ." He thought, trying to put into words this thing that he took daily for granted. "It's a funny mixture. There's all the technical bits and pieces, oxygen mask, controls, instruments, radio. You're just a body looking after a great heap of machinery. But overriding that, there's an odd feeling of detachment. You're above the clouds, the ground looks like a map. For a little while it's like being free from everything. And you're quite alone . . ."

That was how it was. Or as far as Paul's memory went. Strangely, the few hours he had spent with Christine were far from burned in his memory. Some matches remained, like this one. But mostly he merely remembered her face, her chin cupped in her hand, her eyes turned to him, listening, smiling, talking. Was there not some deep meaning hidden in their words?

But mostly it seemed to have been the commonplace. "What part of Yorkshire?" Christine asked.

"Near Harrogate. Is your home here?"

"My family live in Devon. I did my training in London, but I like it here. I like the countryside, and there's the river . . ."

"And the fog," Paul said.

No, the talk was casual, almost trivial. There was nothing in the words. But there was something. An occasional unguarded glance that sent Paul's heart kicking into his throat, and Christine would light a cigarette and look away, while a small pinkness showed in her cheeks.

And the hands of the clock, released it seemed from the normal, measured march of time, sped onwards until it was ten-thirty before Paul could believe it. He said before the last minute slid away, "Do you always lunch in the hospital?"

"Not always."

"Tomorrow," Paul said. "Could I meet you for lunch tomorrow?"

The lights flickered and dimmed. A stentorian voice roared, "Time, gentlemen, please." Christine picked up her gloves. Paul held her chair back and she edged by. She waited for him and looked at him quickly with a little smile.

"Thank you," she said. "About twelve thirty? At the nurses' home?"

After their lunch there was the evening, and after that the following day when Christine was off duty. Knowing there was so little time, Paul hoarded and set a value on each minute in her company. For a minute was such a small division of time, surely there would always be another minute.

But the moment came when there was only a handful of minutes left.

Paul left the taxi waiting at the foot of the drive to the nurses' home. He held Christine's hand tightly as they walked along. There was so much he wanted to say, and no words. None at all.

He kissed her, a straining desperate kiss. One kiss to last for the years that would elapse before they could meet again.

Paul said, "Can I write to you?"

"Of course. I'd like you to."

The last seconds went. A last kiss, a kiss that had to be ended, even though every nerve in his body cried out to be allowed to stay. And then it was necessary to step away. To turn his back. To go. Time blurred into wretchedness then. The business of changing trains as he made his way to the Transport Command aerodrome from where he was to leave England. Staring at the wings of the great transport plane as it roared monotonously southwards. He would write, she would reply. But what would a few hours, a few letters weigh in the balance of her life?

Another dimension was added to his existence. To flying, administration, the work of the squadron, the routine ragging in the bar, Paul found that he had grown another consciousness. A self who

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seemed to be centred on the mail-rack and the writing-room.

When Christine's first letter came, Paul felt vaguely disappointed as he anxiously read it several times.

It was a pleasant enough letter, but no more. Some talk about the hospital, a mention of Andy's parents, a film that she had seen. The faintest air of having been slightly forced enveloped it.

But Paul swallowed his doubts. By this time he had fired off three letters to her, anyway. It was too late to change the tone of his. And as time went on hers did become much warmer.

The island was hot and rather dull once Paul got used to the picturesqueness, which dissolved into squalor when viewed at close enough quarters. The sun rose and blazed. The air lacked freshness. Dust hung in clouds behind a jeep, a car, a donkey. The sun set and evening clamped humid bands of darkness on Paul's perspiring flesh. Nothing of note seemed to happen.

Soon Paul was writing out-and-out love letters. Dreams, plans, tender, romantic thoughts of Christine. And Christine wrote back, not the same, but as if very hesitantly taking the first steps toward admitting that they were in love with each other.

Paul remembered, almost word for word, the letter in which he had asked her to marry him. And her reply. He had read it time and again, disappointment growing into a great wave of confused unhappiness.

Quietly and gently she wrote that she thought they were making a mistake. They didn't know each other very well. Perhaps it would be as well not to write so often. But she would look forward to meeting him when he was next in England.

Paul was stunned. He had pinned all his hopes and dreams on Christine. Her answer made no sense to him. He had no idea when he would get home again. The only home leave being granted to officers was compassionate leave. She was asking him to consign everything into the limbo of the never-never.

He felt lost and utterly helpless. What could he do at this distance? Then came this piece of luck. The order calling Flight-Lieutenant Barnett, the briefing to take the Air-Commodore to England.

Paul took a sideways look at the Air-Commodore. Like many relatively young senior officers he had an ageless face. Grey eyes, thin lips, the contours of the cheeks hardened somehow by responsibility.

Paul hesitated. He would like to speak to the Air-Commodore, but he didn't really know what to say. He had only met the Air-Commodore for the first time a few hours before and the man had been decidedly distant and pre-occupied.

The Air-Commodore laid his papers on the seat, took a look at his watch,

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and spoke to Paul for the first time.

"We're making good time." He glanced at Paul. "Are you married?"

"No, sir," Paul said. "The Air Force seems to put certain difficulties in the way."

The Air-Commodore smiled slightly. "I imagine you'll overcome them," he said.

"Sir," Paul said. "Is it possible to lead a normal life in the Air Force?"

"By civilian standards?" the Air-Commodore said. "No. But then we're not civilians, are we? You need the right wife," he said thoughtfully.

"Anyway," the Air-Commodore said, "you've been in the service long enough to know the score."

Paul took a deep breath. This was by way of being a test.

"Actually," he said, "I'm thinking of resigning my commission."

The grey eyes turned to him were frosty in hue.

"There's a family business," Paul hurried on. "My uncle. He's wanted me to go into it for a long time."

"The Air Force isn't everybody's career," the Air-Commodore said. "If you find that out, it's as well to admit it. It's compensations and rewards are curiously personal. They're bound up in the sacrifices you have to make. If you're not prepared to make them you'll find that the Air Force gives little in return."

The fair comments of a fair-minded man, Paul thought. Yet disappointingly unhelpful.

"You'll certainly make more money," the Air-Commodore remarked. "Will this be all right?"

They were in Maidenhead. Paul got out and saluted the Air-Commodore. "Thank you, sir."

"You'd better check with me tonight," the Air-Commodore said. "Ring this number at ten o'clock." He handed Paul a card.

Paul glanced at it. It was a private address in Wimbledon. It's all very well for him to talk, Paul thought with a trace of resentment. He can go to conferences and nip home for the night.

In the brilliant early light of that September day, the dark blue leather upholstery in the waiting-room of the nurses' home looked as if it were suffering from a hangover. Christine came in dressed for duty, a look of surprise clinging to her face, though Paul had sent his name in.

"Paul," she said. "It is you. I thought someone was playing games."

There was a curious distance between them. Paul's half-formed resolution to solve the whole thing with one embrace collapsed and disappeared. Impossible now to believe that he had ever kissed this girl. They faced each other several feet apart.

He said, "Hullo, Christine." She was even more lovely than he remembered. He realised now that he had, to some extent, forgotten the truth of what she looked like. He cleared his throat and said, "How are you?"

"Fine. It's nice to see you. Are you on leave?"

"No. I haven't long. A few hours. What time do you come off duty?"

"Six, but . . ." The look on her face told him what he did not want to know. "I didn't know you were coming," she said.

So his journey had no purpose. He felt calmly hopeless. She owed him nothing. They had been together for—what? A few hours? He had fallen in love with her. But that was scarcely her fault.

He said, "Well, I suppose I ought to be going."

She said, "Paul." There was something uncertain, almost timid about her tone. "I can get away at twelve. Would you like to take me to lunch?"

"Yes," he said. "Gladly."

This time the sun was really shining, the sky cloudless, the air warm and still. They ate on the green lawn of a restaurant that flanked the river.

STRANGE, Paul thought. He scarcely stopped thinking about her all these months—and now it was almost as if he was seeing her for the first time. There was an atmosphere of constraint, of unease. Their conversation seemed to be stilted, eagerly making the most of any conventional opening, quickly dying into awkward silences.

It was like having lunch with a stranger.

Suddenly Christine said, "How old are you?"

"Twenty-five," he said, surprised. "Why?"

"I didn't know that. How old do you think I am?"

"Twenty," he guessed.

"Not bad. I'm twenty-one."

"Good. You can vote." Paul looked at her closely. He said, "What are you getting at?"

"Do you know my religion?" Christine asked. "Or whether I want to marry and have children? Or stay in the hospital with a reasonable chance of being a sister in a few years? Or both? Or what music I like? Or if I have a bad temper? Do you know the first thing about me?"

"I know how you make me feel," Paul said.

She stirred her coffee. Her head was bent. "Paul," she said, "I can't tell you how moving those letters were. I can't deny that I liked getting them. But weren't they written partly because you didn't know anything about me? You didn't know what we had in common — if anything. What was there to write about — except those nice things you said?"

"They weren't 'nice things,'" Paul said, irritation barbing his voice. "I was trying to tell you how I felt. I meant every word of it."

"I'm sure you did," Christine said. "I'm glad you did." They were neither of them quite calm now. She was breathing quickly, her cheeks were flushed. "But how much of it was really about me?" she said. "A little perhaps. But wasn't it mostly about a girl you wanted to fall in love with?"

"You're being too complicated by far," Paul said angrily. "I met you and I fell in love with you. That's a state of existence as far as I'm concerned. I can't help it. It won't change. You either feel the same or you don't. What's so difficult about that?"

"Nothing," Christine said. "Except that when I feel like that I want to marry. And I want my marriage to be good and to last. For ever. I want to be sure. That's all." She looked at her watch. "I'm sorry," she said. "I must go."

They walked side by side, away from the river, along pavements, toward the hospital. Christine took his arm.

"Paul," she said, "I know that I feel quite differently about you than anyone else I've ever met. Is it too much to ask? To be a little more sure? Both of us?"

"I'm sure," he said. "But I'm sorry I was in such a hurry."

"I'm glad you were. It makes me feel good." She chuckled. "That's feminine, isn't it? Having it all ways." Paul knew with gladness that the barriers between them had gone. Christine said, "We can write and tell each other about ourselves. Perhaps I can come out for a holiday. Eighteen months isn't so long."

"Maybe it won't be that long," he said.

"Oh?" She gazed at him inquiringly.

"Well, you never know," he said casually. He hugged secretly to himself the knowledge that if he resigned his commission he could see her every weekend, perhaps oftener. He squeezed her arm and felt her fingers tighten.

"I like you in your uniform," Christine said. "It suits you somehow."

They stopped outside the hospital. "I only want to do this sort of thing once," Christine said. "So — if you can be patient with me, I can wait. I mean — you needn't worry about being a long way away."

"I shan't be far away tonight," Paul said, a certain possessiveness displaying itself. "Where will you be?"

She gave a little gurgle of laughter, not displeased. "Working," she said. "I'm doing extra duty for a friend of mine. Let me know when you're coming next time."

Ignoring the people hurrying in and out of the hospital, they kissed. Christine sighed and looked up at him. As always, when he gazed into the depths of those eyes, Paul felt oddly unsteady, as if he might fall. One last, long look at each other—and then she turned and disappeared inside the hospital.

He found a hotel and spent the afternoon thinking. In many ways Paul loved the Air Force. But it was the Air Force that was taking him away from Christine again. An officer was not a free man in the private sense. Surely he would be happier in another job—and with Christine?

In the evening he called on Andy's parents, and then spent a considerable time talking to his mother and father long distance. His father confirmed that the job was still open, that his uncle would welcome him. Paul promised to write directly to his uncle in a day or two.

At ten o'clock he rang the Air-Commodore. The Air-Commodore said, "We're going back tomorrow morning. Pick you up at seven o'clock. Right?"

"Right, sir," Paul said. "Good-night."

HE was waiting on the pavement when the big car swooped down on him. Paul climbed in and said, "Good morning, sir."

To his astonishment, the Air-Commodore smiled cordially and said "Morning, Barnett. Lovely day."

"Yes, sir," he said, thinking that the Air-Commodore was remarkably affable for a man who must have risen at 4.30 a.m. "Did the conference go well?"

"Conference? What conference?"

"I'm sorry," Paul said, somewhat confused. "I thought you'd been called home for a conference."

"My wife was involved in a serious road accident," the Air-Commodore said. "When they cabled me, it was touch and go. Anyway, there was an emergency operation yesterday afternoon and she's going the right way now, thank heavens."

"I'm sorry, sir," Paul said, cursing his tactlessness. "But are you going back? Won't you get compassionate leave?"

The Air-Commodore stared at him very hard. "I am still in command," he said coldly, "until the matter of my replacement can be settled."

For the next few miles there was silence. Paul felt an envious admiration for this man who had his values so clearly defined and lived and acted and thought accordingly.

Slowly Paul began to redraft, in his mind, the letter to his uncle. He kept seeing Christine's face, the way she had looked when she spoke to him. "Be patient . . . I like you in your uniform. It suits you . . ."

And Paul felt some of the fierce, honest pride which, rarely expressed, was at the back of men like the Air-Commodore. What was it he'd said thoughtfully, as if to himself? "You need the right wife."

Meaning perhaps that you needed, besides love, belief and faith and trust. And patience.

The Air-Commodore said, "Well, Barnett, I suppose you'll soon be coming back again."

"That depends on the Air Force, sir," Paul said. "I'd be glad if you'd forget what I said to you yesterday."

"Gladly," the Air-Commodore said. "I dislike losing promising young officers. Your squadron commander thinks highly of you." He offered Paul a cigarette. "I hope," he said, "to be flying home on a compassionate posting quite soon. If I should need a chauffeur, Barnett . . ."

"I'd be grateful, sir, if you'd bear me in mind."

The car hummed along the road. The Air-Commodore inhaled and exhaled his cigarette with military exactness of timing. And Paul's heart sang as he composed the cable in his mind: "Arriving 0900. How about getting someone to cover your duty this time? Love you. Paul."

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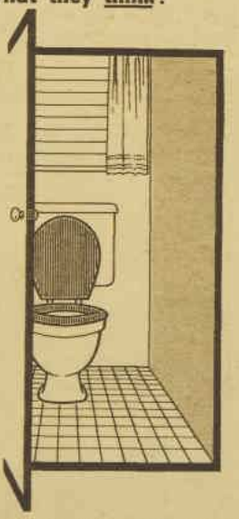

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Another Neal played golf, so I learned golf. We spent summers at the lake, so I learned swimming and boating. When I went to college, I spent a little time at my books. And I've had good jobs since. That's all there is to it. I never thought I'd have to apologise for all those things."

"You don't," Laura said. "You're a great gal. You know Eddie and I think so, but neither of us is thinking of marrying you. Just remember, a vulnerable male is a wary male. You've got to dazzle him slowly, not blind him with a battery of Hollywood premiere searchlights."

"What do you suggest?"

"I suggest you come to dinner Saturday night and meet the new junior partner in Eddie's firm. His name is Greg — Greg Lundy — and he's brand new in town and hasn't had a chance to look over the social situation. And, please, whatever his interests are, don't outdo him. Let him be a dominant male."

"I haven't said I would come yet."

"You'll come. You've got a problem."

Sheila was glad she had come. Greg was pleasant and mannerly, a throwback it seemed to the almost historical days when men had a natural respect for women. He even seemed modest, in Sheila's experience another vanishing trait.

Conversation touched on many things, music and sports and literature, and while his knowledge didn't appear to be encyclopedic he was able to keep up. Sheila, cautioned by occasional warning glances from Laura, managed to keep from putting in more than her allotted two cents' worth.

It was a hard fight at times, but she decided it was worth a try. Her hair was especially manageable tonight, her skin radiated, and Greg seemed to notice. She had to admit it was gratifying to lure a man with looks, as gratifying as to stun him with knowledge. It could be that Laura was right.

It was long after coffee when Greg arose and said: "It's been a real pleasure, and I hate to break it up, but I've got to go." He turned to Sheila. "May I offer you a lift home?"

Sheila was about to state the simple truth, that she had her car, when she got a glance from Laura again.

"Why . . . why, yes, thank you," she stammered, "that would be a big help."

GREG helped her into his sports car.

"I didn't get to ask you," he began, as the car jerked away from the kerb — obviously he hadn't learned the proper accelerating of such a delicately precisioned machine — "what do you do besides look lovely?" He said it almost apologetically, as if lines weren't really his line. And she had to agree they weren't. A point in his favor, really.

"I'm with Korvin and Kyler."

"Secretary?" Obviously, he was complimentary in not saying "stenographer." It would be better at this point not to tell him that she was head buyer.

"Yes, sort of."

"I suppose you don't have much free time? I mean, I guess your friends keep you pretty busy?"

Sheila began to warm to this young man, with his honest and humble manner, his careful hesitance. So different from most. So different from the ones that tried to rush a girl, the kind she'd had to deflate so often in self-defence. She decided that in spite of Laura's coaching she'd put out a helping hand.

"Are you trying to ask me for a date?"

"I guess that's the idea," he grinned. "I thought maybe you'd like to play golf next weekend and maybe have dinner in the evening, if"—the enormity of his request overcame him—"if that's not too much all at once."

She smiled warmly. "No. It happens I'm free next Saturday. This is where I live. Thank you so much."

He didn't try to kiss her goodnight. She'd have been flattered, but disappointed.

Greg didn't impress her as much of a golfer. About a fifteen handicap, she judged, after the first few holes, though she wouldn't have the temerity to ask. It had been a trick requiring nimbleness and dexterity to steer him through the clubhouse without his seeing the pictures of her in tournaments or as a member of the ladies' team.

And now they were on the fifth hole and she was two down to him, and that had taken even more doing. Sheila couldn't remember when she had exhibited more skill. Three times she had sliced, exactly as intended. On the second hole she had pulled her drive into the water as neatly as she usually faded it away from trouble.

She was proud of the way she had three-putted the fourth green, missing the second try by inches. In vain, as it turned out, for Greg had three-putted also, after missing by a foot. But, anyway, they had halved it.

Sheila was beginning to enjoy this reverse twist. Greg was even, with profuse apologies and excuses, offering to give her some tips.

"You see now," he said, as they caught up with their drives, "there's all kinds of trouble from where you are if you go right for the pin. You've got to clear that little elbow of water and the bunker beyond. But if you play to the right you'll be in position to put your third shot right on the green. I'll show you."

He selected an iron and took his position. He swung, the ball swooped off the ground and high in the air, and then it hooked severely. It dropped neatly into the water.

He grinned. "Do as I say," he laughed, "not as I do."

Sheila took out her five iron. Stance, address, smooth unified swing. The ball soared, high and true, over the water, over the bunker, plopped on the green, dead to the pin.

Grey shook his head. "Beautiful shot," he said, "if you'd planned it that way. But, you see, you were supposed to go to the right and you were way off. Just keep on swinging like that and you'll get the knack of it yet."

Sheila nodded humbly, wholly subservient to the adviser, and wondered how she could contrive to miss such a short putt.

Dinner was good. It would have been better if Sheila had allowed herself to say a word to her old friend Armand, the maitre d'. They'd have had a better table, too, if she'd left it to Armand's selection, but in fact it had taken some judicious whispering to let Armand know that the young man preferred to be on his own.

She noted that Greg passed no green persuaders from palm to palm, but waited his turn. And though they wound up behind a pillar, she consoled herself that here at least was an honest and consistent person. It was not in his character to push, to connive, to demand more than his due. Just as it was in his character to apologise, which he did.

"I guess you have to know someone," he said, "to get a better table. We could wait a little longer, if you'd rather."

"Oh, no," Sheila assured him, "this is fine, I don't mind at all. I rather like the privacy."

She found herself realising that she meant it. And realising some-

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Continuing . . . HOW TO CATCH A HELPLESS HERO

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thing else, that with so many of the men she had known, she had — how had Laura put it? overpowered them? — because of their very aggressiveness, because they had set out so obviously to impress and dominate and subdue her.

With Greg it was different. It was comfortable. She was relaxed, as she rarely had been with other men. She had become almost maternally protective about him. No, not maternally; that wasn't the word at all.

Anyway, something rosy glowed inside her, a feeling she had had often as a child, when she knew something good was going to happen.

Sheila played her role of simple, ingenuous girl to the hilt, and reflected that Laura would be proud of her. She offered only a mute shake of the head when he asked if she had any preference in wines, though she knew the Riesling '54 here was superb. A girl who knew wines and vintages would really send a man running for his romantic life.

Armand stopped her on the way out and kissed her hand in elegant Continental manner.

"Ah, Miss Sheila," he exhaled, "so good to have seen you again."

"Thank you, Armand."

"You've been here before?" Greg asked as they waited for the parking attendant to bring the car.

"Not often. A few times." She was aware of Greg's quizzical look. She felt that somehow she had disappointed him. She'd have to stop falling into these lapses, or he'd catch on.

Plainly, back at her door, he wanted to kiss her goodnight, and would have, had she so much as leaned in his direction. He might even have come in for a nightcap, had she invited him. But no! She would play the role she had to play. Goodnight was warm, but decorous.

It had all gone well, and restraining herself was not the ordeal she had imagined it might be. Sheila felt she had a right to expect an early call from Greg. When the phone rang one evening she leaped for it like a startled gazelle.

It wasn't Greg, it was Laura. "How about a progress report?"

"There's nothing to report," Sheila shied. "He's a very nice young man. We've met twice, had one date, he's been a gentleman at all times, and I haven't heard from him in quite a while."

"Sheila! You haven't been forgetting what I told you?"

Sheila laughed, a laugh palpably short of mirth content. "No, I haven't, and it's taken some doing. I must tell you about our golf sometime. He beat me, you know."

"Well, that's a relief. You know, Eddie asked him what he thought of you, and he said you were quite a person. Right away, I got suspicious that you had reverted to form . . ."

"No." Sheila noted that it affected her like a shot of adrenalin to hear that Greg thought she was quite a person. But why hadn't she heard from him then? "No, dear, I've kept myself well in hand — under wraps, isn't that what they call it?"

"Good. Now, listen. We're having a few people up at the lake this weekend. Greg's already accepted. I want you to come, too, and please don't pack your swimming medals and sailing trophies."

"Laura?" Sheila's voice was deceptively meek. "If you're really trying to help, you might arrange to have him drive me up. How else could a poor, helpless-type girl get there?"

A shrill of laughter split the wires. "Oh, boy, kitten, you have caught on, haven't you? All right. Consider it arranged."

It was thirty miles to the lake, the last fifteen through wooded, sparsely settled country. Exactly the area, Sheila reflected, as they exchanged mute glances at the side of the road, where Greg might have been expected to get a flat tyre and a bona fide one.

"Well," shrugged Greg, "I guess I'll have to fix it, but it'll take a while. I'm not much good at these things."

"Maybe I can help," she offered meekly.

"Don't be silly," he smiled when he said it. "This isn't the kind of work you'd expect a girl to do."

He managed to find the jack and lug wrench tucked away in the spare-wheel well. It took him a considerable period of study to figure out how the jack should be put together. Sheila knew. She had done it before. But she kept her lips firmly together. Eventually he got the jack assembled.

The first couple of times he tried to hoist the car the jack slipped. While he was busy she managed to sneak up front and set the handbrake. The jack held, and he finally got the rear wheels off the ground. He had to lower them again. He'd forgotten to take the spare out of the trunk compartment, as Sheila had silently noticed. He wasn't exactly handy at changing the wheels, but finally, as she knew he must, he got the job done.

They were the last to arrive, and to the quizzical looks Sheila framed an answer, but caught herself in time and deferred to Greg.

"We had a flat tyre," he said.

Laura hurried Sheila off, ostensibly for cosmetic repairs and recuperation. When they were alone she asked, "Did you really have a flat tyre?"

Wearily, Sheila nodded.

"Oh, heavens. That trick is so old it's new again."

"With him it was no trick. It was real."

"What's the matter? Do I detect a faint note of disenchantment?" Sheila buried her head in her arms.

"Tell mother," Laura urged.

Sheila sat up, once more under control. "He's nice, Laura. He's sweet and kindly and gentle, all those things that used to be virtues. And I like him for it. I like him a lot. But he's so . . . so . . . unhandy, I guess is the word. Ineffectual. He tries so hard and doesn't seem to do anything right. I wonder sometimes how he ever got to be a partner in Eddie's firm."

"Eddie says he's a natural, one of the best."

"Well, I'm glad to know there's something he does well. I know I couldn't go on with this game much longer."

"You wouldn't have to. Once you're married, the real you takes over."

Sheila smiled wanly and shook her head. "No, dear. Not with this one. He's much too fine and sensitive to be hurt like that. I couldn't show him so quickly and so obviously that he's been played and hooked and landed as if he were a prime fish."

Sheila spent a lazy afternoon by the pool, occasionally swimming and letting herself out a notch or two when she thought Greg was busy elsewhere. He joined her for a while, but seemed hesitant and a little afraid in her company. He apologised again about the flat tyre, and Sheila assured him she was willing to let bygones be bygones.

He asked her in for a swim, and he managed to do two lengths in a somewhat awkward crawl. Sheila wondered what little valve of co-ordination was missing in his make-up. In bathing trunks he looked as if he could give handicaps to Olympic athletes and beat them at their own specialties. Yet the moment he began to move he appeared to realise it, and the result was embarrassment and discomfiture. Again Sheila felt sorry for him, but sorrow and sympathy weren't the emotions she wanted to feel for him.

In the evening there was a barbecue on the patio. The Hardins' patio overhung the lake, and so did the moon. Sheila enjoyed her steak, which Greg brought to her on orders from Laura. He almost let it slide off the plate into her lap. She managed a weak laugh, not quite as weak as his.

They ate together, mostly in silence, afterward joining the others in singing old songs. She might have known, Sheila reflected, that Greg wouldn't know a tune. Why? Why did such a shining knight come equipped without a single stitch of armor. Vulnerable, almost pitiable. You couldn't pity a man and still be serious about him, much as you might want to be.

He sensed that something was wrong. As they said goodnight, he gripped her hands tightly and asked her — it was almost a plea — to go boating in the morning. Sheila's inclination was to refuse. She wanted to ask if he'd had any experience with boats, but that would have been a brutal dig.

"Well, at least," she quipped, hoping her tone was sufficiently light and gay, "we can't get a flat tyre in a boat." She was rewarded by his clear and ringing laugh, without a trace of hurt.

He showed up in the morning dressed like a sailor, anyway. Worn, faded denims, red-and-white-striped, skin-tight T shirt, beat-up yachting hat, and canvas shoes. He seemed pleased, too, that Sheila's outfit of Bermuda-length cotton shorts and loose-fitting blouse with tails flying free was not right out of the store window, but showed use and familiarity.

"You like outboards?" he asked.

"Love 'em."

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's go."

It wasn't that simple. Greg got out the cord and spun the motor several times, but it wouldn't catch. His neck and face grew redder, and drops of perspiration popped out on his forehead. Sheila, wondering why she had let herself

To page 86

Fashion FROCKS

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Continuing . . . HOW TO CATCH A HELPLESS HERO

from page 85

in for this, asked with studied meekness if a little gasoline might not solve the problem. It was a very sheepish Greg indeed who plodded up to the boathouse and came back with a can of fuel. It took him a while longer to figure out where to pour it in.

After that, though, it was fun, great fun. They circled the lake, stopped here and there at little docks to explore nearby patches of woods, and hardly even noticed that they were returning to the boat holding hands. They didn't notice at all when the sky began to roll up and the clouds became mud-colored.

The first onslaught of wind caught them in mid-lake, and suddenly the boat was cutting its way through choppy waves. Then came the rain. And that was the moment the motor chose to die.

Unpowered, the boat began to pitch about frighteningly. . Sheila, drenched from coiffure to cuticle, held tight to the gunwales and reflected that it was simple irony, being caught on a lake in a storm with a disabled boat and the most inept male hero imaginable.

It took her a moment to realise that the inept hero was busy. He had opened a small compartment forward, and from this he now removed a canvas sack of tools. "Oh, no," thought Sheila, "he's not going to try to fix it." This wasn't like fixing a tyre on dry land.

Crawling back to the stern, Greg paused a moment to give her a silent but encouraging smile and a small pat on the shoulder. Next thing, he had the motor hoisted out of the water. Deftly and speedily he worked. Could this be her left-handed knight, this calm, dexterous mechanic?

Sheila watched in awe, the storm beating about her head all but forgotten. Transfixed, she failed even to register surprise when he finally lowered the motor back into the water, wrapped the cord around it, spun it, and was rewarded by the guttural growl of success. Coolly he gathered up the tools and stowed them back in the canvas. Then he firmly took the pitching craft by the tiller and steered for shore.

They beached in a small cove, where a strip of sand ran up to an overhanging bank. Out of the same recess that had produced the tools, Greg drew a stretch of canvas. He clambered on to the bank, was back in a few minutes with a pair of saplings. These he planted in the sand, and from them to the bank he stretched the canvas. They crawled under it, grateful to be out of the pelting weather.

Greg relaxed and took several hoarse, deep swigs of air. He opened his eyes to find Shelia staring at him in sheer wonderment.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Sheila took his hands and turned them palms upward. "Are these the hands that couldn't fix a tyre?"

Greg withdrew them abruptly. "Oh, that, well . . . you see . . ."

"Gregory Lundy, there's something fishy on the waterfront. The man who butched that tyre job wasn't the same man who just came through with a master mechanic's performance in a howling gale. What goes on?"

"I . . . I. Well, you see . . ."

"I see well enough. The tyre business had to be a fake. You're a whiz with tools. You probably put that out of yours together with your bare hands and I'll bet you've raced it. Haven't you? Now level with me, Greg."

Greg swallowed his Adam's apple and forced his tongue to operate. "Third last autumn's Del Rio sports car fiasco," he owned up meekly.

"And boats? Boats, too, I'll bet?"

He nodded glumly. "First in my class in the Hampton outboard regatta."

"Why, you complete charlatan, you unutterable phony!" She had trouble keeping her face straight and her voice from breaking up in a gale of hilarity. "Dud golfer, tangle-armed swimmer, messy barbecuer. What about all that?"

"Club champion two years ago. Swimming team in college. I sizzle a pretty fair steak, if I watch my slips."

He said it all tonelessly, like a weary confessor after a long and sleepless ordeal under bright lights.

"And scholarships, no doubt, and president of your class?"

"Vice-president," he corrected. "It was Eddie's idea."

"What was Eddie's idea?"

"The halt and lame bit. He said the reason girls didn't get serious about me was because I scared them. He said I should play down the medals and the muscles and appeal to their protective natures. But I couldn't let you sit there in the middle of a stormy lake helpless like that. What would have happened?"

"I'd have tinkered with the motor until I fixed it."

"You?"

Sheila drew her lashes over her eyes demurely. "Second in my class. Lake view regatta, women's division."

She heard Greg's sharp intake of breath and plunged on; "Club women's champion in golf, two years running. Semi-finals, eastern tennis tournament. I'm not a secretary, I'm a head [illegible] and if you want to discuss Hegel . . ."

"Hegel?"

"He used to catch for the Maple Leafs."

They both gave in to paroxysms of laughter. Then, as suddenly, they grew quiet. Greg looked at her deeply and tensely. "And I was saying to myself if only you weren't so helplessly feminine."

"Not helpless. Aggressive." He came went around him, and even though his eyes were closed she found his lips unerringly. A long time later he whispered in her ear.

"It's stopped raining."

The others were all waiting when they drew up at the Harding's [illegible] and eager hands helped them out. [illegible] grabbed Sheila's arm and then [illegible] dragged her away from the crowd.

"Wait'll I tell you," she blurted. "Eddie told me about Greg. He's like that at all."

"I know," said Sheila dreamily. "I know."

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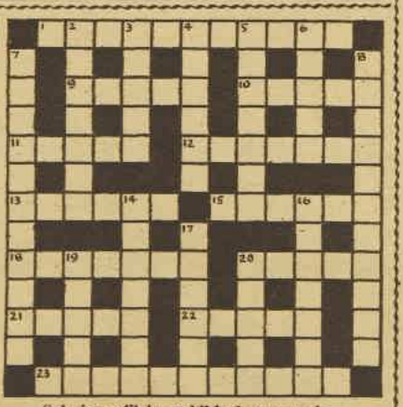
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. "Kinquering congs their titles take" is one of them (11).
9. Claw in the cards left over when dealing (5).
10. This is rigid (5).
11. Low-priced peach (5).
12. Can be a punishment, a metropolis, a letter, or just first-rate (7).
13. Regimental flag and once the man who carried it (6).
15. Slave to a vice; what the cat did (6).
16. Prim ice, founded on experience (7).
18. Sicilian association for crime (5).
21. Bogle in a sphere (5).
22. Disproportionate and mostly nude (5).
23. School, birth, share, or marriage (11).

DOWN

2. Loiters in a top rest (7).
3. Lowest deck of a vessel (5).
4. Feminine name with nice ending (6).
5. I dip with sin, yet it is tasteless (7).
6. Tom is wet (5).
7. This breakfast must have been acquired illegally (7, 4).
8. Often follows Jack (2, 3, 6).
14. Grant me this clothing (7).
16. To curve in cleft (7).
17. Back of the neck (6).
19. Not in verse, yet the end is flowery (5).
20. Red French wine kept by mettlesome doctors (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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